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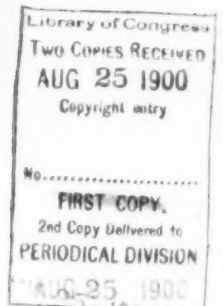
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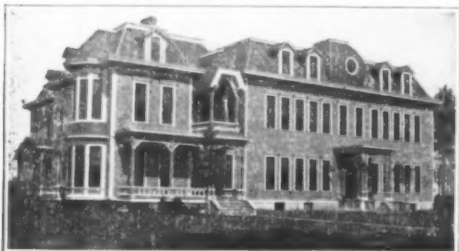
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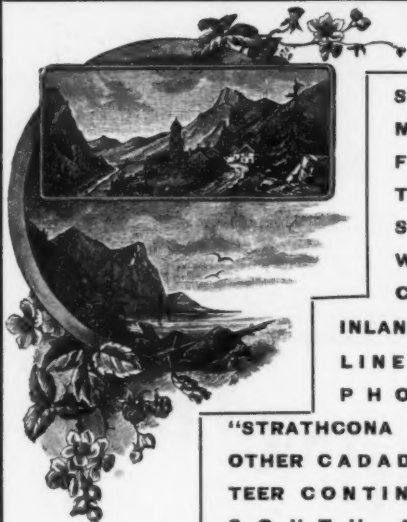
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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.

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ON THE HAMAHAMA RIVER AND IN THE GREAT CASCADES.

BY MAE VAN NORMAN LONG.

There are many delightful holiday haunts in the Olympic and Cascade mountains on the Pacific coast, but among them all, to my mind, none are so attractive as a certain little hamlet called Hamahama, scarcely known even to those who make yearly pilgrimages to Hood's Canal, on which it is situated;—an out-of-the-way retreat in the Cascades known as Cedar Lake, and a peaceful valley town called North Bend, in the State of Washington.

Hood's Canal is well known to tourists, but Hamahama seems to have escaped the attention of pleasure-seekers thus far, and its many attractions are comparatively unknown. The canal is an arm of Puget Sound. The Olympic Mountains rise like a wall along its western shore, and picturesque mountain towns are found nestling at intervals of every few miles.

If you are bound for any point on Hood's Canal, you will embark on the little steamer Dode, which makes semi-weekly trips from Seattle to the various Hood's Canal points. The first place of interest at which you will stop is Seabeck, which reminded me of Goldsmith's Deserted Village—a spot literally overrun with rhododendrons (the State flower) and roses, climbing in profusion over many a deserted cottage.

It is four years since I visited the town, and it was at that time almost destitute of inhabitants, for what reason I have now forgotten; but the impression made upon me by its quiet streets and small white cottages overrun with roses and ivy, set in gardens of tangled flowery splendor, was one which I am sure will be lasting.

Seabeck, with its idyllic loveliness, is in decided contrast to the other villages on the canal, which are huddled for the most part on the side of a mountain, and are picturesque merely because so situated. There are Duckabush, Docewallup, Lilliwap, Hamahama, Hood's Port, and many others.

At Lilliwap, travelers for Lake Cushman disembark and take the stage for this most popular resort. Cushman is greatly in favor with tourists just now. There is a new hotel there, managed by some college youths who combine business with pleasure with an admirable sang-froid that awes and bewilders the beholder. One can put up at this hostelry for a fortnight for the small sum of twenty-five dollars, and no one who has spent a fortnight thus will say that the money was ill spent. The fishing is good, the fare is excellent, and the surroundings are all that the heart can desire. Nature has here done her best.

So much for the various pleasure resorts in the vicinity of Hamahama, though it is of Hamahama that I would sing.

Hamahama differs from them all as night from day. It was my good fortune to accompany a hunting-party one summer on an expedition to this glorious spot. It was my first outing in the mountains, and I learned, among other things, to camp on the sandy beach of the canal and to sleep on pine boughs without a murmur. To tramp miles up the mountain with a bottle of water slung about my neck and a sandwich in my pocket; to wade in water icy cold and to whip the stream of the Hamahama indefatigably for trout to appease my hunger, were also among my experiences.

We were a party of six. When we first decided on an outing in the Olympics, the men demurred at once at what they called "superfluous luggage." We women found that "superfluous luggage" meant anything except the bare necessities. A blanket apiece, a couple of tents, a frying-pan and coffee-boiler, with our provisions, were all that they would admit in their category of necessities. It was hard, but the women were taken on sufferance, and not one of us dared rebel.

One blissful morning we started—the men in hunting canvas, the women in bicycle attire, and each with a satchel slung on a strap from her shoulder. The steamer reached the Hamahama at four in the afternoon, and we were taken off in a rowboat by a kindly rancher, and rowed ashore.

How huge the mountains looked, how bare the beach! What a desolate spot this was, on the bank of the Hamahama River! There was no hotel there—nothing but a handful of ranches, the river, the solemn-faced mountains, the lonely beach, and the stretch of salt water beyond.



ON THE HAMAHAMA RIVER, WASH.

"We paddled up the river in a wobbling old boat in search of a tenting-ground."



BICYCLING ALONG THE SNOQUALMIE RIVER.

"At every bend in the road one comes upon a bridge thrown across this incorrigible stream."

We paddled up the river in a wobbling old boat for two hours in search of a likely tenting-ground; and then, like the man in the song, paddled back again and camped for the night on the beach. We had a great fire of driftwood, and we watched the tide go out, and the clear water of the Hamahama flow over the beach where the salt water had been. Then we went down and filled our kettles for the morning meal.

That night the forest fires, which were raging in the mountains, were by an ill wind blown our way, and at about midnight they descended upon our camp. We were awakened by the terrific thud of a falling tree, which came sliding and crashing like a fiery serpent down the hill behind our camp; and with one accord, in a wild rush to escape the impending doom, we sprang from our beds and hurled ourselves pell-mell into the water.

The precaution was unnecessary, however, for the burning tree stopped short of the camp; and, the wind changing again with incredible rapidity, we were left unmolested. We spent the remainder of the night in the boats, paddling up and down the shore, and watching the holocaust.

The next morning we procured pack-horses, and started up the mountains. What a tramp that was! memorable to me as my first mountain-climbing experience. I was the only one among the women who had failed to provide heavy boots for the trip, and the soles of my thin, city shoes were soon worn to ribbons. I was in a deplorable state. Tired, footsore, my face blistered from the sun, my shoulders aching with the weight of the camera I had burdened myself with, I stopped midway on a log thrown across a stream at a dizzy height, which we were obliged to cross, and, forgetting all my pride and the fact that I was blocking the procession, absolutely wailed with fatigue, terror, and mortification. The hardening process was a severe one to the feminine contingent, but we soon grew impervious to hardship. We pitched our tents that night near the Hamahama Falls, many hundred feet up the mountainside, and slept on blankets on the ground. At this stage we women were beginning to find that a hunting-trip to the mountains meant fatigue and endless labor, but, strange to say, we arose feeling wonderfully rested and exhilarated.

In the days that followed, we learned to tramp all day through the thick underbrush, to pick up a trail as quickly as the men, and to handle a rifle and to fire one without a tremor. We never brought down any big game, but we shone with reflected glory, for the men in our party shot and killed a cougar, or

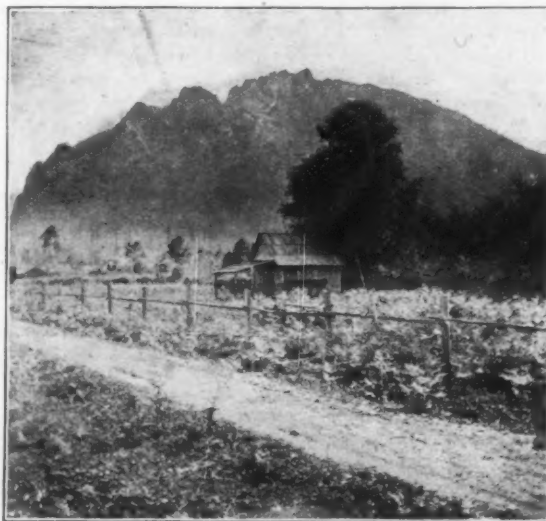
mountain-lion, two deer, and a bear during our short stay on the Hamahama. On days when we camped on the beach, and the men were absent on the hunt, we women busied ourselves digging clams and picking up the succulent Sound oysters at low tide. We had excellent clam broth and pan-roasts. We gathered starfish—some of them wonderfully tinted with purple, red, and deep red-brown; and seaweed, which we pressed and dried.

"We lived as primitively as our first parents, subsisting on fish, venison, bear steak, oysters, and clams. There was little in the way of camp furniture. We roughed it in very truth, but we felt no privation, for the hardship of that trip constituted its greatest charm. We women blistered our faces and calloused our hands, but we handled the oars like jolly jack tars, threw a fly with a wrist as firm as a man's, and grew as intrepid as the Mazama or mountain goat.

The steamer was taken for our homeward trip at the same hour at which we had disembarked. And I think it was sheer bravado which prompted us, travel-stained and disheveled as we were, to board the steamer and make the journey to the ultima thule of the canal—a ride which took us the entire night, bringing us back to the point off Hamahama early the next morning. We sat out on deck through the long moonlit evening, saw the Olympics so near to our hand that it seemed as if one could almost reach out and touch them, and hugged ourselves to think that we had tramped up their rugged sides, and hunted game in their forests.

We could not but be conscious of the scrutiny of our fellow passengers the following morning when we came on deck, being well aware of the defects in our attire; but we bore it with the stoicism of the Indian, whose attributes we had for so long a time been emulating. We encountered the same scrutiny upon landing at Seattle at four o'clock in the afternoon, but, secure in the consciousness of days well spent and muscle gained, we wended our homeward way indifferent to everything but the prospect of a well-cooked dinner.

Few summer resorts offer the list of attractions that the Hamahama River can boast of. There one can row and bathe in the salt water of the canal, fish with flies in the river, or hunt in the mountains. One can roam over a delightful beach gathering agates, shells, and shell-fish, picnic in the wood, and be as idle as one chooses. For the hunter, fisherman, or pleasure-seeker, the spot is equally adapted, and I can wish no one any greater pleasure than a holiday spent on the shores of the Hamahama.



OLD MOUNT SI, IN THE CASCADE RANGE, WASH.

"Here you will find yourself directly under Mount Si, rearing itself seven thousand feet above you."

Another summer rich in adventure was spent in the vicinity of North Bend, the peaceful little village I have mentioned, which rests at the foot of Mount Si, a grim old mountain belonging to the Cascade Range. North Bend is much sought after by artists, and is a Mecca for devotees of the rod and reel. The green and level valley in which the town reposes is a rest for the eye and limbs. It is hedged in by snow-capped mountains, and lies as in a huge cradle—fertile, smiling, and beautiful. Bicyclists betake themselves unto this Arcadian retreat in summer-time, delighted to wheel over the hard, pebbly road which winds like a broad ribbon all the way from the picturesque falls of Snoqualmie along the river ten delicious miles to the village.

It is impossible to describe the falls, but still more difficult to describe the charm of the tinkling, swirling little river of Snoqualmie, which rushes along as tempestuously in its career as a wayward child. It is a beautiful river—so green, so pelucid, and it flows along with a melodious lilt that is irresistibly soothing to town-tired ears. It is everywhere! At every bend in the road, one comes upon a bridge thrown across this incorrigible stream. After a rain it is rampant. One casts in vain for the wily trout. Brown hackle or gray, red ant or salmon-egg, or fly and bait, all are alike wasted on its bosom. It is impossible to wade, too, at such a time; and the fisherman is disconsolate, the rubber boots are doffed, and rod and creel are laid aside until the weather shall be propitious.

But when old Sol lolls in the heavens from June until September in the dry Sound summers, and when the city's dust and glare are intolerable, it is then that the train for North Bend is laden with sportsmen, not one of whom returns empty-handed. The village is situated on the Middle Fork of the Snoqualmie River, and is the terminus of the Seattle and International Railroad. The North and the South Fork of the river, therefore, are less fished, and it is customary for the most zealous seekers of the finny tribe to spend a night at the village, procure pack-horses and outfit the following morning, and push on in search of fresh fields and waters new.

Eight miles beyond North Bend is Cedar Lake, a famous fishing-ground. It is a memorable ride that one takes up the mountainside to reach it—a glorious ride, straight up among the fragrant, whispering cedars, the horses' feet sounding a soft rattat on the yielding turf, the ground on either side a carpet of velvety gray-green moss, the sun gleaming in furtive patches adown the green vista of moss-festooned branches before you! The world wears a livery of green. Above, beyond, and on either side you are enwrapped in its tender mantle; until at last you emerge from a labyrinth of sheltering cedars onto the shore of the lake, and see a sheet of gleaming blue water held, as it were, in the lap of snow-crowned peaks.

A funny old man comes out of a funny old house on the lake shore and takes your horse and promises you a boat, acting, the while, so ingratiatingly and yet so churlishly, that, if you are a woman, your mind reverts to the tales of the Arabian Nights of your youth, and you half expect to be robbed or murdered on the premises. It is an utterly lonely spot, and unutterably beautiful, calm, grand, and awe inspiring. The mountains appear so colossal, the sunlight so dazzling, and the air so exhilarating! The feeling of loneliness is strong upon you, and not even the dignity of your new high boots and short corduroy skirt can restrain you from creeping a bit closer to your "gude-man" as you stand there, with the silent sentinel mountains all about you, at the door of the little cabin.

The old man paddles about with you for a half-hour and points out the likeliest fishing-ground, and at the end of the half-hour you find yourself heartily wishing him at the bottom of the lake. Bethinking yourself of Arabian Nights again, you liken him to the Little Old Man of the Sea, who could not be shaken off. You do shake him at last, however, and then your luck turns. Before you can exclaim "Jack Robinson!" you have a rise—your fly disappears, your line runs out, and your reel hums.

"Play him! play him!" your companion yells.

And you wax anxious, and play the fish with all your skill; for you have a light silk line, and a six-ounce rod.

"Keep your line stiff!" admonishes your liege lord as the line runs out and the wily trout plunges and darts.

In another second you know that you are mistress of the situation, and the gasping trout is dragged over the side of the boat at last, and found to be a "Dolly Varden" and a beauty, weighing at least four pounds, and too long to go into your creel.

If you trust the old man of the lake sufficiently to stay overnight at his inn, you will fish with a lantern on the bow of your boat up to the ghostly hour of twelve, and you will have glorious sport. And then you will have the ride down the mountainside the following morning. A dawdling, perfect ride, stopping to gather the ferns that grow high as a man's head, and to eat the luscious salmon-berries that you find on every side. And you almost wish a bear would put his head forth through the leaves, because it seems so unlikely that the bears really do feed on these salmon-berries, as you have been told.

If you dawdle sufficiently, stopping for lunch in the woods, and gathering flowers and ferns, the day will slip past before you are aware of it, and you will reach level ground and approach North Bend just at sunset. Old Mount Si, lifting himself above the golden valley, and bathed in purple shadows, confronts you, and you are so impressed with the glory of the scene that you forget the fish in your basket—forget, too, your latest fish story, and enter the village in an ecstasy of admiration.

And then comes a visit to Snoqualmie Falls; for no one sojourns in North Bend any length of time without viewing this creation of the Master hand. Perhaps you will wheel down, or drive; and if you do, what enchanting glimpses you will catch of ultramarine sky, through the network of firs and cedars above your head—cedars that are many feet in circumference, and so tall that one has to bend one's head well back in order to see to the tops of them! The falls are 268 feet high, and when you stand on the right-hand bank and look down into the foaming, iridescent abyss below, you will feel amply repaid for any fatigue you may have undergone to reach them. The vapor is on your face and in your hair, the ferns at your feet are studded with the sparkling drops of spray, and nodding with their weight, and cobwebs drift across your path, myriads of them, tinted like the rainbow. Diaphanous, wonderful! The bank on which you stand is a fairy-land, a dream-wood. You invoke the forest deities to come forth, and you half expect a grinning satyr to leer at you from behind a great tree, or to hear the pipes of Pan, the



SNOQUALMIE FALLS, WASH.—HEIGHT 268 FEET.

"All you hear is the thunder of the falls and the call of the flicker, all you see is the sparkling panorama before you."

elfish laughter of a dryad, or be confronted by a faun sporting on the greensward. But all you do hear is the thunder of the falls and the call of a flicker above your head; and all you see is the sparkling panorama before you.

If you are not too much fatigued after visiting the falls, you will mount your wheel and spin along the winding road to the North Fork of the river. Here you will find yourself directly under Mount Si, rearing itself seven thousand feet above you. You will come across one or two hospitable ranches, also, and while sitting on a cool piazza, refreshing yourself after your ride, you can look up at the mount's rugged sides, and quote:

"The sunlight falls on castle walls, and snowy summits old in story,"

for on the very summit of the mountain, viewed from this point, a castle and moat, court-yard and chapel, stand out in bold relief. The delusion is complete, the outline of the rugged summit, with its jagged peaks, wonderfully bearing out the likeness to medieval castle-walls.

There is much to interest one in a summer holiday spent in the vicinity of North Bend. There are the hop-fields, acres in extent, between North Bend and Snoqualmie, which give employment to hundreds of Indians and poor whites every September; and, if one does not care for the fishing, or for bicycling, or for mountain-climbing, then the rest, the idle tramps over the country, the picnics on the river banks, and above all the breath of the mountain air—these unite in forming an inducement to holiday seekers that is well nigh irresistible.

A TENDERFOOT REPORTER IN A MINING-CAMP.

If you have never been a tenderfoot in a mining town, you have missed half your life. The experiences an Easterner undergoes in his efforts to reach a point which will admit of a full understanding of the mining man's vernacular are varied and amusing—amusing to the mining man, but usually embarrassing to the tenderfoot. Last fall and winter, says a correspondent, I undertook to do the collecting, look after the job-office, hustle for ads, attend church socials, prize-fights, political meetings, edit telegraph and local copy, and keep track of an office-boy and an Englishman on a small daily out in the mountains of British Columbia. The name of the town was and still is Nelson, a thriving little city of 5,000 inhabitants, some of them the best people on earth. I arrived in Nelson on the day before Thanksgiving Day, last fall.

I lounged around a hotel until December 1, and then began my work on the paper. There was a lot to do the first few days, and I was kept very busy. On the afternoon of the second or third day, and while engaged, I think, in sweeping out the office or dusting the safe, an individual whom I had already met rushed into the office and in a very excited manner asked:

"Have you heard of the wonderful clean-up at the Athabasca?"

Now, in the first place, I wasn't quite sure what a clean-up was. Then, again, I couldn't for the life of me place the Athabasca. I didn't know whether it was a steamboat, boarding-house, hotel, skating-rink, or what. I was therefore forced to admit that I hadn't heard of the "wonderful clean-up." I was careful, however, to conceal my entire ignorance of the meaning of his question.

"You haven't, eh? Well, you ought to send some one after it, for you really ought to have it."

I admitted that perhaps we should have it, and was going to ask if it was easily moved, if a dray would be required, or if it could be carried in one's arms. But, fortunately, I did not. I was afraid of making a break. I had already fallen a victim two or three times, and on each occasion my wife had taken the pains to call my attention, when I reached home, to an odor which seemed to be very closely allied with my breath. Therefore I kept silent.

"From whom could we get it?" I ventured, watching closely the effect of the question upon the excited individual.

"You might be able to get it from the bank, for the manager was just up there a few minutes ago. He has gone back, now, and therefore you can't see him."

"Who the mischief is the manager?" I thought to myself. "Is he the manager of the bank, of the clean-up, or of the Athabasca." And if he's gone back, where has he gone back to? Where did he come from? Who is he? What's his name? Is he the manager of a boarding-house, a hotel, an opera-house, or what? Did he have a clean-up because his place was dirty and needed it, or because it was a regular thing with him? In either case, where did the 'wonderful' part of it come in? What the dickens does the whole thing mean, anyhow?"

These were my thoughts. None of them were expressed aloud, and they had rushed through my mind in a moment after my friend had finished speaking.

I was just about to ask what bank, when I realized that such a question might be fatal. There were three or four financial institutions in town known as banks, and there were several sand-banks in the Kootenai River, which rolled past the foot of the mountain upon which Nelson was situated. One of these sand-banks had become an island, and was known as "The Bank." Whether it was the sand-bank or one of the other banks, I did not know. I knew, however, that it wasn't a faro bank, for there wasn't one in town—a remarkable thing for a mining-camp.

If the fellow would only leave me, I thought to myself, I could go out in the office and ask one of the printers what he (the fellow, not the printer) was driving at. I had reached my limit, I knew, and if he came back at me with anything else, I would have to show my hand.

"Let's see, where did you say I could get it?" I again ventured, hoping that perhaps he might say what bank, and get out.

"Why, up at the bank—the Bank of Montreal," he replied, and I had won.


"All right, I'm very much obliged to you," I remarked, as he arose to go. "I'll send some one up to the bank in a little while. Good afternoon."

As soon as my friend passed through the door, I called in one of the printers. I had made a confidant of him, and it was to him I always went when I wanted to learn anything of affairs local. I told him what my friend had told me, and he explained. The Athabasca was a mine—a gold-mine on the top of Toad Mountain. It had a stamp-mill of its own, and every month the gold which had been crushed out of the rock was gathered together. This was the clean-up. If the last one had been wonderful, it simply meant that a great deal more than the usual amount of gold had been found this time. I handed the printer a cigar, and returned to my desk. Clean-ups after that were easy.

CASSANDRA.

I am Cassandra of the stricken eyes,
Eyes blasted into sight, whose slumb'ring gaze
Must needs behold the future, though I pray
Forlornness, blindness. Phoebus, angry god!
Behold my punishment far in the scales
Outweighs my light deceit. Relent, forgive!
My own joy, springing from the present, ever
Is withered by the breath of that cold wind,
My own fore-knowledge. Yet this could I bear,
Would joy for others spring up in its place;
It cannot be, for when I, whirled along
Upon the foaming flood of prophecy,
Feel words of truth break from me, lo! their point,
By laughter turned, hard unbelief, aye, scorn,
Rebounds upon me, piercing my sad breast
With hatred from all hearts. My torment 'tis
To see men blindly blunder, rushing on
Through wrong and sorrow down the steep of death,
Against my words of warning, which would help,
Would save. Great Phoebus! take thy gift again!
Re-plunge me in the happy human dark,
Or send me down to Hades, where, no more,
Souls look upon earth's misery; where all
Have lived their life; no future any more;
All blessed past. Yea, Phoebus, let me die!
For still they suffer and they will not heed!

—ELIZABETH G. CRANE



A WOMAN'S LUCK IN LITTLE HEAVEN.

"It is not often that you see a respectable married woman playing roulette in this country," said a man who was a prospector for gold years ago, as he chatted with a party of friends the other night, "but I was a witness once of such an occurrence. The woman was gambling because she needed the money, and it made every looker-on happy to see her stick the bank for more than it had won during the month. Hiram Dickson, an old miner who afterward made a fortune in the gold regions of the far West, was the husband of the woman gambler, and it was because of the hard luck which had come to him that his wife went one night alone to make a stake to carry them on to the gold-fields. Dickson did not know of the gambling until his wife got back with the money, and he was so overjoyed that he could not scold her for mixing with such a crowd.

"One night—I remember it well, the snow was falling, and the weather was fierce. The saloons were selling hot drinks as fast as the barkeepers could dish them out, and a large crowd of rough miners was gathered at Blodgett's. All the games were running. At each of these the luck was going with the house, as usual, and the bankers were raking in the coin. There was the usual crowd of rubber-necks, made up of men who were not playing because they were broke, but who were anxious for a chance to try their luck, just the same. Blodgett made a big profit that week, and his money was in the safe waiting to be shipped. Jim was standing by a poker-table when a man rushed up and said there was a woman at the door.

"Now, the female population at the Little Heaven was small, and women who went there were following their husbands in search of gold. When Jim heard that a woman was standing at his door, he hurried up to see the reason of the visit. A small woman, dressed in black, and wrapped in a heavy shawl, met him.

"Mr. Blodgett," she said, "I have heard much of you, and I want to know if I can come in and try my luck. My husband is up at the camp, and I've got to play tonight."

"Blodgett did not know what to say. He had never had a woman player in the house, but this little woman was so frail and weak that he had to invite her in. The rough gamblers eyed her, but there was something about her appearance which excited their pity. While seated at the fire the woman said that she was Mrs. Dickson, and that she and her husband were prospecting. 'We have had hard luck,' she said, 'and my husband is too ill to travel. We have not found anything, and something has to be done. I dreamed last night of this place. I had heard of it before, and all day I have been thinking of it. I just want to try my luck. I haven't much to lose, and if I drop it I will go back satisfied.'

"Wal, the little 'oman 'll have to play, that's all," said a big man who had lost fortunes and won them in his day; "and, lady, if you lose what you have we'll make it up and let you go back to your camp."

"A smile crept over the woman's face, and her eyes sparkled. She had removed the heavy shawl, and the bright color had returned to her face. She was a pretty woman, but she had suffered from the days and months spent in hunting gold, and she sighed as she talked of her old home in the East.

"Lady," said Blodgett, "you kin play when you like, and if you win an' break me I won't care extra much, fer, by gosh, I like your nerve an' yer pluck."

"Mrs. Dickson took a small bag of gold from her pocket, and counted it. She put half of it back. Then she walked around the hall, while the eyes of the people who were not playing followed her. She watched the tables. A kind-hearted man,

the same big fellow who had promised that she should not go away empty-handed, accompanied her and explained the various modes of play. The woman gazed long at the roulette. After a time she walked up, edged her way in with the others, and bought a stack of chips. She gave a quarter of all she had for the stack. She had remembered that it was her birthday, and she was twenty-seven years of age that day. Fourteen years before she had met and married Dickson. She did not know anything about the game, but the gamblers said it took a new hand at the business to win, so she put a chip on the 27, the number of her years. When the little ball rolled, it stopped at 14. Then she played 14, and it jumped back to 27. After this she decided to play only the two numbers, and in ten minutes she had only five quarter chips left. Twenty-seven had not rolled for several turns, and she slipped the five chips on that number.

"Twenty-seven pays," cried the banker, and he counted off the chips for Mrs. Dickson. After that she played wildly, and had a streak of luck that was marvelous. Blodgett had always had a sign about his place saying that the sky was the limit, and the woman gambler saw it. She would toss out a stack of chips, without counting them, for the 14 or the 27 spot, and time after time she won. A few of the players backed her pickings, but after a bit everybody dropped out to watch the woman. The men were pushing and stretching their necks for a view of the table, and the cold perspiration was running down the woman's neck. Blodgett got interested. He told the banker to step aside, and he handled the game. The streak of luck continued.

"Well, that woman got to be a wild plunger. Her chips were changed from the twenty-five-cent kind to the dollar blues, and she played these as recklessly as if they were free. Every turn of the wheel she had ten chips on 14 or 27, and while she lost time after time, she came out far ahead in the end. At one stage she had been losing heavily. Twenty-seven refused to show, but she played it nervously, and said to herself that it would win in a minute. She kept losing, and her stack dwindled.

While the wheel was turning she had been counting her chips off in stacks. Four stacks represented \$100, and she seemed anxious to play it in a bunch. The woman put \$10 on the 27, and lost. Then, with an angry move, she shoved the \$100 stack on the 27, and the wheel clicked off, while the old male plungers stood by with glaring eyes. The ball spun for a time, and then rattled. It fell on the 27! The woman's eyes staggered when Blodgett counted off the equivalent of \$3,500 in checks. Before he had time to take his breath, Mrs. Dickson had shoved another \$100 stack on the 27, and it came a winner again.

"Blodgett by this time was sick, and he had wished a thousand times in the minute that his sky limit was not the rule. Once he wanted to demur, but the crowd, which stood by the woman, raised objection, and Blodgett had to stand and shake while his money was going rapidly to the player. Mrs. Dickson continued to play the two numbers. She had won more than she had ever dreamed of seeing, and luck stuck to her like a brother.

"At last she had about decided to quit while she was ahead, and her good friend by her side said that it was best. But she wanted to make one star winning first, so she counted off \$500 and placed it on the 27. Blodgett gave the wheel a vicious roll.

"Ten to one the shot pays," shouted the big fellow standing by Mrs. Dickson, but nobody took it up.

"They seemed to feel that the number would come, and when the ball stopped, there it was on the twenty-seven again! It almost knocked Blodgett out. He had to go to his safe, and counted out an even \$17,500 for the roll.

"Mrs. Dickson cashed in, after this. She had \$41,500 from the night's play, but she felt weak when the man handed her the money in a stout bag. She was alone, and she feared some of the roughs might kill her.

"I'll accompany you to your husband," said the big fellow; "and you need not fear losing it, for while these men here are rough mining gamblers, they would not take a dollar of your money. We like you, don't we, boys?" and with that the house sent up a rousing cheer for the little woman.



FIELD, FOREST, AND TOWNS IN THE UPPER WISCONSIN VALLEY.



In Northern Wisconsin, divided by the boundary-line which separates the Badger State from Michigan, is a large body of water called Lake Desert. Rising in this lake, and flowing southward through Vilas, Lincoln, Marathon, Portage, Woods, Adams, and Columbia counties, until finally it turns westward and empties into the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien, is the broad channel cut through the State by the noble Wisconsin River. Its entire length is probably 300 miles, and every foot of it courses through a valley blessed with a great variety of resources. For diversity of scenery, wealth of natural advantages, and general desirability for either farm settlement or for commercial and industrial enterprises, it would be indeed difficult to find another section of country which rivals it.

In the Upper Wisconsin Valley, from Rhinelander in Oneida County to Grand Rapids in Wood County and Stevens Point in Portage County, is a territory of which we wish to speak particularly. This whole country lies either contiguous to or immediately on the Lake Superior extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and from Rhinelander to New Lisbon, where a junction is made with one of the Milwaukee's main lines, the distance covered is approximately 150 miles. Along this extension are some of the most prosperous towns in the State. Rhinelander, Tomahawk, Merrill, Wausau, Grand Rapids, and Stevens Point are all noted for their thrift and enterprise, the resources of the magnificent country back of them having compelled a growth that has been truly remarkable. To show what this country has been, what it is today, and what it is destined to become in the future, is the principal object of this article. We cannot enter into minor details connected therewith, nor shall we dive very deeply into the misty past; but in these pages will be set forth the more important changes that have taken place since the whole of this vast Northern Wisconsin country was a forest-covered region known only to lumbermen and to wild beasts and Indians.

For the past half-century, as everybody knows, the lumber barons have reigned supreme all through this part of the State. Pine has been king. The great logging-camps in the winter and the immense saw-mill plants in the summer gave employment to thousands and thousands of men, and this aggregation of humanity made supply points necessary and gave rise to hamlets that have since developed into large towns and important centers of trade. First a saw-mill would be established. About this mill would flock boarding-houses, blacksmith-shops, saloons, and the omnipresent "general store"; until finally a town would be laid out, a church would be built, houses would be erected, and, long before the older communities of the State knew anything about it, a "city" charter would be obtained, and this metropolis of the woods would blossom forth with a mayor and town council. From one mill and a charter to a half-dozen mills and whole streets of stores and houses was only a step—only a matter of a few years. About the saw-mills would gather auxiliary industries, new population would be added, and in a little while the map of the State would have to be revised to make room for another town of two thousand or possibly five thousand inhabitants.

Every one of the prosperous places named above have been made prosperous by the lumber industry. They have developed from camps into well-organized towns—with all the comforts and most of the advantages that characterize older and larger communities. Millions of dollars have come out of the forests, and it is but natural that a good deal of this wealth should flow to and remain in the various centers of supply. Other millions will also come out of these great forests in future years, and other wealth will endow the growing towns and cities, but it will not all come from pine-trees. Pine has been king long enough. It has made dozens of millionaires, built scores of pretty towns and villages, and enriched many a railway company. It has had its day. The long-headed, long-pursed and energetic men who went into these forests years ago and began cutting pine and converting it into lumber, and lath, and shingles, have conducted their operations so thoroughly that pine will one day have to give way to hardwood and agriculture. Not immediately, perhaps, for there is still a good deal of pine timber contiguous to the Upper Wisconsin Valley, but the time is near at hand when it will no longer rank as of first importance in the industrial history of this particular region. Pine logs will continue to be cut, and the mills will continue to saw them into building materials for many years to come, but the great wealth of hardwood timber, now scarcely touched, and the fertile pine lands which have already been cleared by the woodmen, will assume first prominence in the eyes of the public, and prove sources of greater and more lasting wealth to communities and State alike.

There are good reasons for the present state of affairs in this valley region. Even twenty-five years ago—to go no farther back—the population of the United States was not so large as to make serious inroads upon the timber-growth of the country. Industries had not attained to the gigantic developments of the



GRANDFATHER FALLS ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER NEAR TOMAHAWK.



WISCONSIN RIVER WATER-POWER DAM AT RHINELANDER, WIS.

present. Populous cities were not so numerous, building operations were conducted on a smaller scale—there was pine lumber enough to supply all needs at moderate cost. It was easier and less expensive to cut and to manufacture the pine lumber—there was limited demand for hardwood products, and so the attention of capital was turned to the pine timber almost exclusively. To strip the forests of pine was the one object; the stately hardwoods were left comparatively untouched. Thousands of acres were thus cut over, until the people began to wonder when the slaughter would cease per necessity. The work has not ceased, we may add, and it is hoped that it never will—for our pine areas are larger and more permanent than is generally known; but pine is no longer as cheaply available as it was—the people cannot be so lavish of it, hence more and more attention is being paid by lumbermen and mill-owners to the abundant supplies of hardwoods. Eighty millions of people, with their colossal industries, mighty cities and vast export demands create needs for almost every product the country possesses, and the time is now come when the neglected forest wealth of the Upper Wisconsin Valley shall be utilized.

Let us look at this hardwood supply with more critical eyes—since some possible investor may wish to know just what it consists of, and there is nothing like being specific. In the Wisconsin Valley division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway are seven districts which are named—not because there are no other districts, but for the reason that they contain the largest quantities of standing hardwood timber. They are as follows, together with the kind of hardwood timber which abounds in them:

In the Necedah District are red oak, white oak, basswood, birch, maple, elm, black ash, and white ash.

In the Centralia and Vesper District are red oak, basswood, white oak, birch, black ash, maple, elm, and white ash.

In the Mosinee District are basswood, red oak, birch, maple, white oak, black ash, elm (rock elm and water elm), and white ash.

In the Wausau District are found elm (rock and water), basswood, birch, maple, red oak, black ash, white ash, white oak, butternut, hickory, and cherry.

In the Merrill District are birch, basswood, elm (rock and water), maple, black ash, white ash, and butternut.

In the Tomahawk District are birch, rock elm, basswood, maple, water elm, red oak, spruce, cedar, and tamarack.

In the Minocqua District, the last we shall name, the timber is all birch and pine, and in the districts above this point pine forests alone are found.

It is seen that there are twelve kinds of hardwood timber along this one line of railway in the Upper Wisconsin Valley. Of these, basswood is the most plentiful, and cherry the scarcest.

From Junction City north to Tomahawk, a distance of sixty miles, so good an authority as the *Hide and Leather Gazette* says, "are hemlock forests which extend about thirty miles on each side of the track within this distance, forming a square of sixty miles by sixty miles, and making a total area of 3,600 square miles of hemlock. Between Wausau and Merrill, and tributary to these towns, the hemlock is most dense, some of the townships having as high as 400,000 feet to the forty acres. * * * Immediately tributary to Merrill are twenty-seven townships thickly studded with hemlock—each township of thirty-six square miles, thus making 972 square miles

of hemlock timber which is practically untouched. One-half of the 972 square miles is thickly covered with hemlock, averaging, say three hundred thousand feet per forty acres; the other half from about one hundred thousand feet and upwards per forty



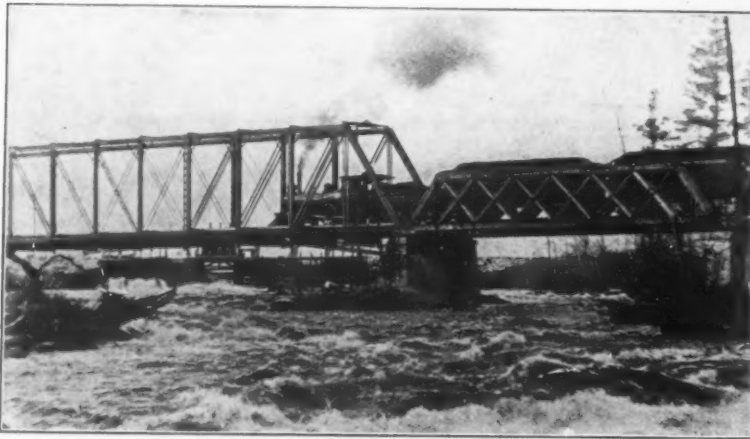
HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, RHINELANDER, WIS.



A FAMILIAR WISCONSIN SIGHT.

acres. Around Wausau is another large quantity of hemlock, and the farmers who are clearing land rapidly around this point could supply the largest tannery for ten years, to say nothing of the untouched forests which are tributary. There are a number of 'forties' in this district running as high as three hundred thousand feet to the forty acres.

"Tributary to Knowlton are two hundred million feet of hemlock land in the three townships within thirteen miles. These three townships, covering 108 square miles, have about two-thirds their area thickly covered with hemlock, some patches of which will run to four hundred thousand feet per forty acres; but the average in the three townships can be stated as two hundred thousand feet, or about one hundred and fifteen thousand cords of hemlock bark. The average for the whole district tributary to the C., M. & St. P. Ry. is about one hundred and fifty thousand feet of hemlock to the forty acres; and, as about two thousand feet give one cord of 2,240 pounds, there is tributary to the road 4,320,000 cords of bark!



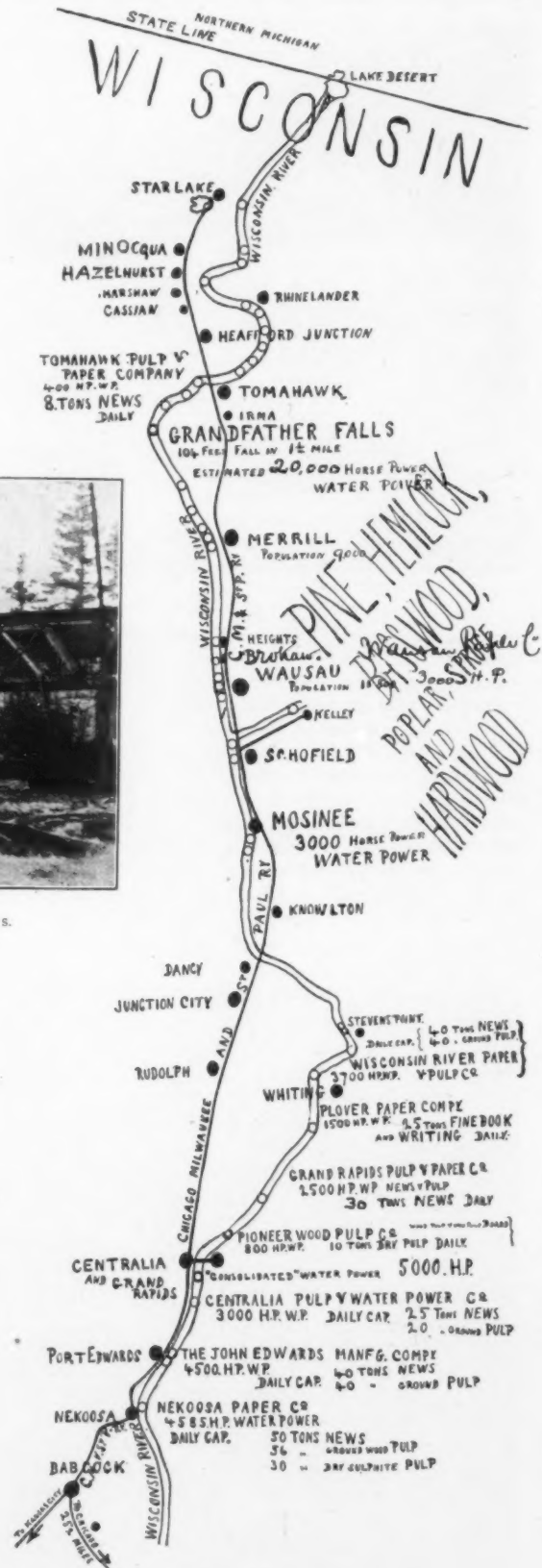
RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE WISCONSIN RIVER AT RHINELANDER, WIS.

"The present price of bark is about \$3.75 per cord f. o. b. at Merrill and Wausau. In 1892 it sold as high as \$5.25. The present price for the bark on the tree is seventy-five to eighty cents per cord. It has sold as high as a dollar. From \$2.25 to \$3.50 per thousand feet has been paid for the hemlock logs with the bark off. Hemlock forest land averages in price about \$5 per acre around Merrill and Wausau."

The adaptability of all these hardwood and hemlock forests to manufacturing purposes will be considered elsewhere in this article; for, having shown so much of the timber resources of the Upper Wisconsin Valley, we now wish to speak of its known

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES.

A reliable authority makes the statement that no fewer than 125,000 people now inhabit this section of the State, and that three years hence the population will be more than doubled. Of the present population it is probable that not more than one-third is found in towns and villages, thus leaving a large farming population to be distributed among the various counties comprising the upper valley section. All these farmers are there because it is profitable for them. It was long ago demonstrated that these timbered lands of Northern Wisconsin, and especially that region contiguous to the Milwaukee system, are among the richest and most productive in the Union. Lands formerly covered with pine and hardwood growths produce the finest of grasses, root crops yield abundantly, and cereals do exceedingly well. A good authority says that grain crops, as a rule, average higher than is usual elsewhere, and that even corn is safe from frost and seldom fails to give large returns. As a dairy and stock country it stands unrivaled. The native



WATER-POWERS AND PAPER MILLS ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER, NORTH OF BABCOCK, WIS.

grasses are luxuriant, the supply of absolutely pure water from numerous lakes and streams is more than abundant, and all conditions are favorable to success in this department of agriculture. Average milk tests show $4\frac{1}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of butter fat, and the butter and cheese made not only rank high in the best markets, but are produced as cheaply as they can be in any other portion of this great dairy State. For cattle, sheep, and swine it is one of the very best regions on earth; the climate is healthful, the necessary water is there of purest quality, no better grasses are known, and ready markets and ample transportation facilities are near at hand. The editor of a paper published in Tomahawk, Lincoln County, says that the Upper Wisconsin Valley is the home of all the grasses; that the soil and climate are perfectly adapted to root crops and cereals, and that cattle, sheep, horses, swine, and poultry attain that virile vitality essential to the breeding of the highest types.

Yet another excellent authority makes the statement that the counties named by us along the Milwaukee line are destined to rank "among the greatest agricultural and dairy regions in the world." In these counties, he says, are thousands and thousands of acres of land out of which the very best farms can be made. The soil is a fertile clay loam, and the prices per acre range from \$3 to \$5 and \$10, according to location, etc. When cleared and under cultivation, the lands are worth \$40 to \$60 an acre. Professor Clark, of the Wisconsin State University, predicts a wonderful dairy and live stock future for this region—a prediction based on what has already been achieved.

It must not be supposed that this country is a howling wilderness, and that those who go there will have to endure the hardships which the early settlers underwent. While there are large areas of unsettled lands, it must be remembered that a goodly number of people are already there—settled, contented, and prosperous. Lincoln County has a population of about 20,000 to 25,000, Marathon County has nearly 40,000. Wood County has about 25,000, and Portage County has a good 30,000. It would be hard work to find a farm anywhere in these counties that is more than ten miles from some railway. Tapping or traversing all this Upper Wisconsin Valley section are the following railways: The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Chicago & Northwestern, the Wisconsin Central, the Green Bay, Winona & St. Paul, and the "Soo" line. The whole country is being settled rapidly. Practical farmers are coming in from Northern Illinois and many other sections of the Union, and it will not be long before all land values will take a decided rise. We know of no better, no safer or more profitable investment than money put into these Northern Wisconsin farm lands.

One important feature of farm life in



STREET SCENE IN TOMAHAWK, WIS.



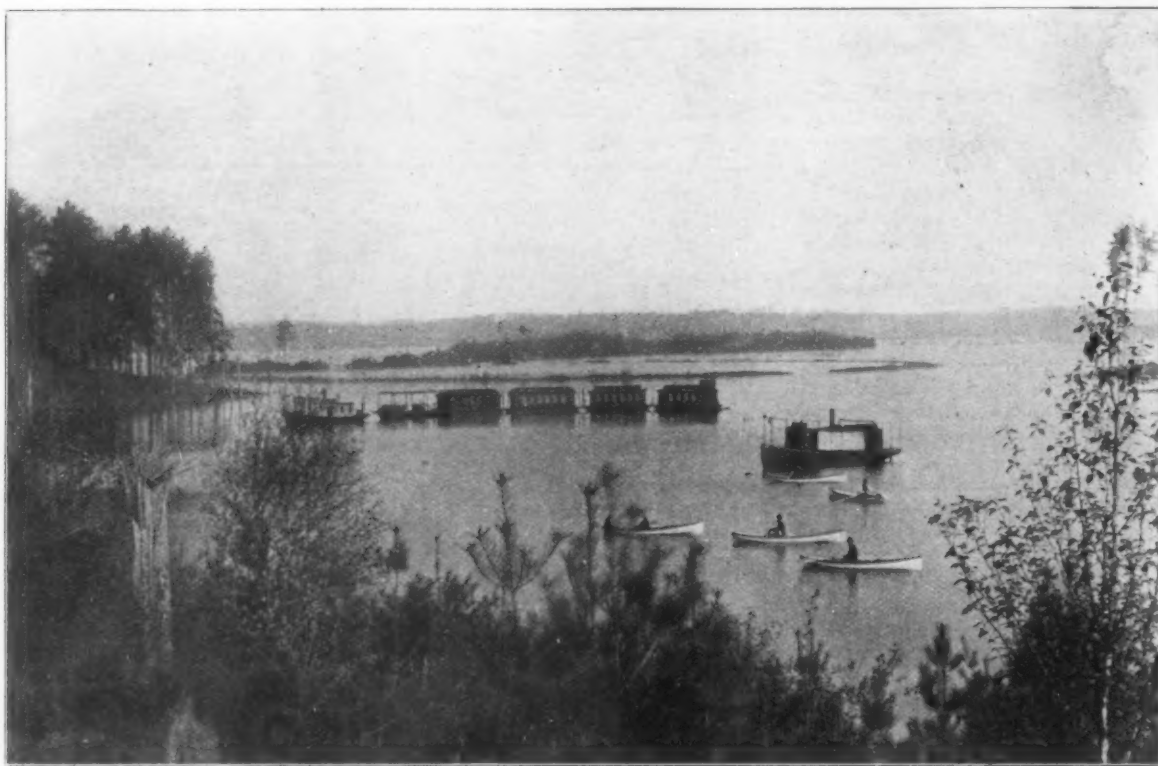
ON THE SOMO RIVER AT TOMAHAWK.



THE FAMOUS MITCHELL HOTEL, TOMAHAWK, WIS., ERECTED AT A COST OF \$50,000.

this country is the ability of farmers to make money at all seasons of the year. In the spring, summer and fall they can sow, reap, and market products of the soil; and in the winter-time, instead of idling away their hours as so many are forced to do in prairie regions, they can go out into the timber and cut railway ties, or take bark off hemlock trees for tanning purposes, or cut cedar for posts, poles and shingles, or spruce for pulpwood or else for stave and hoop-mills, or basswood for excelsior and headings, etc., etc. Logs for lumber are always wanted, and the market is at hand. No trees grow on these farms for which there is not a demand at mill or tannery. The great lumber-camps employ thousands of men in the winter seasons at good pay; so, taking all these things together, there is ample opportunity for farmers in the Upper Wisconsin Valley to busy themselves profitably the year round. Add to these advantages the simple statement that the water is soft and pure, the lakes and streams full of fish, and the whole region abounding in deer,

built to a point near the Michigan State line at Star Lake, on the left bank of the Wisconsin River. Below Star Lake are the promising stations and settlements of Minocqua, Hazelhurst, Harshaw, Cassian, and Heafford Junction, and just across the river and above the Junction is the thrifty town of Rhinelander, the county seat of Oneida County, and the most northerly incorporated city on the Wisconsin River. The population borders closely upon 5,000. It is the principal town on the "Soo" line between Minneapolis and the Soo, and the largest place on the Chicago & North-Western Railway in this section of the State. Two hundred fifty miles north of Milwaukee and 214 miles east of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Rhinelander is in the center of the great lumber district and is an important manufacturing point. No less than 85,000,000 feet of lumber is sawed there annually, the five saw-mills and six planing-mills furnishing employment to a large force of men. It is said that the largest screen-door factory in the world is located here, and one



THE FAMOUS BOAT-TRAIN AT TOMAHAWK.

The above train of boats is probably the only one of its kind in the whole country. It is one of the many enterprises indulged in by Mr. W. H. Bradley of Tomahawk, a gentleman who is largely responsible for the rapid growth and development of that town. The boats are fitted up luxuriantly, and, drawn by a light-draught tug or steamer, are used in making excursions to different points of interest on the various bodies of water in that vicinity. Berths are provided, and a culinary department, so that the lake and river outings may be prolonged indefinitely.

wild fowl and other desirable game, and we would like to know what more a settler can ask for. Schools and churches, towns and railways, every possible social advantage, and all the pleasures of field, forest, and stream are at one's immediate command. We will not say that this portion of Wisconsin is a paradise, but we ask our readers to name a country that is better adapted to general prosperity and happiness.

IMPORTANT TOWNS IN THE UPPER WISCONSIN VALLEY.

Having spoken of the timber and agricultural resources of this broad area, let us now ask our readers to follow us to the principal towns therein. Although the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul extension will shortly penetrate still farther north to the Gogebic iron mines in the Lake Superior Country, it is now

of the largest box factories. Aside from these main industries are smaller manufacturing concerns and an extensive iron foundry, which makes a refuse burner for saw-mills that is in popular demand throughout the world. Twelve plants alone employ 900 hands.

Rhinelander is thoroughly progressive. It has six modern school-buildings, ten churches, a fine system of waterworks, owned by the city; an electric-light system, a good paid fire department, a public library, two banks with a capital of \$100,000, three newspapers, two opera-houses with a joint seating capacity of nearly 2,000, several hotels, an armory that cost \$10,000, and a first-class water-power of 2,000 horse-power capacity. The streets are well graded, there are full lines of substantial commercial houses, and it claims a larger number of handsome homes than any other town in the northern part of



A HEAVY LOAD OF LOGS FROM THE WISCONSIN FORESTS.



LUMBER-JACKS AT WORK IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

the State. It is a great supply center, is surrounded by immense timber resources, and the agricultural possibilities of the country are unlimited.

On the same side of the river, but some distance below Rhinelander and at a point where the Chicago, Milwaukee &

C., M. & St. P. Railway Company has conducted what it calls an "Industrial Department," the sole object of which is to develop the towns and counties along the various lines of its great system. It points out favorable locations for manufacturing industries and for mercantile enterprises, it furnishes sta-



VIEW ON SOMO RIVER, WISCONSIN, NEAR TOMAHAWK.

St. Paul line crosses the Wisconsin, is the wonderfully prosperous town of

TOMAHAWK.

It is an example of what can be accomplished by railway enterprise and local effort combined. For some time past the

tistics and all manner of useful information respecting farm lands and the products thereof—respecting dairy and live-stock interests, and school, religious, social, and other advantages. By making all these resources known, it has done much to attract new capital and settlement to the Upper Wisconsin Valley,



ON THE ROAD TO A NORTHERN WISCONSIN MILL.



ANOTHER WISCONSIN PINERY SCENE.



MERRILL, WIS.—MAIN STREET, LOOKING WEST.



HON. A. H. STANGE, MAYOR OF MERRILL, WIS.



MERRILL, WIS.—EAST MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST.

and to multiply the number of manufacturing industries therein. It co-operates with local Business Men's Associations, with the now well-known Wisconsin Valley Advancement Association, and maintains a special correspondent at every one of its many stations, thus doing a mighty work for the road itself as well as for all its patrons in tributary towns, cities and counties. As the Milwaukee operates 6,330 miles of road in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Missouri, and the Peninsula of Michigan, its industrial department comes in touch with a broad section of country, and practically answers all purposes of a farm, business, and industrial directory bureau. A letter addressed to the department at 160 Adams Street, Chicago, will always command careful, explicit, and immediate attention.

Tomahawk's population probably exceeds 3,000. The town is in the northern part of Lincoln County, at the confluence of four rivers—the Wisconsin, the Tomahawk, the Somo, and the Spirit. Few towns of equal size have better railway facilities. Its main artery is the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; then follows the Marinette, Tomahawk & Western, which connects with the "Soo" line and the Chicago & North-Western Railway. The town is situated one mile above the great Tomahawk dam, which cost \$350,000, and is the second largest dam in the Union. By reason of its magnificent and almost unlimited water-power, there have already been erected six mammoth saw-mills, two planing-mills, a box factory, a big pulp and paper-mill which turns out eight tons of print paper daily; and an extensive plant for the manufacture of machinery. The various lumber-mills now produce about 100,000,000 feet of lumber per annum. Among other advantages enjoyed are electric lights, a waterworks system owned by the municipality, wide streets, good schools and churches, two banks, two ably-conducted newspapers, two first-class hotels, one of which, The Mitchell, cost \$50,000; fine driveways, excellent roads, and a splendid surrounding country.

The site of this ten-year-old town is upon a level plateau twenty feet above the bed of the river. Great improvements are now being made there by the Tomahawk Land and Boom Company, the company which is responsible for the dam and booms referred to above. Every lot in the place is desirable, and the town's future is so well assured that the sale of property is almost unprecedentedly large. Buildings are being erected, new industries are headed thitherward, and every indication points to the fact that Tomahawk is to be one of the largest and most important manufacturing and commercial centers in Wisconsin. Under date of May 4, Mr. W. H. Bradley, a leading business man and capitalist of Tomahawk, writes us that among the new local improvements is a brick bank building 50x142 feet in dimensions and two stories and basement in height; a wood-working establishment; and a brick-yard. It is also more than probable that advantage will soon be taken of the beautiful lakes north of



MERRILL, WIS.—LOG-DRIVING ON PRAIRIE RIVER.



MERRILL, WIS.—THE CITY HALL.



MERRILL, WIS.—PRAIRIE RIVER AT FOOT OF THE DALLES.

town to connect them by a canal system that shall make a continuous waterway thirty miles long, upon which will be erected a first-class summer-resort hotel. Electric railways are also talked of, the idea being to make Tomahawk as famous a summer resort as it is a manufacturing and business mart. Bass, pike, trout, pickerel, muscullonge and other game fish fill all the waters there in superabundance; the climate is perfect—especially for those who have lung and catarrhal affections; the water is everywhere pure; the town is easily reached, and the woodlands abound with a big variety of game for hunters.

Of course the wonderful water-power is bound to make Tomahawk a great manufacturing point, but it is also destined to have excellent agricultural resources back of it. Mills and factories will saw up and otherwise utilize the wonderful wealth of hardwood timber in the adjacent district, but on the cut-over pine and hardwood lands are many farmers now, and thousands more will make their homes there and be producing big crops of cereals and choice dairy and stock products in a short time. Prices of railway lands along the Milwaukee line in this region vary from \$3 to \$8 per acre, according to location, etc., and the terms are very reasonable—one-sixth cash and the balance in five annual installments, with six per cent interest in advance. The titles are absolutely perfect, and are warranted.

Another live town on the Milwaukee Railway—one that has already grown into large proportions and great importance, is

MERRILL.

the county seat of Lincoln County. Latest reports credit the place with about 10,000 inhabitants. It was incorporated as a city in 1894. The assessed valuation of town property exceeds \$1,630,000; the rate of taxation ranges from three and one-fourth to three and one-half per cent; the floating indebtedness is \$9,000, and the bonded indebtedness is only \$48,314. You find broad and well-paved streets here, an electric street-railway and electric lights, a good waterworks system, a first-class fire department, a public library building, a fine city hall, and an opera-house that seats a thousand persons. There are fourteen churches, twelve public and parochial schools, four enterprising newspapers, including a German publication, a full representation of solid mercantile houses, and several good hotels. One of these hotels, The Lincoln, was erected by a corporation composed of prominent business men, its cost having been \$25,000.

Merrill's chief industry is lumbering. The eight big saw-mills have a capacity of 175,000,000 feet per annum. Prominent among these lumber concerns are the Gilkey & Anson Lumber Company, the A. H. Stange Company, the H. W. Wright Lumber Company, the Merrill Lumber Company, the T. P. Scott Lumber Company, and C. P. Miller & Company. There are also nine planing-mills, four sash, door, and blind factories, a box factory, an excelsior factory, a brewery, bottling-works, flour-mill, machine-shops, etc. These immense saw-mills and other plants furnish employment to an army of workmen and pay out large sums of money every week—money which goes to enrich and support the town. During the winter season, it may be remarked parenthetically, this same army of laborers can find steady and remunerative employment in the great logging-camps. There is water-power enough here to run scores of mills and factories. The Wisconsin, Prairie and Tomahawk rivers—particularly the Wisconsin, furnish sufficient power to make of Merrill a manufacturing center of first magnitude. Paper-mills, wood-pulp mills, sulphite mills, tanneries, hardwood factories for wagon-making material, furniture, etc., and a host of other industries would find in Merrill a place which promises success from the very start.

Merrill will always get her share of new growth. The place has a long start towards its ambitious goal, and its energetic citizens will do the rest. Situated amid lovely natural environments, with beautiful homes, well-kept streets, and all those modern municipal advantages which make town residence so desirable, this young city of nearly 10,000 inhabitants will forge to the front rapidly and double and treble its census returns in a few years.

The largest of the prosperous towns which border the Upper Wisconsin and make centers of trade and activity for the tributary country is

WAUSAU.

seat of justice for Marathon County. It is located on both banks of the Wisconsin, and on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Chicago & North-Western railways. The town is only 100 miles west of Lake Michigan, and is in the midst of a great lumbering and farm region. Among the local indus-

tries of the entire Upper Wisconsin Valley, as has been stated before. All along the Milwaukee line are lands upon which the biggest of crops are produced annually, and other thousands of acres which only await cultivation in order to add their products to the general store. Other resources abound, too. Between Wausau and Merrill are vast deposits of granite—known to be perfectly adapted to building and art purposes. With ample water-power and transportation facilities, there is no reason why a gigantic quarry industry should not be built up at this point. Chicago and Milwaukee would use every stone that could be produced.



A VIEW OF WAUSAU, WIS., AS IT IS TODAY.

tries are eight saw-mills, two sash, door, and blind factories, two box factories, several planing-mills, two flour-mills, two foundries, two excelsior works, two tanneries, a furniture factory, etc. Practically unlimited water-power is supplied by Big Bull Falls, the fall in the river being over twenty feet. The main business streets are paved, and the other streets are always maintained in good condition. There are electric lights, a system of waterworks capable of supplying three million gallons of water daily, twenty-five or thirty miles of water-mains, excellent sewerage drainage, a well-built residence district, and many slightly brick and stone business blocks.

Wausau is progressive in all ways. It has eight substantial public school-buildings, sixteen churches, one daily and six weekly papers, and strong banks with large deposits. One also sees a stately city hall, a court-house that cost \$100,000, engine-houses for the paid fire department, a good hospital, a public library, and about a mile and a half south of town is the Marathon County Insane Asylum, which cost, with the 235-acre farm attachment, about \$100,000. It was in Wausau that the pioneer Woman's Improvement Association was started, to work in conjunction with the Wisconsin Valley Advancement Association. A large number of prominent ladies determined to organize an association for the purpose of beautifying the city in every possible manner, and of maintaining it in good sanitary condition. They have already accomplished a great work, and they will do yet more. It is quite probable that the movement will be taken up by the ladies in other towns of the valley, until all shall be laboring for the best interests of their respective localities.

The county itself, from which Wausau draws a good deal of its support, constitutes one of the richest farming districts in the State. There are 36,000 people in it, many of whom are farmers. Wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn, potatoes, pease, and all vegetables yield large crops, and such things as drouths and crop failures are never known. The editor of the *Wausau Record* says that there is no poor soil in that country, and that newcomers are buying and settling the cheap but fertile lands rapidly. This, indeed, is true

Somewhat nearer Wausau is still another mine of wealth—Rib Hill, a large formation from which is taken quartzite, a variety of rock the grit of which is said to surpass anything yet found. Two small stone-crushers are now at work pulverizing it for shipment to Pittsburg, where it is made into sandpaper. There is enough of this quartzite to supply sandpaper for the world, and we are glad to know that efforts are being made to establish a big plant there for its manufacture.

GRAND RAPIDS.

On March 13, Grand Rapids and Centralia were united under one municipal government, and under the name of Grand Rapids, the combined population being about 6,000. They are on opposite sides of the Wisconsin River, but connected by a fine bridge which cost \$20,000. There is a great water-power at this point, one of the best in the country, and numerous substantial



WAUSAU'S CITY HALL ON THIRD STREET. LOOKING SOUTH FROM SCOTT STREET.

industries have grown up about it. Greater Grand Rapids has extensive furniture factories, ground and sulphite pulp-wood and newspaper print mills, hub and spoke factories, flour-mills, foundry and machine-shops, and a number of other manufacturing plants. It is the county seat of Wood County, which has a total population of 22,000. There are several good banks, first-class public schools, a full quota of churches, a free public library, a fine city hall, well-equipped opera-houses, and several ably edited papers. The main transportation facilities are furnished by the Milwaukee line, but the town is also reached by the Green Bay & Western, and by the Marshfield & South-eastern road.

Grand Rapids ships immense lots of lumber, wagon materials, paper, furniture, etc., and it also handles large quantities of cranberries, which grow in the near-by marshes. Its agricultural resources are similar to those mentioned for the other counties along the valley. There is land enough for all who choose to come—land out of which choice farms are made. School, business, social, and other advantages are so evenly balanced that it would be difficult to name a better place of residence.

The last town of consequence in this section, that we wish to make special mention of, is

STEVENS POINT.

the county seat of Portage County. It is situated on both sides of the Wisconsin River, and has about 11,000 inhabitants. The railways are the Wisconsin Central and the Green Bay & Western and St. P. Railway. All the modern public improvements are seen, from fine public schools to churches, public library, electric street-cars, electric lights, waterworks, etc. One of the State Normal Schools is here, it having cost \$100,000. Industrially, Stevens Point is well off. It has saw- and planing-mills, sash, door and blind factories, two of the largest paper-mills in Wisconsin, each employing nearly 200 hands; foundries, machine-shops, shingle-mills, flour-mills, and numerous other industries. These, with good newspapers, well-equipped hotels, a great water-power, fine streets and business blocks, handsome

homes, and every other adjunct of a wide-awake commercial and manufacturing center, assure its continued growth and prosperity.

PRECIOUS JEWELS AT CAPE NOME.

Although the hope of getting gold at Cape Nome has started a rush for that part of Alaska, few have known that diamonds and rubies are being found in that region. Yet Mr. I. L. Osgood of Cape Nome, who has been visiting in the East, says that these precious stones have been found in the sand on the coast, and that a careful search will bring to light many of them. He says:

"I do not say that diamonds and rubies are to be found by the bushel at Cape Nome, but scientific men have discovered that the sand bears every indication of possessing these precious gems. A search for these stones never has been carefully made, but a few of us have made a superficial examination of the ground, and the result of our investigations has been placed in the hands of men familiar with such work, and they tell us that there is every indication that the sand at Cape Nome contains these precious stones. Very few can tell a diamond in the rough, but when we go back to Cape Nome this summer we shall take a diamond expert with us, and pay as much attention to the diamond and ruby search as we do to finding gold."

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM.

Rose-time and youth-time,
Coming both together;
Winds are soft, and skies are blue,
Ho! the bonny weather.

Rose-time and youth-time,
And love-time, all together—
As it was in Eden once,—
Oh! the perfect weather.

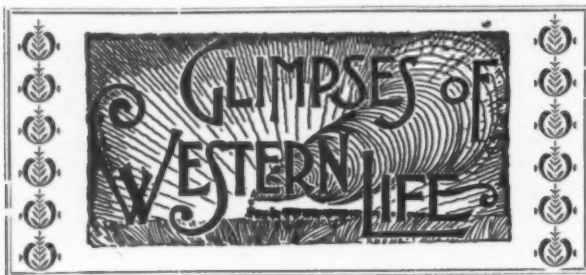
Rose-time, but youth gone,
He and love together;
Chill the winds, and dull the skies,
Ah! the gloomy weather.

Rock Elm, Wis.

NINETTE M. LOWATER



THE LINCOLN, MERRILL, WIS.—ONE OF THE BEST HOTELS IN THE STATE.



SUPPER NOW IS READY IN THE DINING-CAR."

You're at Neche on the Border on a cool September day,
You're traveling to the southward, and the G. N. train makes way.
Through the wheat-fields of Dakota you are speeding free and far
When a cry is heard upfloating o'er the rattling of the car—
'Tis a shrill and piercing treble, floating clearly o'er the jar,
Saying—"Supper now is ready in the D-i-n-i-n-g-C-a-r!"

You pass into the "diner," your keen hunger to appease,
From soups and entrees, meats and drinks, pick anything you please;
But o'er the rush and clamor, o'er the rattle and the jar,
Peals "Supper now is ready in the D-i-n-i-n-g-C-a-r!"

At half-past ten you're sleepy, and seek a night's repose—
With this wild refrain yet ringing, as you're tucking in the clothes;
Yes, this wild refrain yet ringing, ever ringing o'er the jar—
That "Last call now for supper—in the D-i-n-i-n-g-C-a-r!"

You dream of menu dinners—prairie-chicken, gravies, pie,
And see the gorgeous dishes in profusion round you lie;
But a weird voice pierces through it, your pleasure all to mar,
With its—"Supper now is ready in the D-i-n-i-n-g-C-a-r!"

And so the long night passes, and the sunlight comes again,
And shows once more the prairie, and once more the yellow grain;
When a white-clad form doth enter, coming swiftly from afar,
Crying—"Breakfast now is ready—in the D-i-n-i-n-g-C-a-r!"

You've left St. Paul behind you, and deem your troubles o'er,
On the "Burlington" you're flying past the Mississippi shore,
When a dusky face flits by you, ever crying from afar,
That "Dinner now is ready in the D-i-n-i-n-g-C-a-r!"

You can't escape that summons, though you travel where you may,
It follows on your journey like a tiger on its prey;
Manitoba, North Dakota, Minnesota—wide and far,
There is always something "ready in the D-i-n-i-n-g-C-a-r!"

Neustadt, Ont.

W. M. BROWN.

THE RUSH TO CAPE NOME.

The Ballard (Wash.) *News* says that it would be almost pathetic to watch the overcrowded boats, black with humanity, leaving for Nome if it were not known that the bulk of those who leave have been in mining stampedes before. They know just what confronts them. They are not pilgrims or tenderfeet, but the brawn and sinew of the Far West—from Montana, Idaho, and Colorado. Occasionally a weakling is found, but invariably he is from Seattle, and can be brought home before the frost sets in.

This is a miner's rush; it is a stampede on the part of those who are always willing to take big chances—a long shot—at that fickle jade, Fortune. No tears need be shed, or worry worked up over the principal part of the Nome gold-seekers. Most of them can take care of themselves, and rather welcome an opportunity to do so.

SEEN IN OREGON.

A dozen or so miles south from Heppner, says the Heppner (Ore.) *Gazette*, where fringes of timber venture down from the mountains; where the towering tamaracks grow and mingle with the picturesque pines; where pure water splashes and dashes, is always a pretty place, and particularly pretty now.

There is snow up there on the higher ridges, and it is melting fast; and alongside of it is the greenest of grass and acres of beautiful blooming buttercups, and the larks are singing and the blue grouse beginning to make love.

The tall tamaracks are threatening to thrust out their needle-like leaves of vivid green, the most beautiful shade of green on

earth. It is of such a tint as comes in the springtime to a tree in Senator Carson's yard in Portland, which the neighbors come for miles to see, and his Italian gardner from the Transvaal calls the *Oregonius giganticus tamarackabus*. It is a beautiful tree wherever met, and Heppner's Blue Mountains are full of it.

RUSSIANS IN NORTH DAKOTA.

A party of Russians all the way from the land of the Czar passed through Jamestown, N. D., recently en route to their new settlement in the vicinity of Bismarck. The Jamestown *Capital* says that, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was exceedingly warm, the men and women wore heavy skin coats embroidered with red, and that very heavy boots were worn by all of them alike, even by the women and children. The women wore bifurcated and abbreviated Jenness Miller garments that came about half-way to the tops of their boots, while black shawls, wound about their heads and closely tied, prevented the sun from freckling their necks, and kept them from getting cold. The men's hair was cut in an astonishing fashion, and, altogether, the party attracted a good deal of attention. The *Capital* thinks that a year's residence in the State will so transform them that they will be able to vote a straight ticket and to assume American ways generally.

A MODEL BRIDE AND GROOM.

Once I saw a pretty thing—a young bride of the Kickapoos—on a sort of wedding trip, says a correspondent in the Pendleton *East Oregonian*. She was tall and slight, and—so closely do the members of the tribe resemble one another—she looked like the twin sister of her young husband.

At first they were accompanied by a stout old chief, but he left as soon as the circus was gone. The bride and bridegroom spent three or four days in the town, wandering about as unconsciously as Adam and Eve in the garden, the man already masterful and protecting, the girl shy and subservient. Day after day they walked, hand in hand, looking at everything—people, shops, cattle, but never speaking to any one, never even to each other, yet deeply content in the consciousness of companionship.

They were a living example of the happiness of simplicity, and while they stayed in the hustling town they made many a civilized man and woman think how far their own conduct as wives and husbands fell short of the standard of this unconscious Indian pair.

A VETERAN MOUNTAIN ANGLER.

Henry Pauliniere of Libby, Mont., is going to quit fishing when he reaches the century mark in point of age, so he says, and, as he is now but ninety, he has ten years more in which to enjoy his favorite calling.

Henry is a Frenchman by birth, and has seen much of adventure. He landed in New York in 1835, where he remained four years, and then went West as a hunter and trapper for John Jacob Astor, the founder of the present aristocratic house of the metropolis. He afterward went around the Horn, stopping at various South American ports and penetrating the interior on hunting and fishing expeditions. He spent some time at Mazatlan, on the Mexican coast, and then visited the Gulf of California with a party of pearl-fishers. He visited the Sandwich Islands, then went to China, Calcutta, and Bombay. For several years he was engaged in smuggling opium in China, and made considerable money, but, tiring of the business, he set sail for California, where he became one of the first of the gold-seekers. He made and saved money, and at one time was worth about \$100,000.

In all his search after wealth, however, Henry Pauliniere never ceased angling whenever he had the opportunity, and this is still, in his old age, his favorite pastime. He is now living quietly at Libby, at which place he puts in his time whipping the streams for speckled beauties, which abound in the waters of that part of the State as they are not found in any other section.

In fact, fishing is the long suit of this nonagenarian, and, although he is in his ninety-first year, he is as keenly alive to the

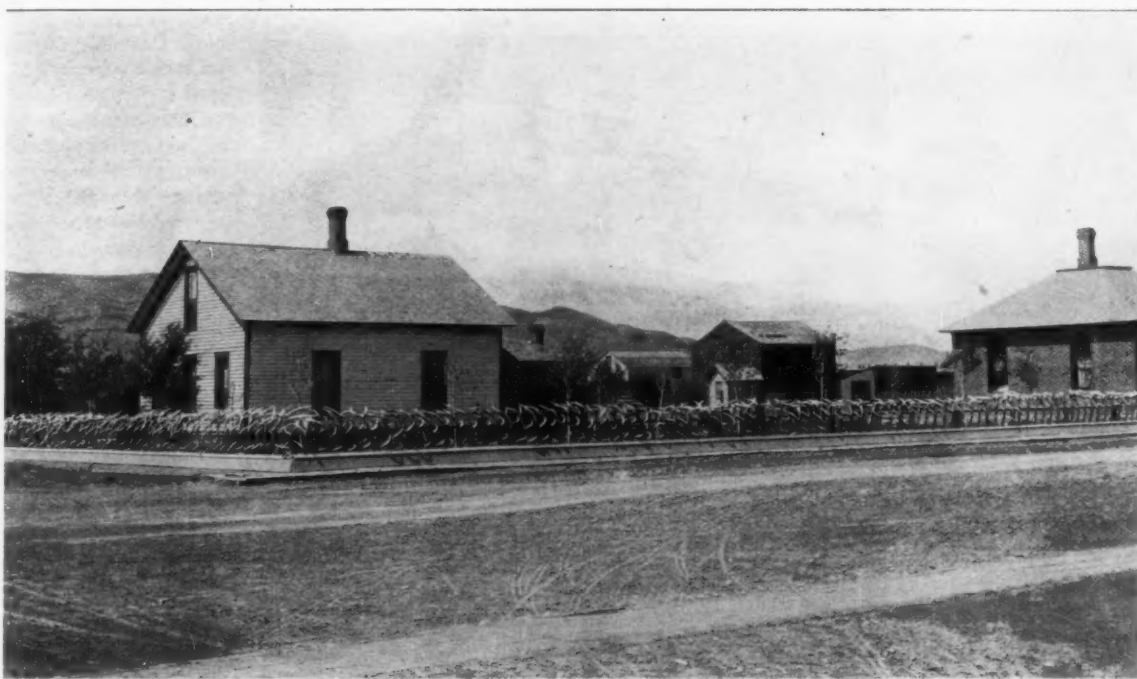
pleasures of the sport as the most ardent disciple of the rod and reel, and a sight of him when on some of his many fishing expeditions is good to take. He will start out from Libby early in the morning with his rod and basket, and will put in the whole day whipping some of the numerous streams for trout, returning late in the evening with a well-filled basket and the general run of fish-stories—all the biggest ones getting away, and so forth.

THE MIDWAY OF THE NORTH.

The Cape Nome Country will present one of the most interesting sights in the world this summer to a visitor who should go without the desire for wealth or the intent to try for it, but merely as a spectator of the manifold activity and ingenuity of man, states the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*. For it will be an Arctic Coney Island; an industrial Midway Plaisance; a concrete exhibition of the fertile thought, the quick action, the infinite diversity and enterprise of the American people.

As a rule we get only hints of these, because the inventors of projects and those interested in them guard their secrets carefully, lest competition should divide the field. But there will be scores upon scores of original schemes to furnish comfort, convenience, and service to the people at Nome. The holds of the ships about to sail are packed with curious machines of many types. Machines to dredge the bottom of the ocean, to work the beach-sand, to operate on the tundra, to save the flour gold which escapes rude processes, are there by dozens. The beach at Cape Nome will look like the mechanical department of some great exposition in a land whose industries and whose apparatus are unfamiliar.

Then, there are the incidental occupations. There are plans for every conceivable form of profitable activity. Electric-lighting and heating-plants are among these. The latest thing is none too good for Nome, and immense sums have been invested in such enterprises—from which it is expected to receive cost and an added profit in the operations of one short season. There are diminutive railroad cars and baby locomotives, to be operated over a track that goes with them. There will be lighters



AT LIVINGSTON, MONTANA—ONE OF TWO FENCES IN THE WORLD CONSTRUCTED WHOLLY OF ANTLERS.

It is not the gold-seeker who would interest most such an onlooker, but the people who have studied his wants, his needs, his weaknesses, and the lures that will draw from him most readily the wealth that he wins from the treasure-house of the North. For the past year men have been devising all over this country how to make a strike at Cape Nome without handling shovel or rocker. And the variety of schemes that have been elaborated is a testimony to the inventiveness of the American people.

Of course, there will be the usual accessories of the mining-camp in a profusion never seen before. The dance-hall, and the saloon, and the gambling-hell will flourish as they never did in any other mining-camp on earth. For never, probably, did so great an army of treasure-hunters gather upon any one spot in so short a time. But there will be other, more legitimate, more interesting features of the new camp and the sudden spread of semi-civilization to that desolate coast. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended upon devices, machinery, appliances, improvements from which it is hoped to gather a larger treasure than any claim would yield. And many of these schemes will prove very successful.

to ply between vessels and that harborless coast; there will be boats to ply from place to place upon it; there will be every conceivable form of service for which it is believed that the gold-winner will pay with his wonted prodigality.

This will be the strangest community ever seen upon the face of this old earth, for it will combine the extremes of primitive rudeness and high civilization. Upon that stretch of monotonous beach, unfitted by nature for anything but the explorer, and unprepared for the reception of a multitude, tens of thousands will settle themselves in rude comfort. But any of those people may have tomorrow enough to pay for the luxuries that will tempt all the more strongly in the heart of nature's wildness and desolation. Therefore, side by side with sea and sand and tent will stand appliances and evidences of an advanced industrial and social development. Like the juxtaposition of culture and savagery, it will offer the strangest, the most instructive of contrasts. The man to whom the race for wealth offers no temptations that would lead him to the North, might well wish that he could make the trip just to glance in at the strange hyperborean kaleidoscope, to watch the ceaseless play of human nature in that unparalleled Vanity Fair.

WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON.

BY "GIAC."



It isn't everywhere that the train stops in front of your hotel for you. But, then, Dalles City, Oregon, is altogether an original sort of town anyway, cuddled as it is at the foot of great bluffs, and facing the grand old Columbia River. It did seem queer, though, to see the train come dashing down one of the main streets of the town, stop in front of the hotel, take on passengers, and then thunder out of the place again. It was a bright, warm August day when I left The Dalles for Portland. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's trains run along the river-bank all the way, the well-equipped coaches and the rapid time made, taken in connection with the superlatively fine scenery and the generally picturesque lay of the country traversed, making an impression on one which no length of time can efface. First we came to the sand district, which is exceedingly interesting as seen from a comfortable chair-car. Really, I did not suppose there was so much sand in the world as we saw that day within the distance of a few miles. The railroad has an elaborate and effective system of fences—like those used in a blizzard country—to prevent the encroachment of the always moving sand. In some places the distant drifts were almost as high as the telegraph-poles.

The next point of interest was the town of Hood River, with its hundreds of beautiful English oak-trees. These seem to be the pride of the good-hearted townspeople, and, consequently, Hood River was built around the oaks. A stage runs from Hood River to Cloud Cap Inn, which is at the snow-line, seven thousand feet high, on Mt. Hood. Of all the delightful excursions I know anything about in this country, the trip to the mountain and the stay at picturesque Cloud Cap Inn is truly the most charming. Fancy a drive on fine roads through the fertile fruit lands of Oregon; across the dashing Hood River, cold from the glaciers of the mountains; over the foothills; through forests beautiful beyond description; up the mountain trails, gorgeous with flowers and foliage;

catching wonderful glimpses of the majestic Columbia, and maybe of four or five snow-capped mountains; breathing in, all the time, that mountain air of which one reads so much, but can appreciate so little, until one has experienced the sensation; and at last reaching that most picturesque of all spots, the Inn.

Oh! the resources of mountain life—with the climbing, the tramps along mountain trails, until one feels like a veritable discoverer; the search for rare and beautiful flowers; the wonders of plant and animal life, and the delightful Indian legends attached to almost everything, enhancing the interest tenfold. The life at the Inn, too, has all the wildness one could desire, together with all the comforts of home.

Well, I declare! There we were riding along as merrily as you please to Portland, when I switched off the track and took you way up on Mt. Hood before I knew it. It's no loss of time, though; for—who knows? perhaps I have instilled so great a desire in your hearts to visit that paradise, that you will embrace the first opportunity that offers, and will spend the rest of your days in blessing me as your good angel.

Now that we are again speeding along on the brink of the Columbia, sometimes on such a narrow ledge of level ground that one feels as though one were 'twixt sea and sky suspended, and then, to all appearances, going through a mere mouse-hole in the side of a great, mountainous bluff, we are at liberty to try and gaze on the wondrous beauty of the river, catch glimpses of at least five snow-carpeted mountains, curious rock formations, fishing-wheels, and a thousand other interesting features of the ride all at once. There are the Cascade Locks, the building of which cost the Government many millions of dollars. Cutting a way around the dashing Cascades and constructing the magnificent locks, in order to give free navigation from the ocean to The Dalles at all seasons except during a brief period when ice is running in the river, was such a tremendous task that years were spent in the completion of it.

An Indian legend thus explains the origin of the Cascades:

Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams, standing on either side of the river like great sentinels, were thought to hold the guardianship of what was once an immense body of peaceful water. But

one day the mountains had a terrible quarrel and hurled giant fire-stones at each other in their rage, until the very earth trembled for fear. A great natural bridge, which stretched across the river, was torn from its mountain abutments and fell into fragments, interrupting, of course, free navigation. As the re-



MULTNOMAH FALLS, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER IN OREGON—810 FEET IN HEIGHT.

"But perhaps the most attractive features of the ride are the beautiful waterfalls, which follow one another in such rapid succession that it is almost bewildering."

sult of this warring of natural forces, we have the Cascades—foaming and dashing at a wild rate over a conglomeration of rock and trees which the current is slowly but surely wearing away.

Farther down the river, on the opposite side, rising solitary from a sandy shore, looms Castle Rock Mountain. Later we passed Lone Rock, towering many feet above the level of the river from near the middle of the stream; while near-by on the shore stand the Pillars of Hercules, on the summit of one of which grows a solitary tree, like a guard placed over the great river.

Rooster Rock is a detached formation at the extreme edge of the water, and is covered with a goodly growth of firs. It is one of the noted and most picturesque landmarks on the river. But perhaps the most attractive feature of the ride are the beautiful waterfalls, which follow one another in such rapid succession that it is almost bewildering. There are Multnomah, 810 feet high; Oneonta, Bridal Veil, Horsetail, Latourelle, and at least twenty others, each of an individual beauty beyond comparison or description. Words are poor and speech of man, or even woman, inadequate to the task of conveying, even in a slight degree, an idea of Nature's grandeur—"where rolls the Oregon."

At last we pulled into the splendid Union Station at Portland (the very finest to be found anywhere in the West), braved the maddening cry of the hackmen, and returned to our hotel; and, if we hadn't slept so soundly in that glorious Western air, we surely would have dreamed of all the beautiful scenes we had enjoyed that afternoon from the car-windows of our fast-flying train.

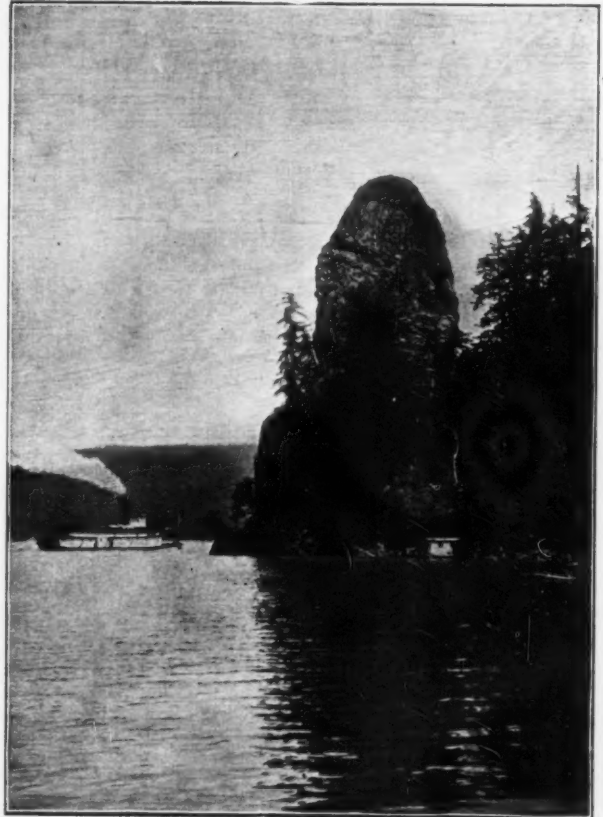
A SOUTH DAKOTA RANCH QUEEN.

Montana's once famous "cattle queen" has had her doings published broadcast for many years past, but no one seems to have heard of South Dakota's mistress of the ranch and range. Montana's queen, so it is said, is now in the Cape Nome Country, where she is trying to recover her lost fortune, but South Dakota's representative is still young and still joying in the bloom of prosperity. She is Miss Grace Howard, daughter of Joe Howard, Jr., the well-known New York journalist and author. During the past ten years South Dakota has developed a number of men who have become wealthy by raising cattle on the great ranges in the western part of the State, but it remained for Miss Howard, a former New York society belle, to prove that a woman of good business judgment and energy can hold her own with the most experienced cattlemen, and reap a fortune from this great industry.

She came to Dakota in 1887, and established an Indian mission school seventeen miles north of Chamberlain, on the Crow Creek and Winnebago Indian Reservation. After the first two years the school, which had been named Grace Mission in honor of Miss Howard, was transformed into a Government contract school. In the enlarging and expanding of the school's influence she always received every encouragement from the officials of the Indian Bureau in Washington, and from the agency authorities.

Her contract with the Government did not expire until June, 1897, but early in that year she, at the solicitation of friends, decided to withdraw from the management of the school. The bitter fight waged in Congress at that time against contract schools had considerable influence in her decision. She informed the Indian Office that if the Government was willing to buy her school she was willing to sell. Special Agent Slater of the Indian Department was sent to investigate, and as the result of his report the Government paid Miss Howard a satisfactory price for her interest in the school. Shortly after retiring from the management of the school, Miss Howard purchased a cattle ranch on the White River west of Chamberlain, and has since been engaged in cattle-raising.

Her efforts are meeting with gratifying success. The ranch has been named "Grace Ranch," in honor of the owner. It is situated in Lyman County, which is larger than the State of Rhode Island, Delaware, or Maryland. The home of the cattle



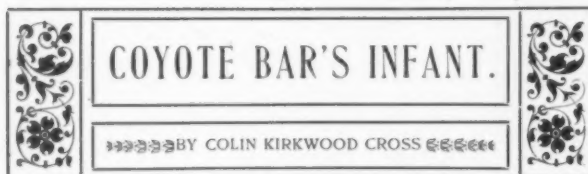
ROOSTER ROCK, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER IN OREGON.

"It is a detached formation at the extreme edge of the water, and is covered with a goodly growth of firs. It is one of the noted and most picturesque landmarks on the river."

queen is a cozy place. The first story is built of logs, cut from the ranch, and nicely laid and finished. The superstructure is of the gothic style, and the entire outside effect is one of comfort. The inside is finished in natural wood, oiled and polished, and by its air of elegance gives the visitor the impression produced by the internal arrangement of a Government revenue cutter. The walls are tastefully decorated with fine paintings, etchings, and engravings, while the polished floors are thickly covered with the skins of wild animals which have been trapped on the ranch.

Broad, cozy fireplaces, with the traditional andirons, take the place of the modern stoves or furnaces. In the sitting-room are the latest magazines and periodicals, while on a shelf in the broad chimney-corner, among other books, is a neatly bound edition of Browning. In this comfortable home one is driven to forget that Grace Ranch is fifty miles from a railroad, with an Indian reservation on one side and miles of trackless prairie on the other.

But Miss Howard has brought her Eastern culture out to this home in the West, and preserves it here. The corrals, the ice-houses, the root-houses, and, in fact, almost all the improvements are made from timber cut from the ranch itself. The view from the front of the house is a fine one. In the foreground are the corrals, with their sheds, windmills, snubbing-posts and the like, and on the sides of the hills rising above them are gathered herds of cattle, all peacefully grazing toward the north, a picture of contentment, and, incidentally, of profit. The lady has no desire to go back East to live. Her health is better in the pure air of the West, and here she will doubtless remain until some lucky man weds her and bears her to other scenes. That this is not an improbable event may well be believed by all who have the pleasure of Miss Howard's acquaintance.



After the arrival of Jim Gurley's wife and little girl, the citizens of Rocky Gulch had the refining influence of female society to back their claims to greater enlightenment and a higher state of civilization than was to be found in Coyote Bar. For a brief season Coyote Bar was forced to admit that its sister camp had taken the lead in the onward march. Then, by what seemed like the direct interposition of Providence, the order of things was reversed, and Coyote Bar looked down upon her rival from a still higher plane.

Even such men as Tom Briggs and Doc Gunnison were becoming apathetic and disposed to give up the battle, when, without the slightest notice, a family appeared in their midst with the avowed intention of making Coyote Bar their future home. Besides the man and his wife, there was a girl of five years and a boy ten months old. The woman and her little daughter would have put them upon an exact level with Rocky Gulch, even if there had been no baby.

It was generally contended, however, that the infant should score at least as many points in the game as his mother and sister combined. Consequently, by one giant stride the Bar had passed the Gulch, and was as far in the van as she had previously been in the rear. When the newcomers were comfortably domiciled and had recovered from the fatigues of their journey, the father, son, and daughter, accompanied by a number of citizens, paid a visit to Rocky Gulch.

Tom Briggs headed the party, carrying the baby in his arms, while Doc Gunnison led the little girl by the hand, and the father followed in their train, manifesting no disposition to make himself prominent. The procession filed into Rocky Gulch, and entered the Red Rock saloon with an air of unconcern which greatly impressed those who were present. An exciting game of pool was being played, and most of the crowd had gathered in the billiard annex to watch its progress.

Tom led the way through the cordon of spectators, and stationed himself near the head of the pool-table, with Doc Gunnison and the little girl at his side; while the other visitors took less conspicuous places. The playing was instantly suspended, and all eyes were turned upon the baby in Tom's arms, with an occasional glance at his sister. Perfect silence was maintained for over a minute, and then Jeff Witherill addressed himself to Tom:

"What's the sex of that there infant, Tom?" he asked.

"He's a male, an' likewise a thoroughbred from way back" said Tom.

At this announcement, Jeff put his cue in the rack and hurriedly left the place, remaining invisible until the visitors had departed.

"He's a reel promisin' lookin' babe," remarked Mojave Green. "If there's anything in the house which would suit his taste, I should shore be proud to have him join me, which invitation also includes his friends."

"He ain't developed sufficient to do his own drinkin' yet," Tom replied; "but he's a convivial infant, all the same, an' never refuses an invitation to bowl up. At present, though, he only drinks hard liquors by proxy, his father representin' him at the bar, an' also reciprocatin' all sech courtesies, in his son's name."

While Mojave escorted Mr. Huff, the infant's parent, to the bar, the interrupted game of pool was resumed. At the first click of the balls the baby reached out frantically towards the table, and nearly leaped from Tom's arms. Then, as Tom drew him back, he exposed the lining of his lower lip, and closed his eyes. They were reopened for a moment, and he made one more desperate effort to fly through the air before unmasking his batteries. But, finding himself powerless in Tom's grasp,

his eyes were again tightly shut, while his mouth flew open, and he told his woe in accents loud and clear.

"Whatever's went wrong now?" asked Dick Dawson, anxiously.

"The pore little feller wants to git onto the table an' play some pool himself, as anybody could see plain enough a minute ago," Tom answered coldly.

"We shorely don't want to refuse nothin' to a visitin' infant which it's our dooty to entertain," said Dick, laying his cue to one side, an example which was followed by the other players.

"It would a-looked more hospitable if you'd invited him to play in the first place," said Tom, as he put the baby on the pool-table. "After havin' his feelin's lacerated so shameful, he won't enjoy the game near so much."

The fifteen pool-balls were placed within his reach, and, after satisfying himself that they were all inedible, young Mr. Huff seemed to tire of them for playthings. He became restless, and looked about him in evident distress; but before his emotions gained the mastery, Arizona Dave presented him with the check-rack from the deserted faro-table. Reds, whites, blues, and yellows were all on a par with him, however, and after mingling the checks well together he again manifested symptoms of weariness and depression.

"What does he want now?" Dick Dawson asked.

"He wants to be amused, the same as all little babies does," said Tom. "They can't play with one thing all day, an' if you're any inclined to entertain him, like you say you are, jest give him somethin' that'll cheer him up some."

"But whatever will it be? I don't know what infants approve of," Dick returned.

"I don't want to have nothin' to say about it," said Tom. "If you was much anxious to comfort the pore little feller, you'd find somethin' for him to play with without any pointers from me. When we fetched him over here we didn't expect you'd put yourselves out any to try an' make him c'ntented."

"If I knowed of anything which would boost his spirits up a notch or two, I'd shorely hustle hard to git it for him," Dick retorted, courteously. "Whatever do you do yourself, Tom, when his spirits gits to loppin' over?"

"I generly let him have my watch-chain, but I ain't askin' you to let him have nothin'," Tom avowed.

Dick took off his chain at once, and was removing the watch, when the baby uttered a warning cry.

"That's right," said Tom, bitterly; "show him the watch, an' then don't let him have it! If we'd a' knowed anybody would take the trouble to tantalize him so deliberate as that, we should probly have refrained from presentin' him to you people."

"I give two hund'rd an' fifty dollars for that watch, an' I think c'nside'ble of it besides," said Dick, with an appealing look at Tom.

"Well, you've got it, an' you're a-goin' to keep it, too, ain't you?" Tom asked, scornfully; and then, as the baby began to cry, he said: "Hold it up in front of him, an' ask him if he don't wish he had it. Badger him some, an' find out jest how bad you can make a little baby feel;—but don't give him the watch, whatever you do!"

Dick passed it over, and after the baby had thrashed the slate bed of the table with it for a while, it's days of usefulness were ended.

"Stout little feller, ain't he?" said Dick, as he reached over to pick up the watch, which was now discarded.

Before he could gain possession of the shattered timepiece, the baby seized his little finger, upon which was a heavy gold ring, and began to howl at the top of his voice.

"I shouldn't think there was any reel need of your takin' sech partic'lar pains to torment an inoffensive infant," Tom remarked gloomily. "Even if you feel hostile to him, you might wait till he's weaned before you vent your spite on the pore little feller."

"Tom," said Dick, solemnly, "there ain't no man livin' which views infants in arms with more good-feelin' than me; but that

yere ring has been growed on for years, an' the finger has to be amputated previous to removin' it."

"Then whatever did you want to let him see it for?"

"Didn't I jest tell you it's a stationary fixture which I ain't got no control over?"

"That ain't no excuse whatever," Tom declared. "If you'd a had any regard for that infant's feelin's, you'd put on a mitten or tied a rag round your finger before tryin' to recover your property. We expected he'd be misused some, but we didn't think any growed-up man would persecute him systematic, right in public."

"To show that I don't begrudge him the ring none, I'll give him jest as much gold in diff'rent shape," said Dick, taking a ten-dollar piece from his pocket.

"An' there's right where I step in an' interfere, although previous I've let you misuse the helpless little baby without protestin' none, but when it comes to delib'rate, cold-blooded murder, I can't stand by an' see it did."

"Whatever in the world do you mean by sech talk as that, Tom?" asked Dick, in great surprise.

"You know what I mean, Dick," eyeing him sternly. "If you'd meant fair, you'd have preposed givin' the infant a twenty, which he couldn't swaller; or, if you'd only wanted to make him suffer a whole lot, you'd have offered to donate a five-dollar piece which he *could* swaller. As it is, though, you'd like to shy him a ten, which is jest the right caliber to git stalled in his windpipe an' terminate his career on oncest, thereby givin' you a opportunity to gloat over his dyin' struggles."

"Is that satisfact'ry?" Dick asked, handing the baby a twenty-dollar gold-piece.

"Anything's satisfact'ry to me so long's you don't make no more attempts on his life," Tom replied. "We allowed when we started out that we shouldn't say nothin', no matter how you treated him; but of course we hadn't no idea that even Rocky Gulch people would try to assassinate a sucklin' babe."

The gold-piece quieted the baby for a few moments, but his mind was set upon having Dick's ring, and he soon renewed his lamentations.

"Ain't he satisfied with the twenty?" Dick inquired, apprehensively.

"Does he act like he was?" Tom rejoined. "When a little bit of a baby like him wants anything, he wants jest that partic'lar thing an' nothin' else. If you wasn't willin' to give him the ring, you'd a saved him a heap of woe by not showin' it to him."

"I'm sorry, Tom," Dick answered, "an' I don't want to be onreason'ble nor hard-hearted, but I can't feel as if it was reely my dooty to maim myself to that extent, c'nsiderin', also, that whatever joy the ring fetched him would be a good deal brief an' fleetin'."

"Nobody wants you to give it to him unless you think you'd oughter," Tom declared. "It's all a matter between you an' the baby an' your own conscience—purvidin' you've got one. Whatever you do depends dead on yourself, for the pore little infant can't do nothin' but mourn an' grieve when anybody maltreats him."

Dick looked very much distressed, but, before he could reply to Tom's words, Mojave Green appeared, followed by a young dog which he had brought for the baby's entertainment. He sat down by a card-table, and the baby seemed to regard the dog with considerable favor.

"That yere pup," Dick said, "is a-goin' to make a world-beater. As soon as he's growed up I aim to take him back to the States an' put him into the dog-shows. If he don't develop into a first-class prize-winner I shall be a good deal disappointed."

"I s'pose you think c'nsider'ble of him, don't you?" Tom queried.

"A thousand dollars wouldn't near buy him," said Mojave. "That little animal is a-goin' to make his owner rich an' famous, if I know anything about dogs."

While the baby was the center of attraction, his sister had been playing with Jim Gurley's little girl outside of the saloon. Doc Gunnison now came into the billiard-room with her by his side, and proposed that the visiting party should take their departure. Tom lifted the baby from the table in readiness to leave, but the little fellow screamed so frightfully that he set him back near the pup.

"Ain't you a-comin', Tom?" Doc Gunnison inquired, looking back over his shoulder.

"However can I when this pore little infant don't want to come?" Tom rejoined.

"Whatever's disturbin' him now?" asked Arizona Dave.

"Nothin', only he don't want to leave the things he's been playin' with," said Tom.

"But he can't camp on that table permanent," said Dave.

"Jest tell him so, an' maybe you can make him understand how it is," was Tom's retort.

"It wouldn't do no good for me to talk to him. What'll you do about it if he stays balky?" Dave asked.

"I shan't do nothin' about it," Tom answered, "because I ain't got the heart to lay vi'lent hands onto a pore little innocent babe; but you fellers can eject him from the premises whenever you git ready, an' we won't interfere, unless you treat him too brutal an' inhuman."

"We shore won't none of us disturb him," Dave said; "but you know, Tom, he's got to be took home sometime, or else his ma has got to come an' stake down over here. Now, what should you think would induce him to depart in peace? Not bein' any posted on infants' ways, I'm plum bewildered in a emergency like this."

"There's only one thing which would make him leave peaceful an' happy, an' that's to let him take the things which was give to him," said the baby's champion.

"Shorely, Tom, you don't expect us to give up the only check-rack we've got, an' all the pool-balls! It ain't so much the intrinsic value of the things—though that's c'nsider'ble, but it would take more'n a week to send an' git a new outfit, an' in



"Is my thousand-dollar pup included in the spoils?" Mojave Green wished to know, turning pale, and regarding the dog anxiously."

the meantime all business is plum stagnated. Wouldn't three or four stacks o' checks do the infant as well as the whole six hundr'd?"

"We don't expect nothin' an' you don't have to give him nothin'," was the reply. "When you let him have the things to play with, we knowed you'd want to take 'em away as soon as the pore little feller got attached to 'em; but, of course, he didn't think you folks was any diff'rent from us. He thought that when you give him anything it was his, like it is when we give it to him."

"Ain't there no way of compromisin' things an' makin' some arrangement which maybe would be satisfact'ry to the infant as well as us?" Dave asked, diplomatically.

"I ain't got nothin' to say," Tom answered coldly. "There's the infant, an' there's the things which he thinks is his; an' if you're a-goin' to take 'em away from him an' throw him outdoors, do it right now, without no more words, so'st' we can take him home to his ma."

"I don't reckon it's worth while to argue the point any further," Dave responded. "You can gather in my share o' the plunder—which comprises the chips an' balls—whenever you're ready to depart."

"Is my thousand-dollar pup included in the spoils?" Mojave Green wished to know, turning pale, and regarding the dog anxiously.

"Not if you don't want him to have it," said Tom. "If you think more of a dog than you do of a little baby, go on an' take him away."

Mojave made an attempt to remove the pup from the table on which he had been put, but the baby uttered such an agonized shriek that he dropped it instantly. Then Tom put the watch and chain and the twenty-dollar piece into the baby's hands, and, with the child on one arm and the bull-pup on the other, prepared to take his leave. A man walked upon each side, one of them carrying the check-rack, while the other bore the fifteen ivory pool-balls in a tin wash-basin. As they passed the faro-table the baby saw the layout with its thirteen cards of glistening celluloid, and reached for it at once.

"Take it along," said Dave, with a forced smile, handing the layout to Doc Gunnison, who put it on his shoulder. "When he gits tired of it, his mother can use it for an ironin'-board, an' then he can have the box an' the cases."

While his son was in the billiard-room, Mr. Huff, Sr., had represented him so faithfully at the bar that he was now somewhat unsteady on his legs. However, he joined the departing guests, and managed to keep pace with them. Just before the party disappeared from view, the baby could be seen hammering Tom over the head with Dick's watch, and drinking by proxy out of a bottle.

* * *

Shortly after this leave-taking, Jeff Witherill entered the saloon.

"Whatever made you stampede so suddenly, Jeff?" Dick Dawson asked.

"Because, when Tom stated the infant's sex, I knowed our name was Mud right off. Consekently I took a stroll, an' sequestered myself some till the enemy had evacuated our works."

"Somethin' will have to be did to purtect ourselves ag'in' future invasions, or that infant will shore make a desolate waste out o' this camp," Dick Dawson put in ruefully.

"How would it be if we was to offer lib'ral inducements for any female equipped with a pair of male twin infants to settle in our midst?" Arizona Dave suggested. "Then we could carry both of 'em over to Coyote Bar occasional, an' if they was as well onto their job as the one which we've been entertainin', it wouldn't take many trips to loot that hamlet of ev'rything worth packin' away."

"We'd better c'nsider well before c'mmitin' ourselves," Jeff advised. "Infants trained to operate like you say that one did is a weapon which cuts both ways. Wait till he's big enough to navigate onaided, an' them fellers won't feel quite so gay as they do now. He'll jest natur'ly occupy that whole camp durin'

his wakin' hours. When he gits so'st' he can run around good, an' happens to need the top o' the bar for a straight-away track to play horse on jest as the boys feels like relaxin' an' bathin' their throats some; or when he climbs onto the top of a poker-table an' sets down in the middle of a big jack-pot before it's got its full growth, then they'll begin to reap the harvest of whau they're a-sowin' now. As a gener'l thing, male infants needs some repressin', but they'll go on pluggin' that one up till he thinks he's the high-card of the universe, an' as a natur'l result he'll make himself a good deal prom'nent, an' they'll find him some hard to git along with."

A WOMAN RECLUSE IN WISCONSIN.

It is said that South Byron, Wis., has a woman recluse who for the past ten years has worn male attire, lived absolutely alone, and attended personally to all the work necessary upon a successfully conducted farm.

A dozen years ago Emily Taylor dressed as other girls, visited her neighbors, and no one noticed any striking peculiarities about her. Suddenly she became a recluse, communicating with others only as business necessitated. At the time she withdrew from association with others she abandoned the female garb for male attire.

She owns an eighty-acre farm one and one-half miles from the station, and it is a model. She does all her own plowing and other heavy work, and is one of the most prosperous farmers in the community, possessing, besides her valuable real estate, flocks and herds and a snug bank account.

She is a crack shot, as two well-known railroad men are able to testify. One day, in the course of a rabbit-hunt, they invaded the domain of Miss Taylor, who warned them to take their dogs away or she would kill them. Failing to respond to her request, the woman went into her house, and almost immediately reappeared with her shotgun. A puff of smoke, and one of the dogs was no more.

After donning her male attire, she ceased to be known as Emily Taylor, and now, throughout that whole country, she is called "Jack" Taylor. Though living alone, she does not appear to be lonesome; oftentimes in the evening, strains from a violin may be heard issuing from her little home, while she seeks solace and comfort in the memories they revive.

HOSPITALS FOR CAPE NOME.

Late advices from the Cape Nome diggings show that a good deal is already being done to alleviate the sickness and suffering that will necessarily follow the great rush to that region. The Congregational churches of Alaska, through the superintendent, Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, is actively engaged in providing hospitals in various camps where there are none at present, and in enlarging the hospital building now used at Nome City. Money for this purpose will be raised in the States. An abundance of provisions is being transported to the country, and it is probable that supplies of all kinds, though high in price, will be plentiful. There need be little actual suffering in a district so easily reached by ocean steamers.

WHEN THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A TALE OF THE BELGIAN HARE.

Some ten years ago a couple of Belgian hares were shipped across the ocean to one of our New England States. They fell into hospitable hands, and it was from so small a beginning that the present great traffic in these graceful little animals has grown. Today the Belgian hare industry has become a veritable craze. From New England it found a foothold in Denver and in Ogden and Salt Lake City. Then it traversed the continent and met with a warm and even enthusiastic welcome in California, in which State it now bids fair to become a close commercial rival of the fruit industry. In one city alone, so it is said, fourteen hundred persons are engaged in the Belgian hare business, the specimens owned by them exceeding 100,000 in number. In Los Angeles the sales are frequent and large. Several \$10,000 sales have been made to single parties—one Chicago buyer going so far as to invest \$20,000 in hares. During one week three sales, including the above, aggregated \$49,000, hundreds of other sales having been made ranging from \$10 to \$1,000.

A few years ago \$50 and \$100 were considered large sums to pay for a single hare, but now \$200 to \$500 are values that seem very reasonable for the best stock. Fashoda, the champion Belgian hare of the world, could hardly be bought at any price. He has already made his Los Angeles owner a comfortable fortune, the young of this noted family bringing \$150 to \$200 each readily.

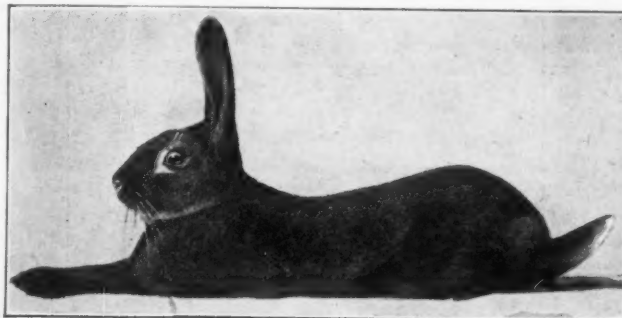
How long the craze will last is an insolvable problem. Fortunes have been realized from it in the past, and other fortunes doubtless await good managers in the future. It may become a permanent industry, with profits as certain as cattle-raising or the cultivation of cereals. No one knows. What gives the industry an air of solidity, however, is its wonderful history in the Old World. In France alone some 70,000,000 Belgian hares are consumed for food annually, while in England the annual consumption involves the existence of at least 60,000,000 hares—30,000,000 of which are imported. Consumers are willing to pay an average of one dollar for each hare for the meat alone, which is said to be superior to poultry. The pelts are valuable, too. They are used in the manufacture of hats, rugs, coats, capes, sacques, linings, and what is known as electric seal. The fur is thick, and as soft and fine as the best quality of silk velvet. If these hares are good to eat in the old country, they are good to eat here, and it will not take the people long to find it out. It is probable that millions of them will be in demand for food alone—a demand that will make it a profitable industry for a long time to come.

The Belgian hare must not be confounded with the wild rabbits of Australia and other countries, which easily become pests. The Belgian rabbit is in every sense a made breed—so long bred under domestication that it is doubtful if it ever could

make a successful fight for existence in a wild state. In no particular does it suggest the Australian rabbit—neither in markings, habit, quality of pelt, nor in the flavor of the meat. It is cleanly, of gentle nature, and costs scarcely nothing to raise.

So great is the demand for Belgians for breeding purposes, that it will be some time yet before people can afford to eat them. From every section of the country come inquiries respecting these interesting animals. Farmers want them, professional men buy them, young people secure a pair as an investment, until it seems as if Belgian hares would yet find their way into every home in the land. Once get a pair, and it will not be long before the natural increase will constitute one a large holder. From a single doe no fewer than 100 Belgian hares can be bred in one year—that is to say, not less than 500 pounds of delicious meat. They do not run at large, small hutches and runways being provided for them in such manner as to protect them from cold and storm.

For a good deal of our information concerning these popular rabbits, we are under obligations to Mr. Bowen, manager of The Northwestern Belgian Hare Company of 484 Wabasha Street, St. Paul, the same company having a branch rabbitry in Minneapolis. He has made a very thorough study of the hare, and



CHAMPION FASHODA, the Finest Belgian Hare in the World—Imported from the Old Country after having captured twelve first prizes, seven specials, four medals, and four challenge cups.

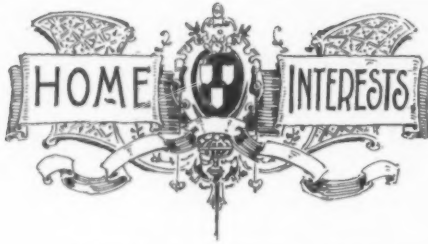
may be regarded as reliable authority. At this company's places of business are a large number of the finest Belgian stock we have ever seen, and sales of these animals are made daily at prices ranging from twenty-five to fifty dollars each. The king bee of the whole lot, so to speak, is a magnificent son of the renowned Fashoda family, bought at a great price from Doctor B. C. Platt of Los Angeles, Cal., the highest authority on Belgian hares and their breeding.

There are two distinct classes of these hares—the "standard" and the "heavyweight." The former weigh from eight to ten pounds; the latter, from ten pounds up. You can count on six to nine litters, of an average of eight each, from each doe every year. The young does breed when five months old, and every two months; so it is readily seen that the increase is rapid and the money-making possibilities great. Present prices are quite sure to prevail for two or three years, anyway, and then will come the steadier and more rational demand for hare meat and pelts.

All indications point to the fact that Minnesota is to be one of the best States in the Union for this new industry. Hares bred here will be hardy, have superior fur, and the big dealers are in a position to distribute them to consumers and others much quicker and on more advantageous terms generally than Pacific Coast or Eastern dealers. The little hares are cute, frolicsome, cleanly, intelligent, handsome, quiet, and respond quickly to kind treatment, so that, aside from their commercial value, they are bound to become exceedingly popular as household pets. Oats, wheat and barley, whole or crushed, with a bit of hay and carrots, constitute their diet—twenty or thirty cents' worth being enough to keep them in food supplies for months.



A MOTHER DOE AND HER INTERESTING PROGENY.



ORIGIN OF THE VISITING-CARD.

The use of visiting-cards dates back to quite an antiquity, explains Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Formerly, the porter at the lodge or door of great houses kept a visitors' book, in which he scrawled his idea of the names of those who called upon the master and his family, and to whose inspection it was submitted from time to time. One fine gentleman, a scion of the nobility from the Faubourg St. Germain, was shocked to find that his porter kept so poor a register of the names of those who had called upon him. The names, badly written with spluttering pen and pale or muddy ink, suggested to him the idea of writing his own name upon slips of paper or bits of cardboard in advance of calling upon his neighbors, lest his name should fare as badly at the hands of their porters. This custom soon became generally established.

KEEPING CRACKERS.

It is a common but mistaken opinion that wafers and crackers will keep indefinitely, and many housekeepers buy them in large quantities because it is so convenient to have them "on hand." But unless carefully kept in a cool, dry place, in airtight tin boxes, they soon lose their crispness, which is one of their most desirable qualities; and even with the utmost care, they will in time become rancid on account of the large amount of fat in their composition.

Heating them slightly, or toasting them, will restore their crispness, and sometimes by exposing them to cool, dry air for awhile the close, musty odor may be removed. But for persons living in steam-heated apartments, the better economy would be to buy only in small quantities and to change the variety frequently. For many purposes the sweet kinds are acceptable, but for salads, luncheons, chafing-dish cookery, etc., the unsweetened, and sometimes the slightly salted are preferable.

LAUNDERING TABLE-CLOTHS.

The beautiful laundering of table-cloths is the test of an ironer's skill, says Ella Morris Kretschmer in the *Woman's Home Companion*. They must have just enough body not to seem limp, the pattern must be "brought out," and there should be a satin-finished surface. The right body may be given to table-linen by adding a quart of starch to the last rinse-water—a good tubful. Whether that is done or not, they must be made very wet in the sprinkling, and ironed until perfectly dry. No matter how smoothly they are ironed, if they are moist when hung on the bars they will acquire a "rough-dry" appearance. A special cloth for "best occasions" may be dried after rinsing (without starch in the water), then wet entirely and run through the wringer, then laid on a sheet (or two run together), and rolled up tightly over night. It will take a weary long time to iron that cloth until perfectly dry, but it will be like new, only handsomer.

CHILDREN'S TABLE MANNERS.

The table is the place to teach children self-control, thoughtfulness for others, the petty sacrifices that Emerson says make us good manners. The three-year-old who is required to wait patiently her turn on pain of being lifted down is learning a valuable lesson, and the comfort of the whole family is enhanced incidentally while it is taught. To make this still more effective, each child—particularly the boys—should have some part

in the serving to do, helping the butter, pouring the water, or similar tasks. In many households this is left entirely to the girls. Why should the boys, who need it so much more, be exempt from this discipline?

Children may and should be trained both in the repression of fault-finding about their food and in the expression of appreciation. Nothing is more trying to a mother, hot and wearied with the preparation of a meal, than to have her one failure singled out as the object of comment. The rule should be: Pleasant comments or none. And yet this negative teaching is not quite enough. It adds so to the pleasure of life to know that our efforts are appreciated. The father who takes thought to say: "My dear, this is a very nicely-cooked roast," is adding to his wife's happiness and is educating his children as well. A fault-finding husband will not be likely to go forth from that home.

A TYPE OF "THE COMMON."

In a sensible article in a recent number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, Mary R. Baldwin says that the sneering expression, "so common," of the parvenu who draws her dainty belongings from contact with those who have been less fortunate than herself, and who separates her interests from every-day humanity, may seem a sign of smartness to her set, but to the well-bred it can have no other meaning than that of snobbery, ignorance, and unkindness. In her way, the snobby woman violates the law of kindness with every breath she breathes, since her constant thought is a selfish desire not to be as "the common lot."

The woman, also, who in her gowning attempts to escape the "common" by a lavish display of rich textures wrought into obtrusive forms, is sure to lend herself to vulgar effect, and to become not only "common," but offensively so. The sensible, far-seeing person learns sooner or later that real style is not alone the expression of the modiste's skill in fashioning out of rich material the striking hat or gown, and that it is more essential that the wearer should be unique than that the garment should be unlike the many. The step of the queen-like woman can command the sweep of the gown, and indeed of the whole situation, obtaining more homage because she demands none in her thoughts.

STORY OF THE EYEBROWS.

Romantic women usually have a very well-defined arch in the center of the eyebrow, while a sense of humor is indicated by the arch nearer the nose.

Long, drooping eyebrows, lying wide apart, indicate an amiable disposition.

Where the eyebrows are lighter in color than the hair, the indications are lack of vitality and great sensitiveness.

Faintly defined eyebrows, placed high above the nose, are signs of indolence and weakness.

Very black eyebrows give the face an intense and searching expression; when natural they accompany a passionate temperament.

Very light eyebrows rarely are seen on strongly intellectual faces, although the color of the eyebrows is not accepted singly as denoting lack of intelligence; the form gives the key to the faculties and their direction.

Red eyebrows denote great fervor and ambition; brown, a medium between the red and black.

Scant growth of the eyebrows invariably denote lack of vitality, and external applications are useless to promote or produce a growth until the general health improves; on the contrary, heavy, thick eyebrows indicate a strong constitution and great physical endurance. They are not beautiful on a woman's face, however much they may signify either mental or bodily vigor; and when they are not only heavy, but droop and meet at the nose, they are disagreeable, and are said to accompany an insincere and prying nature.

The ideal eyebrow accepted by the Greeks as the perfect feminine eyebrow is long, nearly straight, archless, and delicately

penciled. But, like the rosebud mouth, it does not indicate the highest order of intelligence, and the arch is expressive always of greater sensibility and greater strength of character.

The toilet of the eyebrows is simple. The hair of the eyebrows can be trained to lie close and smooth to the skin, thus resembling the penciled lines we read of so often, by the aid of a tiny little brush manufactured for the purpose and for sale at all shops dealing in articles for the toilet.

Where the eyebrows are too short and inclined to be bushy, they should be daily trained by brushing, and will in a short time show an immense improvement.

Where the eyebrows are healthy, a little glycerine and rose-water will give the delicate line emphasis and brilliancy.

CORRECT FORM OF LETTER-WRITING.

To every one outside the family circle, says Mrs. Burton Kingsland in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the Christian name and surname should be written in full. A married woman writes her name, "Mary Bruce Talbot," and in a business letter adds beneath it, in brackets, "Mrs. John Talbot." An unmarried woman writes "Miss" in brackets, before her full name, to a stranger when a reply is expected.

Typewritten letters are only admissible for business communications. In such epistles the signature should be written by hand.

Speak first of the interests of your correspondent, and afterwards of those which concern yourself.

Never write anything over your own signature of which you might later be ashamed.

Never allow any one to read a letter intended for your eyes alone. It is intrusted to your honor, even if not so explicitly stated.

One does not use the word "house-party" in an invitation, but says, "I am asking a few friends, etc."

A letter sent by hand should be left unsealed, unless a servant be the messenger, in which case the letter should be sealed.

Business letters should begin with "Sir," "Dear Sir," or "My dear Sir," or if in the plural, with "Gentlemen," and end with "Yours truly" or "Respectfully yours"—never "Respectfully" alone, omitting the subject of the sentence. Ladies are addressed as "Madam," whether married or unmarried.

LEGEND OF THE ORANGE BLOSSOM.

Like all familiar customs, the origins of which are lost in antiquity, the wearing of orange-blossoms at a wedding is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories is the following popular legend from Spain:

An African king presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign ambassador was particularly tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means, fair or foul, to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair.

The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dot which the family considered necessary to a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange-blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter.

Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair, the wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she gave him the branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair.

Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of his daughter's treachery the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding-day, orange-blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.



POETRY OF LIFE ON THE BEAUTIFUL LAKES OF THE NORTHWEST IN THE SUMMER-TIME.



STORYETTES.

A GARRISON MYSTERY.

BY ROBERTSON HOWARD, JR.

They found Reece in the guard-room, cold and stiff and bloody, with his six-shooter still in his hand, and his eyes wide open and glassy. It was so early in the morning that no one saw him put upon the stretcher and carried to the hospital; but it was all over the post before guard-mount. Whatever opinions people held on the subject, no one ventured to say a word about it. When talking it over a month afterward, however, Mrs. Van Andrews confided to her best friend, Mrs. Birmie, that the Wikoff girl *might* have had something to do with it.

Now, on the day the last volley was fired over him, the Wikoff girl had sent a big bunch of white roses tied with white ribbon, and that was all. And the week after, she attended the last formal hop of the season with Captain Grahame, whom, men said, the suicide should have shot instead of himself.

"But what makes you think *she* had anything to do with it?" Mrs. Birmie asked.

"Really, Kate, you must not think I meant to accuse her," Mrs. Van Andrews expostulated.

"No, dear; of course you didn't," Mrs. Birmie replied.

"But—if you only knew what happened at— Oh, I will never, *never* tell!" declared Mrs. Van Andrews.

"Not even your best friend?" Mrs. Birmie insinuated, in her most loving manner.

"Oh, Kate, you know I'd tell you anything," returned Mrs. Van Andrews; "but this thing is so strange, and happened such a long time ago—ages and ages ago, that I really —"

"Well, never mind, dear, if you don't *want* to tell me. Only —"

"Well, I will tell you, because you are such a dear, good thing; but promise, first, that you will never breathe it to a soul."

Mrs. Birmie promised, and Mrs. Van Andrews told her story.

"You know, dear, it was when we lived at the Liggett barracks, and that was a long, long time ago," began Mrs. Van Andrews.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Birmie; "go on."

"There was an officer who was always with Ida Wikoff, and everyone said they were in love. He was a tall, dark young man, and his name was Irvine."

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Birmie, "she showed me his picture only the other day. Said he was a dear friend of hers, a *very* dear friend!"

"Did she, indeed?" Mrs. Van Andrews retorted. "Well, wait till I'm through. He used to follow her about just as Jim's orderlies follow him, and everybody said she liked that sort of thing, and that she made a slave of him to please her vanity. And then Captain Grahame came to the barracks, and after that *he* seemed to be with her as much as Irvine; but she didn't make a slave of him. *She* was the slave. I believe she fell in love with him at first sight. One day, about a month after the arrival of the captain, I was sitting down in the summer-house reading, when some person came down the path. I raised my eyes, and saw that it was the Wikoff girl and Irvine. I could see them, but they couldn't see me. I don't know what they were saying, but he suddenly reached down and caught her in his arms and kissed her. She pushed him away angrily, and snapped at him just as my pet terrier snaps at the letter-man. Really, she did, Kate, and she said such horrid things!"

"His face was red, and I almost believe there were tears in his eyes; and he said,— I shall always remember just what he said, and the voice he said it in:—

"'You know I love you, and I will love you forever and ever.'"

"But she only laughed a harsh, rasping sort of laugh, called him a fool, and ran down the path. He looked after her, and I know there were tears in his eyes; then he turned slowly and walked away."

"A month after that, Captain Grahame went away, and she seemed awfully unhappy. Then we moved here, and Reece came. Very soon he was following her about as Irvine had done, and everyone knew that he was another slave. Now Captain Grahame has come back, and poor Reece has gone and killed himself; and, oh, Kate, I don't know what to make of it or what to think!"

Mrs. Birmie sat still for a long time; then she asked very softly:

"And did Irvine love her 'forever and ever'?"

"Yes," Mrs. Van Andrews replied. "About a week afterward he went out on a scout, and he was killed."

Mrs. Birmie was silent. She sat gazing out at the blue hills and the winding valley.

"And is that why you think *she* had something to do with Reece's killing himself—another case of love forever?" she finally asked.

"Now, Kate," Mrs. Van Andrews began, "I really don't think she had anything to do with it; but—"

"No," Mrs. Birmie interrupted, still looking out over the blue hills; "I suppose not."

WHAT KIND OF GIRL WILL I MARRY?

BY E. T. GUNDLACH.

"What kind of girl will I marry?" said Jack lazily, as he threw his legs upon the desk, and relit his pipe. "Well, Con, she won't be *your* kind, that's sure. No, sir! the clinging vines will never do for me—none of your hypernervous sensitive plants. I want a girl that is full of life—pure and womanly, of course, but, in a mild way, 'one of the boys.'"

Jack prided himself on his sporting proclivities, and all his friends knew it. There were five of them in the room at the time, classmates in the senior year of a Western college. As a rule, they talked of athletic records, the prospects of the baseball team, or the unreasonable severity of the monthly examinations; but that evening, for once, the conversation turned to more sentimental topics. Love and marriage, you know, are not subjects of which a hale and healthy young man thinks very often; but way down at the bottom is the thought, molding itself there more steadily than even the thinker imagines, and ready to break forth at the first opportunity. So, when Con touched the button, he found that each of the other four men had some sort of views on the matrimonial problem.

Con was a lank, long-haired chap who reveled in Keats' sonnets and Turner's paintings, and was ready to go into ecstasies at the first chords of the intermezzo from *Cavalliera Rusticana*. Platonic friendships, begun at the tender age of seventeen, had continued ever since, and so far the gush of sentiment had been too constant to leave enough for any great outburst.

"When I marry," he said, "I want a woman who can read to me, and to whom I can read; one who loves music and art. Yes, boys, I want a woman who is tender and delicate as an Easter lily."

It was this view to which Jack, the athlete, objected. Rumor has it that, when Jack went to high school, his sweetheart used to box with him; and during one day's bout the girl worsted Jack so badly as to put his eye in mourning for a week. I venture to say that each of the other four college students had also experienced defeats, in some manner or other, by at least one high-school girl; but, though Jack had forgotten his school lassie long ago, memory of that boxing-match had never quite lost sight of its sentimental associations, and he admitted that he longed for another girl who would be bright and buxom, and who could (if she would) put a cloud under his eye again.

"You fellows give me a slow pain."

This came from a pipy-voiced youngster who, as you must know, was the freshman. How the freshman found his way into the inner circle of seniors I do not know, although his

prospects as quarter-back may have helped to break down the social barriers. It followed, of course, that the freshman knew more than all others, especially on the subject of womankind, regarding which he had reached the cynical views of maturity.

"All this talk of love—pooh!" the freshman continued, trying to hold his pipe in true college fashion—"I tell you, women aren't worth the thought of love. Wouldn't think of getting married—never!"

Then he added, as a sort of reservation, that he might marry some day; that is, provided there happened to be big money in it; and that this view was shared in part, at least, by all or nearly all of the men, loverless men as they were, will perhaps appear excusable.

No reply was vouchsafed this outburst; instead, Burrows, the medical student, turned to Jack:

"You talk of marrying a buxom woman, and there you're right; but you want to look out for more than that. Be sure you marry a healthy woman, one not only robust in appearance, Jack, but physically sound, and free from inherited diseases of any kind. My work is in the hospital, and I don't want a wife who will make a hospital of my home. Constant worry, constant care, you know, endless money expense, and the troubles of your own life manifolded a dozen times."

The fifth man in the circle was older, and, naturally, he had to wait till the last. He was a deliberate man, a student of the law, and aptly nicknamed "Judge."

"Well, boys," he remarked in his usual didactic manner, "the problem of matrimony is the problem of the individual; each of us must decide for himself. But let me tell you one thing, boys; don't ever go on your emotions. When you want to marry, look around for the woman who meets your ideal of companionship; pick her out carefully. You, Con, wait till you happen to meet the girl that plays the piano and knows elocution, and don't let mere sentiment play a part. You, Doc, will get your healthy woman, who won't remind you of the physician's duties, and, of course, you'll know enough of your profession to make no mistake on that score. And so with the rest of you. For my part, I know what kind of woman will suit me. There'll be many of that kind, and I'll select her—when I get ready."

Now, all this happened about ten years ago; and I might have told you that there was a sixth man present, who said nothing. At any rate, if he talked like the others, he doesn't care to be quoted. And the sixth man can tell you just what became of the other five. Only a few days ago he met the Judge and Jack—the same old Jack who had had the water knocked out of his eye by his high-school girl.

Both Jack and the Judge, as was learned, were married. The Judge's life, everybody said, was ideal. There was never a word in his family; never the shadow of trouble. He had selected his wife, as he said he would, and his choice was guided by considerations entirely above foolish sentiment.

"Yes, she's an exemplary woman," he said, in reply to my congratulations. "I'm glad you're in town, old man. Hope you'll spend your evenings at the club; and we might also take some long walks out into the country. You know it gets so dreadfully lonesome in this slow-going town; but, then, we have just completed our new club-house, and I hope the boys will be able to show you a good time."

Jack, as I say, was married, too, but his life had not been so free from care as the lucky philosopher's. He had married a tender little woman—an awfully good woman, the neighbors whispered, but one who fretted quite a little, and made life perfectly miserable for Jack whenever things went wrong. But Jack didn't happen to think of that when he saw me. He was just as glad to see me as was the Judge—wanted me to come to his house this very evening; told me a lot about his wife and his two children; informed me that his wife sung in the church choir, and that his oldest boy was the smartest child of his age, and all that sort of foolish talk.

He also spoke of Con, who had abandoned his Keats and

Mascagni, and had gone into the wholesale shoe business. He had married a common-sense sort of woman, for whose sake he had decided to bury himself in commercial life. He owned a handsome residence on the outskirts of the town, and was generally out fixing his garden before breakfast. His wife, it was reported, quarreled with him sometimes, and Jack could not understand how any man could tolerate so mannish a woman; but Con seemed to be more than satisfied.

As for Doc Burrows, well, things were in bad shape with him. His wife was constantly ailing, and had been sent away to the seashore; but, as Doc was well-fixed financially, he didn't mind it much,—no, he didn't mind it all, so long as his wife was feeling better and happier.

I received news of the freshman, too. He, also, had become a benedict. He had fallen heels-over-head in love within a year after graduation; had married the daughter of a poverty-stricken minister, and was living in a neighboring town, where, according to rumor, he had been swimming in an ocean of romance for fully four years.

I don't know much about the Judge; undoubtedly his happiness was complete—which, indeed, was to have been expected from a man who could choose so wisely. But I do not know. As for the others, they all seemed to be reasonably happy.

Now, how was this possible, I asked myself, when they had all made such absurd mistakes? I cannot tell, unless it be—the thought just strikes me—that, by some strange coincidence, each man had married the girl he loved. In an emergency of this kind all preconceived matrimonial theories would be shattered like broken glass. Love recognizes no rules, obeys no law that is not dominated by its own sweet will. We may plan ever so wisely, and be as philosophical as the ancients, but when the girl we love appears, naught else counts.



WHAT KIND OF GIRL WILL I MARRY?

"The thought just struck me that, by some strange coincidence, each man had married the girl he loved."



"YOU WILL KINDLY LET ME KNOW."

This good yarn comes from the Phoenix (B. C.) *Pioneer*, which states that a solicitor in that district, acting on behalf of the estate of a man who has been dead for some time, received the following communication addressed to the deceased by a well-known Rossland officer. It read:

"I am to inform you that objection has been taken to your name remaining upon the voters' list for the Rossland riding of West Kootenay, upon the ground that you have been dead for some time. You will kindly let me know by return mail whether you are dead or not. If you are dead, let me know, and I will strike your name off; but if not, of course your name will remain as it is."

Beyond a doubt the deceased will "let him know," so that his name may be stricken from the list of living voters.

WISCONSIN POETS.

The town of Wausau, Wis., is becoming famous for its literature as well as for its lumber. At the print-shop of Van Vechten & Ellis books of the most elegant finish are being made, and the children there amuse themselves with toy printing-machines. Two boys, the oldest only twelve years of age, sons of Judge T. C. Ryan, published for a time the *Wausau Weekly*. We quote one touching poem from a late number:

"The old mule stood by the garden gate and looked lovingly at the corn. The rooster sat on the rail of the fence and crowed in the early morn the pig come slowly out of his sty and spoke his contented word the frog said kuchuc as he jumped for a worm and was caught by the early bird.

"Across the meadow the milk maid came with her pail to milk the cow the lamb with the horns came out for a stroll and where is the milk maid now."

THE SMALL BOY'S CONCEPTION.

The small boy's conception of what is right and wrong is oftentimes extremely amusing. Two brothers, little fellows, according to the Minneapolis *Tribune*, presented themselves at one of the schools in the northern part of the city for admission. They were ushered into the room of the kindly principal, who forthwith began plying questions, necessary for their proper registration on the records. Turning to one she said:

"Now, what is your name, my boy?"

"Jule," responded the young idea.

"I guess you mean Julius, don't you?" said the teacher.

"Ye-s, I think so," he replied.

The name was carefully written down by the principal, and after a few more queries to the same youngster she turned her attention to the smaller of the two, who had been an intent listener to the "quiz" his brother had been subjected to.

"And what is your name?" she said.

His chubby face assumed a puzzled expression for a moment, then, brightening up, he said:

"Well, my name at home is Bill, the same as Jule's is Jule; but if you're a-goin' to change his'n to Julius, mine oughter be Billius."

HE ASKED IT AS A FAVOR.

"What! throwing old fruit-cans, cabbage-roots and dead branches into our yard? Fine neighbor, I must say! I guess I

won't do more than a few things to him. Oh, I'll be modest in my demands. All I insist upon is that he come this side of the fence, throw the rubbish back, and enter into an agreement to never commit like trespass as long as he lives here."

"But suppose he refuses, dear?"

"Then I'll take the law into my own hands. I'll make him think that the earth exploded, and then I'll pay my fine like a gentleman and a patriot. I'm easy to lead, but when it comes to riding me, I'm ba-ad. That's what I am."

"Please don't have any trouble."

"No trouble at all. He'll clean up or get cleaned out. I want everybody to understand distinctly that my house is my castle, and that my backyard is not a dumping ground."

Then this vigilant defender of his rights took a look up and down Vinewood Avenue, says a Minneapolis paper, to see that there was no policeman in sight to interfere with his campaign plans, hurried out the back way, and came upon the new neighbor tossing a dead grape-vine over the fence.

"Here, you!" yelled the proprietor, and there was dynamitic danger in his voice.

"Well," said the offender, straightening up. He was built on the lines of Jeffries, and that "well" sounded like a blast in a coal-mine.

"Er, howdy do? Glad to meet you. I just wanted to ask it as a favor, you know, that you throw any old roots and bushes and things into my lot. The boys want 'em for a bonfire on the Fourth, don't you see?"

"Heavens!" he added, when safely in the house again. But when he learned that it was all a practical joke put up by his brother-in-law, limitations to the right of publication were hopelessly exceeded.

THE JOKER WAS JOKED.

A good story is told about a party of ice yachters on Minnetonka last winter. A stiff "nor'east" wind was booming across the lake, and the boat was fairly bowling along, with the windward runner high in the air. Fully a mile a minute was the clip, and the members of the party, all of whom were men, were affectionately hugging the bottom of the cockpit for safety's sake.

The man at the helm was one of those practical jokers, and as such had his eye out for anything that he might spring upon his unsuspecting friends in the boat. There were several in the party who were making their trial trip on an ice-boat, and who consequently were a bit nervous. They had never ridden so fast in their lives, and at times, when the yacht careened over, they doubted whether they ever wanted to go so fast again.

After whizzing about for a while, the Minneapolis *Times* says, the members of the party began to get nerve enough to breathe again and view the fleeting landscape timorously. Suddenly an inspiration struck the joker at the helm. He saw a small open space of water near the shore, where a little brook emptied into the lake. The ice had not formed there, because of the current of the brook, which kept the water open for a short distance out into the lake. The helmsman knew the place well, and remembered that there was only a depth of a foot or so of water at that point.

The practical joker made up his mind that he would spring one of the funniest jests that had ever been perpetrated on Lake Minnetonka. So, performing a few evolutions known only to mariners and ice yachtsmen, the skipper finally headed the boat dead for the shallow open space of water near the shore. The full force of the piping gale was upon the sails, and all was drawing well. The boat fairly flew. In the interval that elapsed from the time the yacht was headed for the opening until the moment it actually plunged into the water there was hardly time to say Jack Robinson, or anything else, for that matter. The occupants of the boat were floundering in the water up to their knees, and fairly spluttering with rage at the skurvy trick that had been played upon them.

But the foxy skipper, what of him? His campaign was well arranged. He would drop off the rear end of the boat

upon the ice, and then stand and laugh himself nearly to death at his victims as they cursed and floundered in the water.

But "the best laid plans of mice and men" sometimes go wide. The skipper, as per programme, rolled out over the rear rail of the cockpit, proposing to let himself down onto the ice as easily as possible. He struck the ice all right, and struck it quite a rap, too. All the momentum of the boat was his when he hit. He had calculated to stop after sliding a little way, to have his laugh at the expense of his unfortunate friends.

The passengers of the boat stood shivering in the water after the catastrophe. Some one shouted, "Look a coming!" There was the joking skipper skimming over the glaring surface of the ice on his back, his arms and legs in the air, headed directly for the open hole. He could be seen to twist and turn in his endeavors to acquire at least a toe hold. But the ice was too slippery, and on he came to the jagged edge, where, with a soft kerchug, he disappeared beneath the icy water.

The victims were wet only to the knees. They clambered, roaring with laughter, out upon the bank, leaving the skipper to take care of himself. They met him later in a "thirst parlor" near by, trying vainly to check the succession of chills that chased themselves up and down his spine.

THE SACRED GAME OF POKER.

A severe blow has been struck at the noble game of poker. Most humiliating of all, it was delivered with a rolling-pin, and, of course, in the hands of a woman. Two wives, without apparent provocation, states the *Pioneer-Times* of Deadwood, S. D., raided a quiet and orderly game of draw in which their husbands were engaged. And the worst feature of the affair is that the husbands were winning steadily at the time of the inopportune interruption.

Armed with the formidable domestic weapons referred to, these unreasonable women swooped down upon the saloon when fortune was being wooed, intimidated the proprietor, and seated themselves at the gaming-table. The unfortunate interference came at a time when one of the husbands was making what promised to be a very profitable bluff. Of course the invasion stopped the game, and an opulent jack-pot was dissolved.

Then the proprietor, recovering a portion of his nerve, succeeded in arousing the manhood of the players so that they ejected the disturbers, and now the women have invoked the aid of the police. The police should give their support to the other side.

If these strong-minded members of the sex hope for a triumph of woman's rights, they must respect the sacred game of poker. Should they persist in opposing it, they cannot secure the vote of a single congressman for any female suffrage bill. In our national life are issues paramount to sex equality, and this is one of them. There are traditions which cannot be trampled upon with impunity to the iconoclast. There is a point beyond which sacrilege may not be carried with safety.

It should be suggested to these wives that, if they must occasionally break up a game of poker, it would be wise to select an occasion when their luckless lords are about to be called on a bluff backed only by a bob-tailed flush or when they have blundered by holding out the wrong card. They should know that there is nothing requiring greater judgment than our national game, and an especially nice discrimination is needed in deciding on the proper time for declaring a "rough house."

THE LUMBER BUSINESS.

I am in receipt of a postal-card from a man who is saving money enough to come out here second-class, admits the joker of the *Ballard* (Wash.) *News*. He has been busy six years, but now thinks that if they don't have too much rain, or hot winds, army-worms, weevil, hail, Hessian flies, smut, or an early frost, he will have a crop sufficient to make the start with. He wants to know how long a "shingle-weaver" has to work to weave a shingle, and if all the mills have to occupy from two to ten blocks each—he had heard of even "ten-block" mills.

I am not up to a very high peak on the shingle industry myself. The only thing I know about it is that they take a log

in out of the wet. The head sawyer looks at it like a hen that sees a June bug three feet away, lays it out in his mind like a woman who is negotiating for a remnant at a marked-down sale, and has it cut up into full breadths, sleeves, collar, belt, etc., in his mind, before the dogs have been released and the bark removed. In explanation, I ought to say that these dogs and these barks referred to in the above are in no way related; I am not describing a sausage factory. In about a minute there isn't enough left of the log to make slats for a hencoop.

The way logs are turned into houses that rent for cash makes even a boose butcher think he is wasting his energies. There are several instances of where saloon men have voluntarily quit dispensing beer to go into the lumber business, so that they could make money with more speed. There are also instances of men—who could not be induced to cut enough wood to do the wash with—who, under the charm of the lumber business, have cut enough wood to get rich on.

It used to make me regret that I had consistently led or followed, as the case may be, an earnest and upright career, when I saw the timber thief with nothing but money to eat on and have fun with.

On the other hand,—if a man is fortunate enough to have another hand,—the saw-mill business has its drawbacks, or, in other words, a failure to draw back at the proper moment. As a result, the average saw-mill town is populated by a citizenship that has contributed from one to four fingers to the exigency of the profession. Indeed, it is not considered that a man is up in his business—the real thing, as it were—unless he has felt the teeth of a saw while it is in motion, and left a finger or two to be swept out with the sawdust. There are mill owners who would not hire a man with a full hand. It would make them nervous and expectant, not knowing what minute business would be interrupted by a knot-sawyer who had fed a finger to his saw and then quit for the day. On this same principle, some sharp-witted tenderfoot may think, the less there is left of a man's anatomy the better adapted he will be to a mill-owner's peculiar necessities; and, for aught we know to the contrary, this logical surmise may be correct.



WHERE SARCASM O'ERSHOT THE MARK.

Deceptive Willie—"Ha, ha, my friend! Bottled bait, eh—bottled bait?"
Lone Fisherman—"Yes, that's fer suckers, jest plain suckers."
Deceptive Willie—Good! I'm a sucker myself. Catch me.

IDAHO,

"GEM OF THE MOUNTAINS."

BY R. G. SOLIS.

In writing of Idaho for the benefit of those who are in search of health, homes, farms, orchards, fruit-lands, cattle, sheep, or horse ranges; lumbering, mining, hunting, fishing, scenery, pleasure; or for those that seek any class of investment or entertainment, I will aim first, after the style of the old physical geography, to convey an idea of the topography of the country, and afterwards, in a general way, to speak of its manifold resources.

The State of Idaho is over 500 miles long, north and south, and for nearly 180 miles north of its southern boundary-line it is 300 miles wide east and west. The State narrows here, and about 300 miles north of the south line it is only 120 miles wide, the process of encroachment keeping on until the British Columbia line is reached, where it is hardly half that width. This northern portion of the State is known as the "Pan-Handle." The eastern boundary is the apex of the great continental uplift, which trends in a northwesterly direction. The northern portion of this huge mountain chain is known as the Cabinet Mountains; then comes the Bitter Root Range, and farther south it is called the Rocky Mountains. Immense spurs from the main ranges, known as the Teton, Wyoming, and Snake River ranges, project into the southeast part of the State. On the south, a great natural divide separates the State from Utah and Nevada, creating a big watershed on the Idaho side. On the west, or Oregon side, similar conditions prevail, causing a great water system to flow into the Snake River Valley. In the interior of the State a great multitude of mountain ranges of considerable altitude exist, making innumerable valleys and waterways, which play such an important part in the subjugation of the arid portion of the State.

The area of Idaho is about 86,294 square miles, or 55,228,160 acres, the acreage being roughly divided into about 16,000,000 acres of agricultural land, 20,000,000 acres of grazing land, 10,000,000 acres of forest land, 8,000,000 acres of mountains, and 1,228,160 acres of lakes and rivers. This encompasses a territory nearly as large as the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and a region far more diversified and richly endowed by nature than are those two great commonwealths.

The water system of Idaho is such an important factor in her future development, that in order to convey an adequate idea of its value I will trace out its chief arteries and a few of their important feeders. In a State like this, where irrigation, mining, lumbering, and manufacturing are to predominate, an abundance of water and cheap power is a great accessory to its success, and I can truly say that Idaho has more individual watercourses that can be diverted for power purposes and irrigation, than any of the Rocky Mountain States. There are six great rivers or drainage systems in the State; these are the Snake, the Salmon, the Clearwater, the Spokane, the Pend d'Oreille, and the Kootenai. The largest of these is the Snake. This noble stream runs through the State for over a thousand miles, and affords innumerable opportunities for its utilization for many purposes. The Snake River proper rises in Lewis Lake in the National Park in Wyoming, and its outlet is called the Lewis River until it reaches Jackson Lake, and from here on it is called the Snake. It flows south on the east side of the Teton Range, and enters Idaho through a gap between the Snake River and Salt River ranges; here it turns north for some distance, where it is joined by the North Fork, which rises in Lake Henry on the main divide. From its junction with the North Fork it runs south and forms almost half a circle until the west side of the State is reached, where it continues directly north, till it leaves the State at Lewiston. The drainage area of this river might properly be called an empire, and it is

impossible to enumerate the many important little tributaries which go to make it a great stream. When I say important little tributaries, I mean that in every sense—because it must be a very small rivulet indeed, and situated almost in a gorge, when it cannot be used for watering a little patch of land that will support several hundred people.

The following notable streams and creeks that flow into the Snake River Valley have their own system of independent contributors, with their little valleys and possibilities. The Snake, on its way south through the State, is joined by the South Fork, Fall River, Pierre River, Cannon Creek, John Gray's Creek, the Blackfoot River, and Port Neuf River, and from the south comes Raft River, rising in Utah; Rock, Goose, and Salmon creeks, rising in Nevada; Bruneau River, Castle, Birch, Rattlesnake, and Sinker creeks; the Owyhee River, with its many affluents, rising in Nevada and coming into the valley from the Oregon side; and the Malheur, Burnt River, Powder River, Imnaha, and Grande Ronde, all coming into the Snake from the west or Oregon side. On the north and east side of the Snake, come Clover, Cannon, Cold Springs, and Squaw creeks, and Malad, Wood, Boise, Payette, Weiser, Salmon, and Clearwater rivers, the latter five of incalculable value in the progress of the State. The Salmon River is a marvelous stream flowing through a region of unsurpassed possibilities. It drains a vast section of country, and affords thousands of opportunities in nearly all lines of endeavor. It rises in the Saw Tooth and Wood River ranges, and drains that section of country between the Snake River Divide on the east side and the Rocky Mountains on the west. It is divided into three forks, besides having many contributors of considerable magnitude, such as the Lemhi, Little Salmon, and many others of good size and thousands of smaller streams. It runs in a northwesterly direction, and joins the Snake some distance south of Lewiston.

The Clearwater River is a great stream, and I think it one of the most useful in Idaho. Its various branches cover a vast scope of country, and it might be said to drain all of the west side of the Bitter Root Mountains. It flows north and west, and forms a confluence with the Snake at Lewiston.

The Spokane River is the outlet for Coeur d'Alene Lake, which is supplied by the Saint Joe and the Saint Mary's. These streams drain the north end of the Bitter Root, and part of the Coeur d'Alene Mountains, and they traverse a section of country that is charming beyond description.

The Pend d'Oreille River and lake has its rise in one of the most fascinating mountain gems in the west—Lake Mc-



HAYING ON CAMAS PRAIRIE IDAHO.

Donald, situated on the backbone of the Rocky Mountains in Montana. It finds an outlet through the Flathead River into Flathead Lake, thence southward to a junction with the Missoula, which, later on, is called the Clarks Fork of the Columbia, and empties into famous Pend d'Oreille Lake. The outlet for the lake becomes the Pend d'Oreille River, which drains a good part of the country around Priest Lake through Priest River, before it passes out of the State over into Washington.

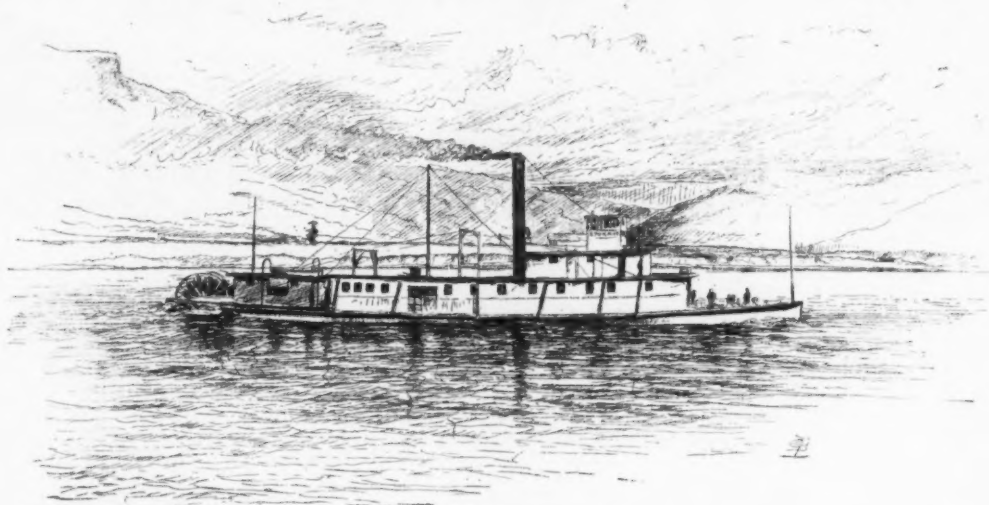
Still farther north comes the Kootenai River, which passes into Idaho from the east, and runs northwest into British Columbia. This stream gives the State an international importance of considerable value, it being navigable water, and the only outlet for a long time for what is known as the Kootenai District of British Columbia.

The railroad facilities of Idaho are fairly good. Three trans-continental lines cross the State—the Great Northern on the north, along the Kootenai River; the Northern Pacific a little farther south, along the Clarks Fork of the Columbia and Pend d'Oreille Lake; and the Oregon Short Line across the southern part of the State along the Snake River Valley, with a north and south branch in the eastern portion of the State, running from Pocatello on the Oregon Short Line to Butte, Montana. This north and south road is owned by the Oregon Short Line. In addition to these main lines are a number of branches which

able figures. Irrigation is not needed here, as there is an abundance of rainfall during the summer months.

The second railroad enterprise is known as the Pacific & Idaho Northern. It starts out from Weiser on the Oregon Short Line, runs north along the Weiser River Valley to the rich copper district of the Seven Devils, and then over to the Salmon River Country. This road is now operating trains as far north as Salubria Valley, and construction is going vigorously on. This, also, is a country of fabulous wealth, wonderful opportunities, vast size, and with sufficient diversity of resources to meet all phases of investments. The mining, lumbering, irrigation, and stock features of this country are very alluring, and those in search of these interests can safely come here.

The third undertaking is a branch built by the Oregon Short Line from Idaho Falls on its north and south road to Rexburg and St. Anthony in Fremont County. This is a well-settled and well-watered country, and an excellent agricultural and stock section. No better illustration of its richness can be shown than to point out two prosperous towns that have grown up on local resources alone, without any transportation lines to aid them. Rexburg and St. Anthony are smart, live, progressive places peopled with an intelligent, ambitious, energetic class who realize fully the richness of their country, and who are extending every



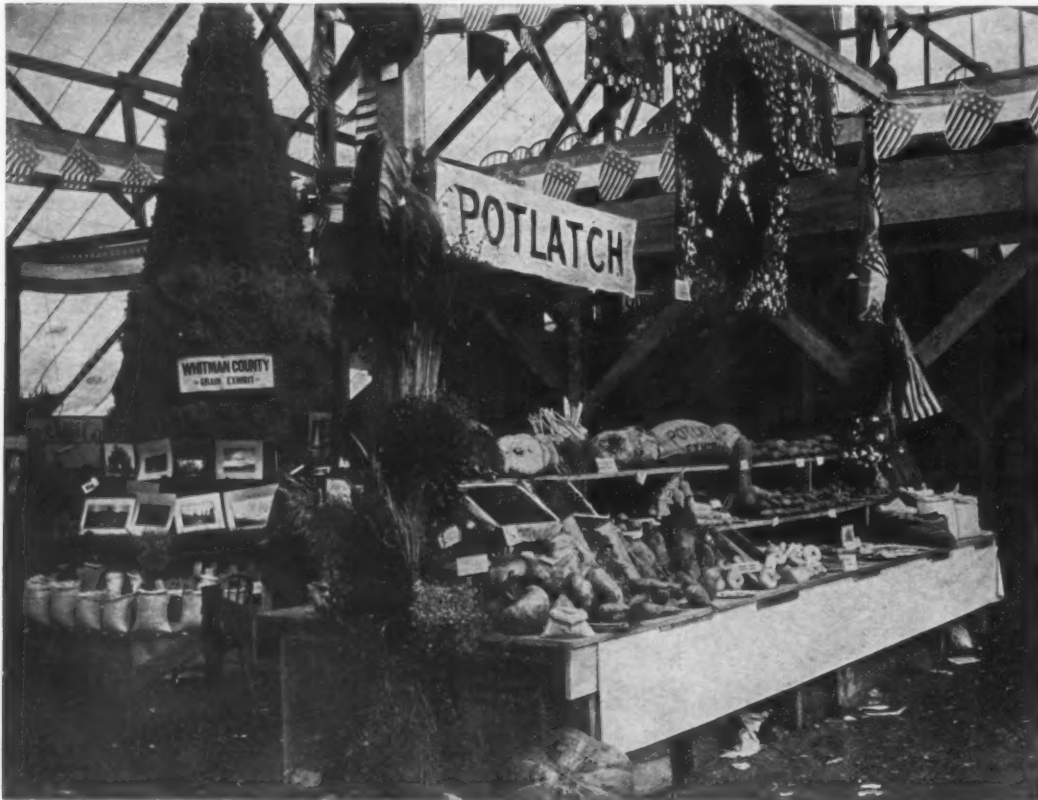
STEAMBOATING ON SNAKE RIVER, WHERE BOATS PLY REGULARLY BETWEEN LEWISTON, IDAHO, AND RIPARIA, WASH.—
THE PRINCIPAL FREIGHT IS GRAIN AND FRUIT.

run out from various points. The Northern Pacific has a branch into the Coeur d'Alene District from Spokane, and the O. R. & N. has a branch into the Coeur d'Alene, leaving the main line at Teko; they also have a branch coming into Idaho from Colfax, Wash., and going east as far as Moscow, Idaho. The Palouse branch of the N. P. goes into Idaho at two points—from Pullman to Genesee, and from Pullman down the Potlatch and across the Clearwater to Lewiston. The Oregon Short Line has a branch running up the Wood River to Ketchum, one from Nampa on the main line up to Boise, and a branch runs south from Nampa, on the main line up to Boise, and a branch runs from Nampa south, known as the Dewey Road, with Silver City and De Lamar as its objective points.

Railroad building has not been very rife in Idaho for the past few years, but last year witnessed three railroad projects of great value to the State. The Northern Pacific built eighty miles of road up the Clearwater from the mouth of the Potlatch, which opens up a region of great fertility and resources. It is a country of varied industries—farming, stock-raising, fruit-growing, mining, lumbering, hunting, or fishing, or any occupation in a splendid climate, in a primeval country, where either health or profit is desired. A great deal of Government land is yet to be found here, and lots of timber-land and cheap ceded land and homestead relinquishments can be obtained at reason-

encouragement to those who want homes in their communities. This is one of the most extensively irrigated portions of the State, and all kinds of lands are quite reasonable.

There is a decided difference in the climatic features of Idaho; not so much in the degrees of temperature, which do not reach extremes in any part of the State, but in the distribution of rainfall, which is very unequal. In the northern or Pan-Handle portion of the State, sufficient precipitation occurs during the summer months to insure bountiful crops, but in the southern part it cannot be depended on with any degree of safety; consequently, this part of the country is considered semi-arid, and irrigation is adopted to relieve this condition. There is no question about the fertility of the soil in any part of the State; it is more a question of enough moisture. The soil of all the valleys, benches, and plateaus of Idaho are nothing more than the disintegrated rocks of the adjacent mountains, which so abundantly possess all the elements of successful plant life. All that is wanted to grow a good crop of any kind of fruit or vegetables is water. It is impossible, of course, to describe the progress made in Idaho in ditch building and irrigation, or to give an estimate of the amount of land in cultivation under ditches, as thousands of little patches, running from two acres to five hundred acres, are never brought to one's notice except, perhaps, when you are tramping around the country and run up some



AN EXHIBIT OF FRUIT FROM THE POTLATCH DISTRICT, IDAHO.

little creek, which you thought nobody had yet discovered, and run onto a handsome patch of alfalfa and a healthy, blooming orchard; then you realize the power and significance of water, and understand how many little places like that may exist, which few people ever see. In the following list I aim, however, to

give a few of the chief irrigation companies, their water source, the length of the canals and laterals, the cost of construction, the amount of land to be covered, the acreage under cultivation, and the amount still uncultivated:

	SOURCE OF WATER SUPPLY.	CANAL SYSTEM.		COST OF WORKS	ACREAGE UNDER CANAL	CULTIVATED	UN- CULTIVATED
		MILES Main Canal	MILES Lateral Ditch				
Great Western Canal & Improvement Co.....	Snake River.....	40	150	\$150,000	16,280	7,500	8,780
Idaho Canal Co.....	".....	85	100	210,000	155,040	10,000	145,040
Riverside Ditch Co.....	".....	7	10	6,000	2,500	1,000	1,500
Corbett Slough.....	".....	6	7	14,000	7,000	2,000	5,000
Burgess Canal & Irrigating Co.....	".....	13	20	10,000	30,000	3,000	25,000
Butte & Market Lake Canal Co.....	".....	16	35	65,000	18,000	4,000	14,000
Great Feeder Canal Co.....	".....	19	85	84,000	100,000	25,000	75,000
Eagle Rock & Willow Creek Water Co.....	".....	100	25	200,000	60,000	20,000	40,000
Lava Side Ditch Co.....	".....	8	16	6,000	3,000	1,000	2,000
Harrison Canal & Irrigation Co.....	".....	10	40	55,000	16,640	6,000	10,640
Blackfoot Irrigation Co.....	".....	5	20	12,000	7,000	4,500	2,500
The People's Canal & Irrigation Co.....	".....	40	30	50,000	45,000	1,000	44,000
The Phyllis Canal.....	Boise River.....	30	60	200,000	34,560	3,000	31,560
Dry Creek Ditch Co.....	".....	12	25	10,000	8,000	2,000	6,000
Farmers' Union Canal Co.....	".....	15	40	15,000	10,000	10,000
Boise Canal Co.....	".....	5	1	14,000	3,000	3,000
Boise & Nampa Irrigation & Power Co.....	".....	52	99	355,000	55,000	17,000	41,000
Boise Ditch Co.....	".....	7	20	75,000	2,000	1,000	1,000
Settlers' Canal.....	".....	9	75	125,000	35,000	10,000	25,000
Extension Ditch Co.....	Payette River.....	6	5	19,000	14,660	3,500	11,160
Weiser Water Co.....	Weiser River.....	17	30	50,000	12,000	4,000	8,000
Orchard Irrigation Co.....	Indian Creek.....	10	30	200,000	8,550	300	8,250
Idaho Irrigation & Colonizing Co.....	Boise River.....	36	100	66,000	18,375	6,125	12,250
Caldwell Real Estate & Water Co.....	".....	15	18	46,000	15,000	2,500	12,500
Lower Payette Ditch Co.....	Payette River.....	20	30	75,000	13,000	6,000	7,000
Noble Ditch Extension Co.....	".....	22	10	30,000	10,000	2,500	7,500
Payette Valley Irrigation & Water Power Co.....	".....	35	25	360,000	17,000	3,000	14,000
Boise Land & Water Co.....	".....	26	15	26,000	10,565	1,750	8,815
Middleton Mill Ditch Co.....	Boise River.....	12	5	10,000	3,475	2,475	1,000
Middleton Water Co.....	".....	9	5	10,000	4,340	3,340	1,000
Mullen's Canal & Reservoir Co.....	Malad River.....	12	4	25,000	16,560	400	16,160
Cedar Canal Co.....	Cedar Creek.....	6	6	11,000	3,000	100	2,900
Cache Valley Land & Canal Co.....	Soda Creek.....	23	6	62,000	59,120	2,000	57,120
McCammon Ditch Co.....	Portneuf River.....	4	16	48,000	4,500	800	3,700
Bonanza Power & Land Co.....	Snake River.....	6	3	25,000	10,000	10,000
American Improvement Co.....	Cold Creek & Warm Creek.....	7	...	20,000	5,000	5,000
Mountain Home Canal & Land Co.....	Canyon Creek.....	16	16	180,000	8,640	3,000	5,640
Cub River & Warm Creek Canal Co.....	Cub River & Warm Creek.....	7	6	25,000	20,300	15,000	5,000
Herron Reservoir & Canal Co.....	Canyon Creek.....	13	5	8,000	2,000	150	1,850
Ontario Land & Irrigation Co.....	Snake River.....	12	5	20,000	7,000	400	6,600
Nevada Ditch Co.....	Malheur River.....	13	8	64,000	10,000	4,000	6,000
Owyhee Ditch Co.....	Owyhee.....	26	12	100,000	20,100	7,000	13,100
Totals.....		832	1,188	\$3,082,000	604,825	191,340	713,485

It will be seen by this that there are over 832 miles of main canals and 1,188 miles of laterals, costing \$3,082,500 and covering 904,825 acres of land. Of these acres only 191,340 are under cultivation, leaving 713,485 acres that are still awaiting the coming of the settler. There can be no doubt of the success of any person of intelligence and energy under a well regulated irrigation system. It is only a matter of selecting any of those profitable products which are raised by irrigation, and of attending vigilantly to business and to common necessities in order to make a positive success. There is no mystery about irrigation; any man with sense can learn it by a little observation. If I were asked what can be grown under these ditches in this country, I would answer—"most everything"; but possibly that would not be correct. However, I can say that all kinds of apples, pears, prunes, peaches, cherries, apricots, nectarines, quinces, and all kinds of small fruit and strawberries can be grown here, and that all kinds of vegetables, grains, and grasses do well. From thirty to sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is raised here; from forty to 100 bushels of yellow dent corn is no unusual crop; from forty to 100 bushels of oats is very common; and alfalfa, from five to eight tons to the acre, is about the average crop. In reply to a question—which I have no doubt many people would ask—as to the price of these lands, I cannot give a very satisfactory answer. There is so great a range in the prices and condition of lands, that no general answer will suffice; but I will say that most wild lands, with water-right, run from ten to thirty dollars per acre, and this will mean, of course, an additional annual tax in the way of maintenance fee, or, in other words, a contribution to keep up repairs on the ditch, according to the amount of water you use. If you are under a farmers' ditch, you only pay your pro rata

of the actual outlay in repairs, but if under other systems, the usual rule is to pay a fixed charge for the amount of water you use, either by the inch or by the acre. These water-rents run all the way from ten cents to a dollar an acre. Improved land in hay or under the plow runs from \$20 to \$50 per acre, and orchards run from \$100 to \$1,000 per acre, according to the condition, age, and location of the orchard. It is a most excellent plan for any one contemplating investments in irrigated lands in any part of this country to come out and see the land for themselves, and understand fully the conditions of annual water-rents. Nobody need fear a failure here if they manifest discretion, energy, and intelligence. They are sure of success. Apart from the business success assured, the climatic features should be a great incentive. The altitude of Idaho runs from about 800 feet above sea-level at Lewiston to over 9,000 feet above. On top of White Monument, in the famous Seven Devils mining district, and in the Upper Snake River Valley, it runs from 1,800 to 3,000 feet above sea-level. The average mean temperature here is fifty-six degrees; so one can readily see what a delightful climate exists here the whole year round. Idaho will always be a great stock country. The special conditions of topography render it almost imperative that over 30,000 square miles should be devoted to pasturage. This is certainly a princely range, but it will all be occupied. The nutritious native grasses are very fattening, and all kinds of stock thrive and grow on these richly-clad hills. People looking for new stock-ranges should experience no difficulty in finding what they want in some part of Idaho.

Lumbering in Idaho is not yet a very big industry, although a great many little mills are at work all over the State; but they are supplying only local demand, and no organized system



A BEAUTIFUL FRUIT FARM ON THE CLEARWATER RIVER NEAR LEWISTON, IDAHO.

of any size has yet been applied to manufacturing Idaho lumber on a great commercial scale. This, of course, can be accounted for in many ways, but the paramount cause has been the difficulty of obtaining title to large bodies of timber-land. Many of the best and most extensive tracts of timber-land were only recently surveyed, and many admirable sections are still unsurveyed, making it impossible for large concerns to obtain big tracts in one territory, where their efforts can be consolidated. These drawbacks, however, are being gradually obviated, and henceforth I expect the lumber interest of the State to gradually assert its importance side by side with the many other industries. It is impossible to give even a fair guess at the amount of commercial timber in Idaho; it has been variously estimated, but I am sure that no consistent effort was ever made to ascertain the real bulk of standing timber. Those who have given it much thought, say that over ten million acres of woodland can be safely figured on. The great stretches of attractive timber-land lie along Priest Lake and Priest River; on the many tributaries of the Clearwater; along the Salmon River and its feeders; on the Weiser River and around Payette Lake; on the St. Joe and St. Mary's in the Boise Basin; and along the Saw-Tooth Range. This land can be had from the Government under the Timber and Stone Act, and it is very desirable property to possess, as each year will see a greater demand and a better price for timber claims all over Idaho.

It looks, to one who takes a comprehensive survey of the whole State, that all the other industries are attendant on the mineral resources of Idaho. The mining industry interests everyone. It is a predominant topic of thought and conversation among all classes in nearly all communities. It was the great, magnetic influence that beckoned the early pioneer to those valleys and hills; its fascinating ways led him to endure untold hardships in its pursuit, and finally wedded him to those wild valleys and romantic mountains which he now calls home. Out of the early search for the golden sands has arisen a development never contemplated by the old-timer of rich placer days. Of refractory ores he knew little and cared less; of quartz with free gold he gradually tried his hand, but unless it proved very rich, he passed it by with contempt. His forte was auriferous gravel. It was plentiful in Idaho in those days, and is still very much in evidence. I will now make an amazing statement—without fear of correction, except from those who have never investigated the subject. It is that there is hardly a stream or creek in the State of Idaho along which one cannot get colors of gold. I do not mean by this that it would be plentiful enough to pay. I state this fact to show how generally gold is distributed throughout Idaho. It is an evidence of the possibilities of these unexplored mountains. Placer mining of over Idaho has had considerable attention within the last three or four years, and as a result they are producing more gold than for years past. Gigantic schemes for handling low-grade gravel have been inaugurated; bed-rock flumes, hydraulic elevators, and huge dredges have been successfully employed to handle that class of material, and there are still thousands of opportunities for the employment of those devices on low-grade gravel-beds. Lode mining, also, has assumed vast proportions within the last few years, and this year promises to be more active than ever. The vastness of the mining area is most astonishing. It extends from the northern boundary-line to the southern limits of the State in an unbroken succession of prosperous camps. All the mountain sections of the State may be said to contain the precious metals, and there are very few places where quartz discoveries have not been made.

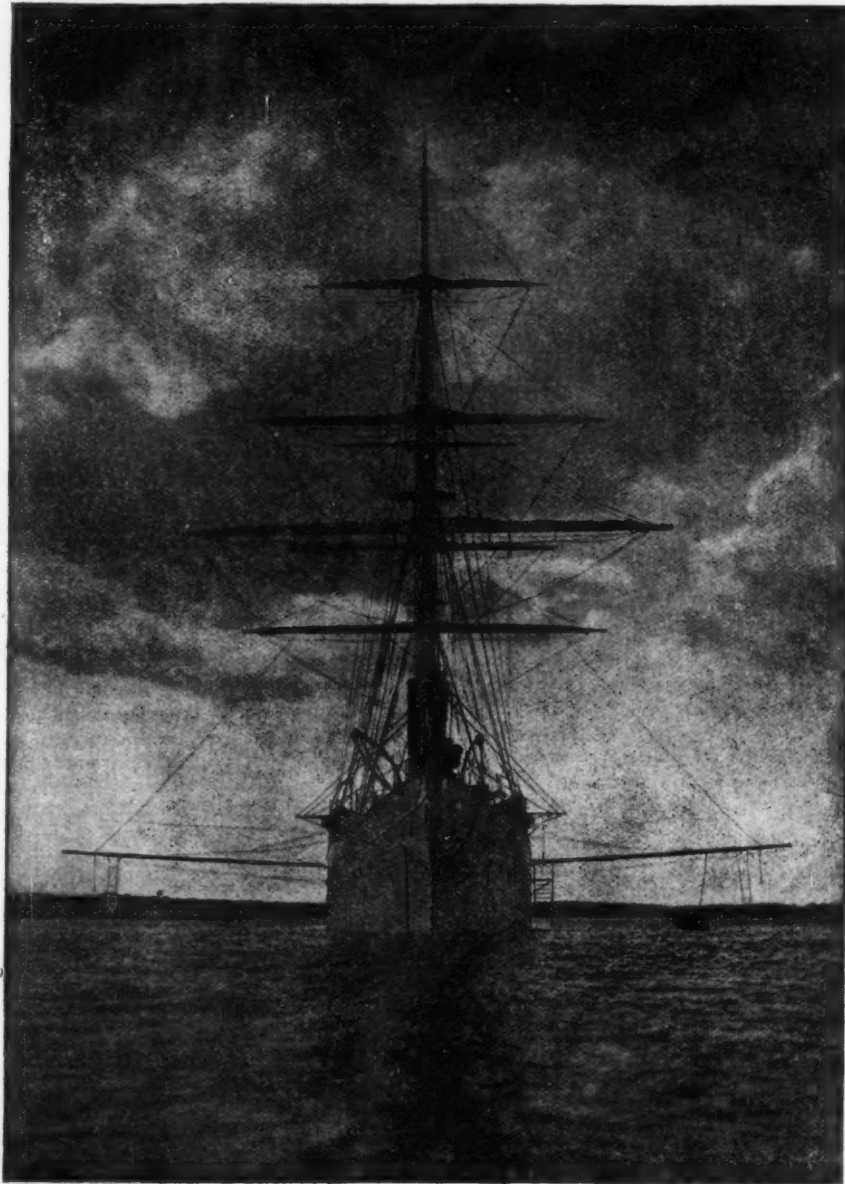
But developing a mining-camp is a slow process, as "mines are made, and not found." Hence the results of the sinking and tunneling of the past two or three years is now being manifested in the increased output of the mining-camps. The dawn of a new era is breaking over Idaho. Her natural advantages are receiving recognition in all directions, and ten years hence will see her in the front ranks of general producers. The evidence of this general prosperity is most clearly portrayed in the increased population of the towns throughout the State, and in the substantial betterments going on everywhere in private and

municipal affairs. The best illustration of this is shown in Boise, the State capital. This place is keeping pace with the general growth, and in private and municipal improvements is far ahead of many pretentious communities several times its size in the old-settled districts of the East. Boise, of course, has many natural advantages which have been converted into avenues of pleasure, comfort, and entertainment. The founders of this place must have been actuated by beauty as well as by utility in the selection of this site for the future metropolis. The town is situated in a delightful valley—almost in the foothills of a magnificent range of rugged mountains, with a broad, clear, swift stream—the Boise River—passing within its borders, assuring an abundance of water for hygienic and irrigation purposes at all sections of the year. The healthfulness of the locality is universally recognized, this being the element that decided the location of a fort here in 1863, and which has since been the main reason for selecting Boise for so many important institutions. Besides being the home for the State government, the Federal Government is also well represented in Boise. Fort Boise, with its group of soldiers; the U. S. Assay Office; the U. S. District Court; the U. S. Land Office, and the revenue department all have headquarters here. The State Penitentiary and Soldiers' Home are also domiciled at Boise; and the county offices likewise add to the official list. Boise has a population of nine or ten thousand. It is the recognized business and financial center of all Southern Idaho, and exerts a remarkable business, political, and social influence on this part of the State.

The town is laid out on a spacious plan, with fine, broad business streets, and with municipal conveniences very much in evidence. The business portion is substantially and compactly built, and impresses one at first sight as a place of unusual promise and prosperity. The local equipment is in every sense complete. There are hotels, banks, daily newspapers, theaters, electric street-cars, and every feature of an up-to-date place. The heating of residences, Government buildings and business blocks with natural hot water is a rare spectacle indeed, but Boise can boast of successfully doing this, and of maintaining one of the finest natatoriums in the world, of which we publish a picture. The business blocks are solid, modern structures built of handsome native stone, and the public buildings are attractive, convenient, and ornamental. The State capitol is not a large building, but its style, and broad, well-shaded lawn, with its smooth, well-groomed surface and its charming little fountain, leaves a pretty picture in my memory. The city hall, too, is an elegant building, and would make an imposing picture if set in a patch of green. The taste, art, and culture of the place, however, is expressed in its residences. Boise is essentially a city of homes; a ramble through the residence streets will convince one of the wealth and refinement of her people. Bright, cheerful modern architecture, with well-kept lawns, is the type of the average Boise home.

The educational side is well-cared for, too; in fact, Boise is said to have one of the best public school systems in the West, supplemented with two excellent academies and a couple of complete business colleges. The religious side is equally well-cared for; every denomination is represented by large church edifices. The business people of Boise—those that I had the pleasure of meeting, impressed me as broad-gauged, progressive men of affairs.

The hunting, fishing, and scenery of Idaho cannot well be described in a few words. It is a subject that has no end. Every valley and mountain contains wild game, and every stream, creek, and lake swarms with fish to catch. All kinds of big game abound in Idaho, and it is comparatively a virgin field for sport. Go into any of the mountains, and, if you are not satisfied with your day's hunt, then you are certainly a "game hog." If you are in quest of scenery, come to the West—come to Idaho, where a boundless variety, an eternal panorama awaits you. Every conception of erratic nature finds its fulfillment here. There are mountains, valleys, plains, plateaus, peaks, lakes, waterfalls, cascades, creeks, rivers, canyons, gorges, ravines, gulches, forests, and every phase of expression that is possible on the physiognomy of nature.



THE ELEGANT STEEL STEAM YACHT WACOUTA, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY PRESIDENT JAMES J. HILL OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

**"WACOUTA," PRESIDENT JAMES J. HILL'S BEAUTIFUL
STEAM PLEASURE YACHT.**

The steam yacht *Eleanor* recently purchased of Mrs. James W. Martinez-Cardeza by President J. J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway is said to be the finest craft of her class afloat on fresh water. The vessel was built by the Bath Iron Works Company of Bath, Me., in 1894, for Wm. A. Slater of Norwich, Conn. She was afterwards sold to Mrs. Martinez-Cardeza, and now she is the property of the Great Northern magnate. According to various reports, the yacht, now named *Wacouta*, is 243 feet over all, 208 feet on the water-line, 32 feet beam, 18 feet 8 inches depth, and 13 feet 4 inches draught. Her displacement is 1,138 tons, her gross tonnage 804. The engines are triple expansion, the yacht is bark rigged and has a total sail area of 14,036 feet, and the craft is built of steel throughout.

This palatial pleasure yacht has an abundance of living-rooms, luxurious furnishings, refrigerating and distilling machines, a complete electric plant, and all other conveniences of large seagoing vessels. It is understood that the *Wacouta* is valued at \$1,300,000, and that the crew numbers fifty-three persons. The boat will probably remain in Duluth Harbor a period

of two months, at the end of which time, so it is announced, Mr. Hill will set forth on his contemplated trip around the world. Our fine illustration of this elegant yacht is due to the courtesy of *The Marine Review* of Cleveland, Ohio.

NORTHWESTERN PEAT BEDS.

The world's fuel supply is being patched up with peat. In Ontario, Can., alone are 100,000 acres of undeveloped peat bog, the peat ranging from one foot to twenty feet in depth. This peat is pulverized and compressed into small cylindrical blocks. As a fuel, peat is almost equal in heating power to soft coal, gives more heat than hard coal, is free from sulphur, emits no smoke, soot, dust, or clinkers during consumption, and is weather proof. It is eight per cent deficient in lasting power, but makes an excellent coal substitute in every way. It is especially desirable for domestic purposes, being clean, and giving a bright, hot flame from the moment of ignition. It is said that Northwestern Canada contains large areas of it. Minnesota, also, has much peat land, and the time may come when this fuel will be a large competitor of coal in heating the Northwest. This is a good field for capitalists.



THE EXPERIMENTAL FARMS OF CANADA.



BY S. A. BEDFORD,
SUPERINTENDENT OF EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT BRANDON, MAN.

PART II.

In a country where all classes of horned stock thrive, as they do in Manitoba, it is very important to have a liberal supply of fodder of good quality. In the early history of the Province this was largely obtained from the natural hay-meadows found in nearly every district, but with increasing cultivation these meadows have to a great extent passed away, and cultivated fodders are more and more taking their place.

Realizing the importance of this subject, the experimental farm has devoted considerable attention to it, and early in its history selected some thirty varieties of native grasses and tested them under cultivation. Of this number, five were found superior to the others, and, after further experiments, the number was finally reduced to one, namely, Western rye grass (*a ten-irum*), which was found to be very superior to any of the other native grasses tested, and is now being grown on thousands of acres not only in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, but



A. BEDFORD, SUPERINTENDENT EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT BRANDON, MAN.

in the States to the immediate south of us. The only serious objection to it, perhaps, is its unfitness for pasturage; for, like all native grasses, it starts late in the spring and matures very early in the season. For this reason it is not so generally cultivated as it otherwise would be.

Among the imported varieties tested are a number of brome-grasses (*Bromus inermis* or awnless brome). These are found to be by far the most productive of all the varieties of imported grasses, and have the advantage of starting early in the spring and remaining green until snow flies in the fall, and are thus well adapted for pasturage purposes. As soon as the experimental farm had passed upon this grass, it sent out nearly one thousand samples of the seed to individual farmers through the west, with the request that they test it thoroughly upon their own farms. Almost without exception, this grass has given good satisfaction. At the present time there are more than six thousand acres seeded to brome-grass in the west, so that the question of a suitable hay and pasture-grass for Manitoba and the Northwest Territories may be considered settled. Not only is this the case, but the Americans to the south have taken up the growing of this grass since its introduction here, and there is an excellent market for the seed in the States immediately bordering our territory.

By many, Manitoba is considered too far north for the profitable growing of corn, and this may perhaps be so in regard to the production of corn for meal or for seed; but corn as a fodder-crop has done as well on the experimental farm at Brandon as in the States or in Ontario. Of course, certain varieties must be used, such as North Dakota Flint, Pierce's Prolific, etc. The yield of this plant has averaged twenty tons to the acre for the past eight or nine years. This is nearly all made into excellent ensilage. In addition to the fodder-grasses above mentioned, good results have been obtained from various substitutes—from oats, cut green and bound in small loose sheaves; millets (all of the twelve varieties), and a few of the sorghums. As a rule, however, the sorghums are not so suitable to this locality as are early varieties of corn.

Manitoba and the Northwest Territories are noted for the excellent root-crops grown therein, very large quantities of turnips, mangels and carrots, as well as Irish potatoes being produced with little effort. I have found the roots an excellent supplement to dry feed, particularly where no ensilage is made. It has been proved, however, that, ton for ton, ensilage costs less to produce than a variety of roots.

Now a word about the live-stock industry. The western Provinces have always enjoyed the reputation of being a good country for growing wheat; but it is a question whether it is not even better adapted to stock-raising. With almost unlimited pasture, abundance of water, and a favorable climate, horned stock thrive exceedingly well and produce animals of large frame, well clothed with meat of excellent quality. The experimental farm has from time to time tested different breeds of cattle with a view of ascertaining those best suited to the climate. So far the animals tested have thriven well irrespective of breed, so that the most suitable breed is largely a matter of the requirements of the individual farmer.

In addition to the testing of breeds, considerable work has been done in experiments of feeding to produce fine beef for market. In this connection we have found that the straw, so commonly burned on the farms in this country, is a very valuable fodder. Owing to the straw being cut somewhat green, and the absence of rains during harvest, the straw is much sweeter and more nutritious than that of Eastern Canada. With this straw, ensilage, and a small portion of grain, a steer can readily be fattened to suit the British market. In cases where farmers do not care to undertake the feeding themselves, they can find a ready market for their calves and young stock among the ranchers of the western portion of the Territories, and each year thousands of these stockers are bought and turned loose on the ranges for two or three years, until they are fit for export. Of course, it is more profitable for the farmer to do this feeding himself, and it is also much better for his land.

In addition to horned stock, the Brandon Farm keeps a considerable number of swine and poultry. So far the swine have been entirely free from disease, the much dreaded cholera of the United States not having reached Manitoba; while, in spite of the long winters, poultry-raising has proved a decided success.

TREE CULTURE.

One of the objections to the unlimited prairies in their natural condition is the absence of trees, both for shelter and for ornament. Many think, at the first glance, that this is due to some defect of soil or climate, but as a matter of fact it is due to continued fires in the long past, until in our time timber is rarely found except along the rivers and on the borders of the lakes and ponds. For this reason very much time and attention have been devoted on the experimental farm to the cultivation of trees, both native and introduced varieties. When the farm was first started in Manitoba, it was thought that very few of the trees, outside of natives, would be found hardy enough for the climate, but at this time there are over two hundred varieties of imported trees, and shrubs are growing satisfactorily on the experimental farm. Many of these are more rapid in growth than the native trees, and quite as hardy. Among them are many flowering and otherwise ornamental shrubs. The lilac, bush honeysuckle, and other old favorites of this class are among

them. Good success, also, has been obtained with some varieties of evergreens, the white spruce and Riga pine giving the best results.

For quick results, the native ash-leaf maple is very satisfactory. It grows quickly from seed, stands transplanting well, and is good for avenue and hedge purposes. Of forty-five varieties tested, this tree takes the lead for shelter-belts. A great many trees from the northern sections of Ontario and Europe are successfully grown, notably the Caragana or Siberian locust. It is very handsome, with its masses of yellow flowers, and is suitable for ornamental hedges.

Although a very great number of the larger fruits have been tested on the farm, the results are not very promising; but with the smaller fruits it has been quite different. Over thirty-three different varieties of currants have been found hardy, twenty varieties of raspberries, and a number of strawberries and gooseberries. This assures to settlers a plentiful supply for summer and winter use. In addition to the small fruits, native plums are coming to the front, and, with cultivation and grafting, well-known hardy varieties produce excellent fruit for preserving purposes.

A number of attempts have been made to grow Eastern apples, but so far without success. Of late years, however, a variety of apples (*Pyrus baccata*) has been tried with promising results. This branch of the apple family is quite hardy in this Province, but the fruit is small and rather dry, and efforts are being made to increase its size and improve its quality, and at the same time to retain the hardiness of the original tree. Considerable advance has already been made along these lines, and probably in time apples will be found growing generally throughout the Province, although they may not be equal in quality to those grown farther south.

To encourage the growing of trees among the farmers, large numbers of trees, seedlings, and seeds are sent out every year, the numbers reaching now into the thousands. This not only affords the farmers an opportunity of testing the suitability of the trees and shrubs, but it tends to create a taste for trees and plants of all kinds, and already excellent results may be noticed in different parts of the Province. It has been found that when a farmer once sets out a few trees, he seldom stops until he has the grounds round his homestead ornamented with them. The experimental farm also does all in its power to encourage nurserymen already established in the Province, cuttings and seeds of new plants likely to succeed in the province being



A SHEAF OF "BANNER" OATS RAISED ON THE BRANDON EXPERIMENTAL FARM IN 1899—A YIELD OF 104 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

sold to them at a nominal figure; and as soon as distribution from the farm is found to interfere with the nurserymen's business, it is discontinued—the officers of the farm being quite willing to take suggestions from the nurserymen in regard to this matter.

Another method followed by the farm in encouraging tree-planting is in connection with the public schools. Every teacher applying for them is furnished with a supply of seeds and young trees to plant in the school-grounds. This serves a double purpose—making the school-grounds more attractive, and assisting the teachers in the nature studies, thus creating an interest among the scholars.

Although the distribution of grains and grasses is confined to farmers, this does not apply to the distribution of trees and



TWENTY-THREE HEAD OF CATTLE "IN CLOVER" AT THE BRANDON EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

shrubs, a large number of these being sent out to villages and towns, especially of such varieties as are not obtainable from local nurserymen; and in consequence a very marked improvement is to be noted in the appearance of many of the towns and villages.

The results of the experiments carried on at the various farms are made interesting and available to the farmers of the Province by means of the annual reports—which are distributed free from the farms—and by the publication of bulletins; and also by means of addresses delivered before farmers' institutes, breeders' conventions, and similar gatherings. In this way the farmers are kept in close touch with the work of the farm. As an instance of this, when the farm was established probably ninety-five per cent of the farmers of the Province were using broadcast-sowing, but as soon as the farm began publishing the result of drill-sowing, farmers here and there all over the Province adopted it, until today fully ninety-five per cent of our grain crops are drill-sown. In the case of bluestone as a prevention of smut in wheat, before the farm was established very few used it, although it had been known as a successful remedy in the East for a number of years. Now the use of this preventive method is so general that in one district alone, this spring, 40,000 pounds of bluestone was sold for this purpose. Then, again, in the matter of trees. The varieties and methods of planting recommended by the farm are generally adopted throughout the Province. Indeed, so quick are many of our farmers to adopt new suggestions from the farm, that extreme caution has to be exercised in the matter of new experiments for fear mistakes should be made, and no experiment is given to the public until it has been proved a number of times.

In conclusion, I might say that the duties laid down in the rules for the guidance of the officers in charge of these farms is, generally, that they shall make themselves as useful as possible to the farmers of the Province in which the farm is situated.

AN ACRE OF WASHINGTON TIMBER.

A single acre of Washington timber recently measured by the Division of Forestry contained 218,690 feet, board measure, of red fir, 11,000 feet of hemlock, and 6,000 feet of cedar, making a total stand of 235,690 feet. The smallest fir on the acre was three feet in diameter, and the largest eight feet. The height of the forest approximated 300 feet. The hemlock was scaled down to twenty inches in diameter, and, had it been scaled to twelve or fourteen inches, as is customary in the East, the stand would have been several thousand feet greater. This acre was measured near Wilkeson, about thirty miles from Tacoma.

The average stand per acre for 131 acres measured by the same party near Buckley, in the same county, was 74,402 feet of red fir, 30,105 feet of hemlock, 5,000 feet of cedar, 2,175 feet of spruce, and 593 feet of white fir, a total stand of 112,276 feet. In these measurements no trees less than two feet in diameter were scaled. No allowance, however, was made in the above calculation for culls. The 131 acres were taken in various parts of a township, and represent with fair accuracy the stand throughout that township. The significance of these figures is apparent when it is remembered that 10,000 feet per acre is considered a heavy stand in all lumber regions east of the Rocky Mountains.

BIRTHPLACE OF WILD GESE.

Wild geese, it is said, breed in the interior of Alaska and eastward to the Hudson's Bay Country. It is estimated that fully 1,000,000 of these birds return from the South every spring to pass over Canada on their way to their places of birth, to reproduce their kind. One-tenth of their number is annually slaughtered for the use of the Hudson's Bay officials at the various Hudson's Bay Company's forts, and by the Montagnais Indians of the Labrador peninsula; and it is stated that American sportsmen are mainly responsible for the destruction that keeps down the natural increase of the species to about its normal size.

A MARVELOUS DISPLAY OF NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Almost continual darkness hovered over our winter camp on the desolate shores of Norton Bay, in Western Alaska, writes Elizabeth R. Forest. The deep solitude stirred strange feelings within our breasts. Realizing that we were alone with God, our thoughts confined by no horizon, we, like the shepherds of old, turned often to the heavens for our entertainment and consolation.

Most of all, we desired to see the world's greatest phenomenon, the aurora borealis. The winter dragged its weary length along, and still we had seen no remarkable display of "northern lights," and we feared that we would have to tell only a tale of frustrated hopes.

However, when early in February, 1899, as if to reward us for our vigilance, the dusky segment was outlined with unusual brilliancy against the northern sky, we were on the qui vive for a scene of great beauty; nor were we disappointed.

The picture increased in grandeur with each succeeding night, till on the evening of the 12th of February the sky gave evidence of a display of marvelous splendor. Feeling sure that we would be amply repaid for the effort, we dressed ourselves warmly in fur garments and went out into the still, cold night, with the temperature at forty degrees below zero.

A bright, effulgent light suffused the heavens, and, looking to the north, we beheld what seemed to be the very throne of God, shedding abroad its radiance upon the whole world. From a segment of dense darkness, outlined by an arc of golden light, rays, magnificent in their coloring, leaped up to the zenith, then receded, leaving behind them only a milky trail. The colors rapidly changed from the palest azure to the most brilliant red, yet carried always an undertone of delicate green. Great balls of light shot out from the arch, hung suspended a moment in mid-air, then retreated to their source as if to gather force for still greater effort.

To the north, east, and west the heavens became nebulous with light, and yet so transparent was the veil that many stars were visible through it. Our eyes were strained to catch every change, for we had chanced within the charmed circle, and were grasping the privilege of a lifetime. Nature displays her grandest phenomena far from the center of human habitation; then are they of great moment to the few who do witness them in their sublimity.

We had scarcely breathed; the absolute stillness of the night, the magnificence of the panorama, awed us into silence. We were unprepared for the next change in the landscape, and it was beyond our fondest dreams.

Dropping from the zenith, we beheld a great fan-shaped curtain of light, lace-like in its consistency, and with an edge that rivaled the finest point. This magnificent, scintillating fan swung and swayed by the apex back and forth across the sky—waved and rolled its brilliant, sparkling surface in billowy masses against the midnight sky. Changing its pattern and its coloring with every motion, it became more beautiful with each variation. It gathered in great, lustrous folds across one portion of the heavens, then dropped its full length, displaying still another form of marvelous beauty; remained stationary for only an instant, then gradually rolled away.

So wonderful and varied were its movements, so charming and absorbing its changing beauties, that we were overcome by a feeling of surprise when we realized that it had paled, leaving behind it only a soft radiance. It affected one like a great oration, filled with gems of thought, expressed in sublime language, but scintillating with lighter beauties which charm us with their grace while they serve to fix the grandeur of the whole in our memory.

As if to note the effect of this most glorious display, great search-lights were turned upon every part of the heavens, seemed to scan them for an instant, then withdrew, leaving the stars to tremble silently. The scene "beggars all description," but the wonderfulness, the marvelousness of it all lingers in the memory like the melody of divine music.

INTERESTING NOTES ON PUGET SOUND.

It is useful now and then, for the encouragement of local faith and enterprise as well as for the education of non-residents, to take a measurement of the enormous expanse of navigable waters that lie in Puget Sound, and to compare it with that of other harbors of the world. The comparison is more favorable to the Sound than is commonly realized, states the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*.

According to surveyors' estimates, there are over 2,000 lineal miles of water in the Sound deep enough for shipping, one of the largest navigable areas of its kind in the world. Unlike the majority of bays and inlets, the Sound is not subject to heavy river deposits, and hence maintains its depth almost flush with the shore. Its channels are wide and clear. The mouth has no obstructions, and may always be entered with safety.

Puget Sound is more than sixty times as long and twenty times as wide as the Frith of Forth, the main entrance to the chief ports of Scotland.

Puget Sound is more than sixteen times as long and more than five times as wide as Queenstown Harbor, the main sea entrance to Ireland.

Puget Sound excels the Hamburger see, which is the chief commercial port of Germany, in that the see is the extended mouth of a comparatively narrow river, whereas the Sound is a series of large bays, all of which are serviceable for merchant vessels.

Puget Sound excels the port of Liverpool, because the docking at Liverpool must be done in large part by means of lighters, whereas vessels can reach wharves in the Sound wherever they may be built.

Puget Sound is superior to the ports of Holland, because the latter are made practicable only by the use of systems of dikes.

Puget Sound has 2,000 square miles of navigable water, whereas Boston Harbor is composed of but seventy-five square miles in all.

Puget Sound surpasses New York Harbor, because the entrance to the latter is endangered by bars and shoals, and is difficult to keep in order because of the narrow and tortuous channel; whereas the Sound has no bars or shoals, and no winding channels.

Puget Sound excels Chesapeake Bay because of the latter's shifting sands and treacherous currents.

Puget Sound excels Chesapeake Bay, because of the latter's depth of the latter is only thirty to forty feet, and is obstructed by a tortuous sandbar, which reduces the navigable depth to ten to eighteen feet.

Puget Sound excels the harbor at the mouth of the Mississippi River, because the latter is largely artificial, depending upon artificial passes and being constantly endangered by shifting submarine banks.

Puget Sound excels Mobile Bay, because the latter has a depth of scarcely more than two fathoms.

Puget Sound excels Galveston Bay, because the latter is but thirty-five miles in length, whereas the Sound is nearly 200 miles in length, and because the bar at the mouth of Galveston Bay reduces the depth to fourteen feet at ebb tide.

Puget Sound excels the Columbia River ports, because the river has a high and dangerous bar at its mouth, and because the channel is narrow and comparatively shallow.

Puget Sound excels San Francisco Bay, because it can be entered at all times, whereas fog and storm practically bar the Golden Gate while they prevail; and because the Sound is larger and has a greater area of navigable depth.

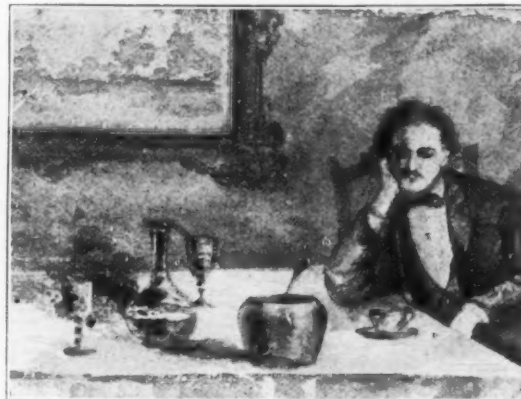
In almost any way that it can be looked at, Puget Sound is one of the greatest ocean highways in the world. The time was when its traffic was inconsiderable, but that day will never be again. It is now the bearer of a mighty commerce, world-wide in its extent, and of mighty portent to the whole Pacific Coast. It is building up regal cities, fostering immense industries, helping to develop great States and to enrich the nation. The shortest route to the Far East is via Puget Sound and Puget Sound ports. Large fleets of steamers sail these waters now, but ten years hence will see their number increased twenty-fold.

THE OLD BROWN SUGAR-BOWL.

The old brown sugar-bowl! When come my kindred's natal days
And mine, unique, of style antique, my reminiscent gaze
It challenges, as on my board 'tis placed with tender pride,
And holds again rich store as when my mother was a bride.
In April hours it shows to me my sister's image sweet,
And in July 'tis there as I another year complete;
But aches my spirit from the wound of Recollection's tooth—
Flit through my brain, in endless train, the ghosts of vanished youth.

My old brown sugar-bowl!
Repressless tears must roll

At sight of thee, yet dear to me the old brown sugar-bowl.



"You seem to turn to funeral urn, my old brown sugar-bowl!"

Then, in September, comes a day, by memory sanctified,
The relic brings on fancy's wings my brother to my side;
November seemingly restores to flesh the sainted one
Whose haven-breast afforded rest to me, her youngest son;
In mid-December stands in view my father, strong and tall,
Patient and mild as when, a child, I heard his morning call.
Fate unforgivable that placed beyond these finite bounds
Mother and sire and mocks desire with two lone, sunken mounds!

The old brown sugar-bowl!
Remembrance racks my soul!

You seem to turn to funeral urn, my old brown sugar-bowl!

My skies know less of sunshine now; pales my propitious star;
The real supplants the old romance, and silent my guitar;
The flaxen locks that boyhood crowned are whitening amain,
And fortune's soil requites my toil with tares instead of grain,
It is with melancholy joy I greet in waking dreams
The old home farm, with every charm of fields and woods and streams—
Glad days ere it was mine to sow high hopes to harvest tears;
Oh, peace of yore to feel once more! Oh, for the buried years!

The old brown sugar-bowl!
The parchment 'twill unroll

Of the dead past until the last, my old brown sugar-bowl!

St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN TALMAN.

BE PATIENT AND BE STRONG.

Patience, thou wronged and wounded one!
Can'st thou not leave it all to Him
Who marks the gentle sparrow's fall?
Hast thou forgot the loving hand
That led so kindly thro' the storm
When lightning flashed, and clouds, so low
And dark and angry, hurled their cruel
Vengeance at thy helpless head?
Oh, has thou e'en forgot that long,
Wild crash that cast them murmur'ing back
And poured the blessed sunlight o'er
Thy weary, dark, and thorn-strewn path?
Lift up thine eyes, and humbly trust.
'Tis but the surging of the restless wind,
The angry tempest, that, averted,
Writhes in its agony of pain.
Lift up thy broken heart, and trust!
Long hast thou borne this cruel wrong,
But not in vain. Stand firmly still,
To duty and to purpose true.
They shall not harm thee long, dear heart!
Justice will thrust the deadly bane
That wicked hands would press to lips
Now sealed, in honor of a vow,
Back to the lips that bade thee drink.
Be patient, and be strong!

Everson, Wash.

MILDRED JOYCE.



FRUIT IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

The successful experiment made by the State Board of Agriculture in establishing a fruit-orchard on the Kreutzer farm near Wausau is satisfactory evidence, the Milwaukee *Sentinel* thinks, that the farmers of the northern part of the State may profitably devote their attention to fruit-growing. The orchard near Wausau was set out four years ago, apple, plum, and cherry-trees of different varieties being selected for the experiment. Altogether, 1,100 trees were set out, and but twenty-seven of these have since died. All the other trees have flourished, and many of them are now bearing fruit.

The excellent results that have been obtained in these first four years, which were the crucial years of the experiment, indicate that the orchard will become more successful from year to year hereafter, and that good fruit crops may be expected. As an object lesson to encourage the diversification of agriculture this Wausau fruit orchard ought to be of value. Wisconsin might raise apples, plums, and cherries not only in sufficient abundance for home consumption, but for outside demands, too.

In many sections of Northern Wisconsin, where there is little fruit grown at the present time, the addition of orchards to farms would add to their value and at the same time prove an excellent investment. It appears that the people in several parts of Northern Wisconsin are favorably impressed with the Horticultural Society's experiment, as there are numerous applications for the next trial orchard that the society is to locate this fall.

INDICATIONS OF GROWTH IN WASHINGTON.

Steady growth in business and population is indicated by the increases in salaries of postmasters, announced by the post-office department. The Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review* says that the list shows that all sections of the State are steadily advancing, and the ratio seems to be evenly maintained. Walla Walla and Waitsburg, in the southeastern part of the State, have grown in post-office importance because population and business there have increased. Along the eastern boundary of Washington, Pullman, Spokane, Colville, Republic, Northport, and Cheney are given increases of postmasters' salaries for the same reasons. Ritzville and North Yakima represent the central section of the Evergreen State in the new salary arrangement, and both show material increases. New Whatcom and Fairhaven, in the extreme northwest, show larger receipts and business. On the west side of the Cascades, Port Angeles, Hoquiam, Ballard, Seattle, Montesano, Chehalis, Puyallup, South Bend, and Aberdeen, covering all the territory bounded by British Columbia and the Oregon line, the Cascades and the Pacific Ocean, are also represented in the increases.

The post-office is almost invariably an index of the commercial importance of a city, made so by the energy and number of inhabitants in the municipality and the country contiguous. Uncle Sam bases his increases of salaries on the receipts of the offices and the work involved, hence no political favors are shown in the new arrangement. It is substantial growth of the State that has caused the increases, none of which are indicative of mushroom growth, but, on the contrary, steady strides in business and population. Washington is forging ahead at a tremendous rate, taking proper care of her larger population and making room for those to come. The next decade will show even larger increases in wealth and population, and this census,

if it is carefully and fully compiled, will show manufactures, mining industries, commerce, and lands under cultivation that will open the eyes of the older communities east of the Rockies. In no particular need the people of this State be ashamed of the progress made by them during the past ten years. There has been a forward movement all along the line, although an abundance of room still remains for further advancement in every department of labor.

IMPROVED CONDITIONS IN NORTH DAKOTA.

A few years ago, says the Grand Forks (N. D.) *Herald*, conditions such as exist in North Dakota today would have meant financial ruin to thousands. The business of the State, both agricultural and commercial, was transacted not entirely, but very largely, on Eastern capital. Farms were mortgaged for a large proportion of their value. Stock and implements were purchased on credit, merchants were carried by Eastern banks and wholesale houses, and upon the returns from each crop depended not only the ability to extend future operations, but to settle for what had already been purchased. Interest rates were high. The nominal rate was twelve per cent, and in addition to this were bonuses, commissions, etc., aggregating as much more. It is probably not far from the truth to say that each year twenty-five per cent of the crop of the State went East to pay interest charges.

The credit of the people was shaky, and, at the hint of a crop failure, Eastern holders of our securities became nervous and insisted on prompt settlements, which could not be made. Legal procedure followed, and the sheriff was kept busy with foreclosures. Wheat was the only source of revenue, and it required a big wheat crop to pay running expenses and to meet maturing obligations. Merchants, doing business on credit themselves, were in no position to grant extensions to farmers. They, being unable to make collections, were in many cases forced to the wall. The security of the entire system depended each year on that year's crop, and if that crop promised to fall even slightly below the normal, a panic was precipitated.

Today the conditions are entirely different. It is the judgment of the most competent and careful observers that, unless a miracle should be performed, the average crop-yield this year will be unusually small. There is no panic, however, and there will be none. The State has passed beyond the stage where its prosperity depends upon one crop. For one thing, the cash expenditure connected with the raising of a crop has been tremendously reduced. Prices of machinery, one of the most important elements, have been cut in two. Horses are cheaper. Among the articles which must be purchased from local merchants, few can be mentioned which have not been materially reduced in price. If the man who came here in the early days and settled on a farm, and who has weathered the storms of the past fifteen or twenty years, looks about him carefully, he can scarcely find an article which he eats, wears, or uses about his premises which has not in that time decreased in price from twenty to fifty per cent.

We have a different class of farmers with us, also. The history of the State has been one of evolution, of the survival of the fittest. Some of the men who came here with large and impractical ideas have learned lessons of thrift and have adapted themselves to the conditions which they found here. These men are with us today, progressive and prosperous farmers. Others, who were unable to profit by the lessons of experience, have dropped out, and their places have been taken by better men. The agricultural population of North Dakota today is more industrious, more conservative, and more practical than it was. Farming has been diversified. The wheat crop is no longer the sole reliance of the community. Fewer farms are mortgaged. Fewer goods are bought on credit. The farmer produces more goods for his own consumption. Less money is borrowed, and more of the securities are in the hands of North Dakota men. Interest charges are less than half what they once were.

The improved conditions among the farmers are paralleled by those in every department of business and professional life.

The State is self-sustaining and self-reliant, and while the effects of dry weather and short crops are not by any means unimportant, compared to what those effects would have been a few years ago they are insignificant. There is money in the State, and it will stay here. There will be some sort of a wheat crop, and the indications are for a good price. Flax is soaring skyward, and we will have flax to sell. Cattle, hogs, and sheep are waiting to be turned into cash. The State will not be put on short rations, and the merchants will continue to sell goods. The credit of North Dakota will not be shaken in the least, and those who may need to borrow money will find plenty who are willing to lend at low rates of interest. North Dakota will not raise a bumper wheat crop this year, but she is all right, nevertheless.

HORTICULTURE IN MINNESOTA.

The semi-annual meetings of the State Horticultural Society, one of them occurring in midwinter and the other in midsum-

These, the *Minneapolis Times* says, were the fruits indigenous to the soil; and for several years after Minnesota had become a Territory, and even up to the time that she took on the prerogative of a State, most of her citizens supposed that these wild fruits were all that could be raised here.

A few adventurous nurserymen, to whom the solution of a problem in fruit-raising was sufficient compensation for all the time and money lost while making the experiments, were confident that apples would thrive here. They made the venture, and at first met with little else than failures. Most of the trees were winter-killed, and those that survived the cold succumbed to the attacks of insects. Every one of those experimenters had to work out individually the salvation of his own orchard, because he had no precedent to base any conclusions upon. They were in a new country, and encountering difficulties that writers for Eastern horticultural magazines had never known. Hence, when they did succeed, as they did eventually, in raising as fine apples as are to be found anywhere in the United States, they



SAMPLING A POTATO-FIELD NEAR LANGDON, N. D.—LANGDON IN THE DISTANCE.

mer, are very important events. Their value is not based solely upon the exhibit of fruits made upon those occasions, although every apple or strawberry is an object lesson, but rather upon the intelligent discussion of the topics presented by those veterans in the science of fruit-raising to whom we are largely indebted for the domestic fruits that grace our tables and please our palates. The discovery that the soil of Minnesota was adapted to wheat-raising was made as early as 1822, when the troops stationed at Fort Snelling sowed and reaped a harvest on the site of Minneapolis. The first attempts at cultivating corn in this latitude surprised the men who planted it. They expected that under extremely favorable conditions they might get a few ears as a recompense for the toil and money expended, but were not prepared for the bountiful returns which filled their corncribs and fattened their pigs. Every little grove at that time had its outlying straggling orchard of wild plums. The meadows were bright with cranberries, and the woods blue with huckleberries. Strawberries were everywhere. Raspberries and blackberries were in evidence on almost all the hillsides in the north-central part of the State, and wild grapes in abundance rewarded those who sought them.

were entitled to all the credit that belongs to discovery. Coincident with the culture of apples came experiments with other fruits. Cultivated strawberries replaced the wild ones on their tables. New varieties of raspberries thrived on every farm, and grapes—thirty and forty kinds—perfumed and colored the hillsides. Today there is not a county in the State which is not distinguished for some especially fine home-grown fruit that commands a premium at the meetings of the Horticultural Society and at the State Fair.

Nearly every farmer's wife "puts up" enough fruit out of her own orchard to last through the season, and in all the counties south of Stearns, thousands of bushels of delicious fruits are every year marketed and yield the orchardists good prices. Northern-grown fruits are noted for their delicious flavors, and northern-grown seeds for their hardiness.

The members of the State Horticultural Society may justly be considered public benefactors, inasmuch as they have made it possible for us to enjoy so many fruits "in due season," all grown within our own borders. It is very pleasing to thus be able to assure inquiring friends in the East that Minnesota can produce her own fruits in abundance.

A TALE OF TWO MINERS.

By C. P. GRAVES.

It is not often that a man tells a story on himself with that good grace which stamps him as pure gold clear through—as ready to take a joke as he is to play one; but such a story was told me not long ago by a man named Hunker—A. Hunker, a well-known pioneer of British Columbia. It is his name that has been given to Hunker Creek in the Big Bend Country and to Hunker Creek in the far-off Klondike; so it is readily seen that there is material enough in his life for a thousand tales, if he but chose to tell them.

The story which he related to me in the dusk of the evening the other day, is of a race that once took place between him and John Saunderson to stake off a piece of placer-mining ground on McCulloch Creek in the Big Bend District—about



"John Saunderson, . . . who had his eye on the same claim."

sixty-five miles from Revelstoke. Both of them had mined there in former years, prior to the Cariboo excitement. After the Cariboo craze had abated, they had wandered around to the rich Kootenay region in search of other fields, and it so happened that the two men found themselves back in Revelstoke at about the same time.

One morning Mr. Hunker made up his mind to go up to McCulloch Creek for the purpose of staking the piece of ground already alluded to. Now, it chanced that Saunderson had his eye on the same claim, and it also chanced that he had decided to visit McCulloch Creek on this same morning in order to drive his stakes. Hunker started first. That day he followed the trail a distance of twenty-eight miles, and night found him at Carnes Creek, where he put up at the shack of an old friend. He had hardly made himself comfortable, however, when there came a rap at the door, and in walked Saunderson!

It was a case of diamond cut diamond. Each knew intuitively, as it were, what the other was after; and, after the manner of old-time miners, each expended upon the other some very choice language.

"I'll be danged if you shall have that property while I'm alive," said Hunker.

"That's just what I've been sayin' about you," retorted Saunderson.

Of course, this only meant that each would do his utmost to reach the creek first, and that every possible sort of strategy would be resorted to. It was a game of war, in which everything was regarded as fair.

As Saunderson had a horse, his advantage over Hunker seemed too great to be overcome; but the trail was a bad one, as I happen to know, and as a matter of fact the possession of a horse helped the rider but little so far as speed was concerned. Still, Saunderson succeeded in getting somewhat of a

lead early in the morning, although Hunker was not far behind, and managed to keep his opponent in sight until they arrived at Downee Creek. Both men were doing their best, and so far the honors were about even.

Now, Downee Creek is a swift-running stream at the best of times, but on this particular occasion it was in full flood and not at all easy to cross. Both men knew that a raft was moored on the near side of the creek, by the aid of which one could float over to the opposite shore with comparative safety, and both of the contestants wanted that boat worse than they had ever wanted anything else in all their lives.

Saunderson reached the point of vantage first; and Hunker, not wishing that any blood should be spilled over the affair, watched him unsaddle the horse, go down to the raft, untie it, and push out upon the raging waters.

This was really Hunker's opportunity to get the lead of his adversary, but, knowing that his old friend John was not very well up in rafting, so to speak, he concluded to linger a while to watch the fun. And what he expected came to pass. The raft struck a log-jam, and the inexperienced raftsman went into the ice-cold elements feet over head. But he was a plucky fellow, and, scrambling out, he once more mounted the raft and pursued his journey.

Hunker, in the meantime, after chuckling to himself and enjoying the discomfiture of his rival to the fullest extent, pried out a couple of logs from an old cottonwood cabin, floated them upon the creek, and then started to cross. By this time, however, it was growing dark, and Saunderson was considerably ahead. The belated trailer was too anxious to exercise great care, and before he realized it he had missed the first point, and had narrowly escaped being carried into the Columbia River by making a bold dash from the logs to a reef of rocks, whence he stumbled ashore in the pitch dark in no very amiable frame of mind. Crawling under a log, he lay there and listened all through the night to the downpour of the rain—wondering, meanwhile, how much of a lead his adversary had, and cursing his own stupidity for having ignored the one opportunity that would have given him a decided advantage.

But daylight saw him on his way again, with no John in sight. He traveled as rapidly as he could, and reached Gold Stream in time to see Saunderson going up the hill on McCulloch Creek, which is just on the other side. He knew that the game was up by about ten minutes, and he gave the victor full credit for having made a good run. Saunderson got the claim, of course. He called it the Last Chance, and spent many years upon it; but he made a fatal error in the development work, and all his time and efforts went for naught. The property is still partly owned by him, and should yet prove valuable. One of these days, I have no doubt, John will hit the vein and roll in well-merited wealth, but until then we shall have to let him rustle as best he may.

Hunker went farther up to French Creek. Here he looked over some old workings, found where the pay-streak had been lost, staked the ground, and for some time worked it with fair



"I lay across the trail all that night in torrents of rain, so that if you came along you would stumble over me."

results. By and by the property failed to pay, however, and after prospecting a few years in the neighborhood he made a little pile and set out for the Yukon, where he struck it rich.

Saunderson and he came together again, the other day, and, as was quite natural, they got to talking about old times.



"Reached Gold Stream in time to see Saunderson going up the hill on McCulloch Creek, which is just on the other side..... 'The game was up.'"

"You remember that race for a claim on McCulloch Creek—eh, Hunker?" asked John.

"I'll never forget it," his friend replied.

"Well, I lay across the trail at the top of the hill in the open air all that night, in torrents of rain, so that if you came along you would stumble over me."

"It's a mighty good thing that I didn't, John," Hunker said with a smile; "for if I had there would have been some wool-pulling."

That is the way they talked, but I do not suppose that either of them would raise a hand in downright injury of the other. I know them both. They are types of men seldom met with—types never forgotten if once seen and known. They are quick to quarrel, perhaps, but as quick to strike palms over it in renewed friendship. Gain their good will today, and you hold it to the end. Hearty and cheery in adversity as in the days of prosperity—always the same—always full of hope and large of heart, they are the sort of men to whom one may well wish to be bound with hooks of steel.

WHERE SHADOWS OF TRAGEDIES FLIT.

Newton Hibbs, of Lewiston, Idaho, writing of the Elk City mining district in that State, and of its historic past, shows clearly that it would be a rich field for the romancer. He passed a few weeks there last summer, and he says that the shadows of tragedies flit in and out of every glade in the changing lights, and that ghosts of vanished heroes dance in the flitting light of every camp-fire about the old camp-grounds and along the old grass-grown trails. It is a land of weird history.

One favorite camp-ground is in a small flat, where the new growth of firs and tamaracks have overgrown the old piles of tailings that were heaped up by the placer miners in the early sixties. The cabin that was the headquarters of the company that dug a long ditch and worked the big bar has tumbled down. Trees have grown over the old dumps, but the wash-gravel is bare of grass, and the mounds are suggestive of graves—perhaps of buried hopes.

As the camp-fire blazes up and relieves the gloom of gathering darkness, the tired prospectors, who were silent in reverie, talk, and laugh, and sing. A sense of relief is common. Speculation goes on as to the ownership of the old cabin. Then a grave is pointed out. The last owner had died, perhaps alone, and he was buried just outside the door by the path that led to the spring. Yes, he owned a claim; he may not have worked it out. Visions of buried treasure afford respite to the mind while all review the history of the occupant of the lonely grave—the story that is told by the old cabin, and by the whole tragic scene.

After the rich gravel was run through the sluices, the old man remained with his rocker. After his death came a dozen Chinamen. They repaired the old ditch, and worked out the dead white man's claim. Then came a Chinese hermit, who lived in the abandoned cabin until it fell in, gophering about, in the meantime, gaining perhaps a mere subsistence. When the cabin fell in, this Chinaman lived in a shed of bark. He mined the claim as long as he could save gold enough to buy his daily rice.

In this region lived two typical prospectors, Smith and Gaunt. They were the last of their race. They came with the rush of 1862, and stayed till they wore themselves out prospecting and rocking out of the abandoned diggings gold enough to sustain life. Gaunt was found dead in his rustic chair some years ago. Smith, his only neighbor, lived two miles away. These hermits were too cranky to be even on speaking terms, most of the time. Gaunt, however, did not show up for several days. Smith failed to see his smoke, so he went and peeped into Gaunt's tumbled-down cabin, and found the old hermit dead. He had killed himself in an effort to perform a surgical operation upon himself. He died with the butcher-knife sticking in his flesh, the handle of which was still in his hand.

Lafe Smith lived several years alone on the silent mountain-side, but he became palsied and eccentric as the years passed. About five years ago he disappeared. Some of the residents of Elk City visited his old cabin, and found it deserted. They searched for the old man, but found no trace of him, dead or alive. The report was sent out that he was probably dead. A. F. Parker published Lafe Smith's obituary in the *Free Press*, and the notice reached the old man. He became incensed. He regarded the obituary as the worst form of insult. He sought out Mr. Parker, finding him alone in his sanctum. The old hermit was emaciated and palsied. He carried a big rifle, and he held it to his shoulder, cocked, and demanded of the editor a promise of a complete retraction of the insult. As the modest demand was fully understood, the promise was forthcoming. Mr. Parker has never forgotten the sensation that followed the sight of that cocked rifle presented in the hands of a man who was shaking with palsy till he looked like a dancing skeleton!

After he was assured of the retraction of his obituary, Smith went back to the old cabin. He announced that he would not permit any man to look upon his dead body. When his time came, he said that he would disappear. He further said that he did not want his obituary published again, nor did he desire anyone to look for his body. He intimated that he might not be dead when they thought he was, and that if he should know that the people thought he was dead, and knew they were searching for his body, he would shoot the first man who approached the spot he had chosen for his sepulcher.

He has been gone from his haunt now for two years, but nobody has searched for him. Nor has Parker published a second obituary. Smith and Gaunt once owned several claims in the vicinity of the great Elk City strike. Gaunt is buried on one of his old claims; Smith is in his self-made grave somewhere in the wilderness.



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JULY, 1900.

Eighteenth Year.



Now that the clam-digging industry has been established on a profitable basis in so many Western and Northwestern rivers, it may be well for adventurous capitalists to turn their attention to sunken logs. It is claimed that the bed of the Mississippi and of other streams in Minnesota and Wisconsin are literally paved with timbers that have become water-logged. One authority estimates that not less than 250,000,000 feet of logs are lying at the bottom of the St. Croix River alone—an equal amount being credited to the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries. At five dollars per thousand, which is a very moderate valuation, this sunken timber would be worth \$2,500,000.

WASHINGTON, Oregon, and Idaho wheat-growers are to be congratulated. It matters little to them how the wind of commerce blows this year—they are sure of demand and profit anyway. With war in China and a big crop in Minnesota and the Dakotas, the farmers of the Coast region would have been caught between fires and squeezed by low prices; but with war in China and poor crops in the Middle West, they are bound to receive good prices for all they have to sell. It is probable that we shall witness the rarity of Pacific Coast wheat being sold to Minneapolis millers—an invasion which would mark a new era in the agricultural history of the Northwest.

WITH the advent of cows and chickens, the far-away Yukon territory may be regarded as on the highroad to civilization in good earnest. The Skagway *Alaskan* informs the world, in its usual matter-of-course manner, that a man of that town is about to start for Dawson, with twelve cows and a number of calves, for the purpose of establishing a dairy there. He paid \$75 apiece

for the cows in Washington, but by the time they reach Dawson they will each represent an outlay of \$200. Butter is worth nearly its weight in gold in that region, however, and milk is likewise precious; so it is quite probable that the dairy venture will prove more profitable than the majority of mining properties.

THE comparison instituted by Hamlin Garland between the American Indian and the American pioneer, in which he ranked the former as infinitely superior morally and every other way, will add little to his fast-waning reputation. His first great literary success, "Main Traveled Roads," gave promise of other good things in the future, but the promise has not been fulfilled. Garland evidently lacks literary ballast, or else he is wearing out. He no longer gives to his book-making the conscientious work that characterized his earliest undertakings. Naught so mars a man's reputation, in any sphere of life, as slovenliness of execution, and this blemish is peculiarly damning in the field of letters.

UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL HUNTER at Cairo, Egypt, has forwarded to the State Department statistics of the Suez Canal traffic in 1899, which show that 3,480 steamers of 9,898,022 tons aggregate passed through the canal last year. This is a small showing when compared with the immense tonnage of the Great Lakes. From the Duluth-Superior harbor alone last year the total arrivals and departures aggregated 11,526 vessels of a total registered tonnage exceeding 14,433,000 net. The total receipts and shipments amounted to 11,608,088 tons—and all this during a navigation season covering 231 days, as against the perpetual season of the Suez Canal.

WHEN at sunrise, one beautiful morning, Samuel Simpson stood on the banks of the Willamette River in Oregon and plotted in his brain the exquisite poem which has since immortalized that feeder of the ocean, he little thought that the somewhat melancholy lines would one day prompt a tardy world to erect a monument to his memory. As he stood there, gazing upon the boat-laden waters of the majestic stream, life seemed so shorn of recompense that he was tempted to end it; but the loveliness of the scene wooed him back to saner contemplations—there poured into his being a flood of divine melody, and, instead, he gave to Oregon the sweetest poem ever conceived beneath its sunlit skies. It was his greatest achievement in the realm of song. An unfortunate weakness clouded his life as it has that of others, and when the grave finally shut him from men's sight, it closed over one who, had fate willed otherwise, might have worn wreaths of laurel—might have received tributes of appreciation, ere his eyes drooped in their last sad sleep.

SOME three years ago an editorial in this magazine called attention to the advisability of doing away with the present district school system,—that of having a little schoolhouse in every district, no matter whether the district is able to maintain one or not,—and of substituting therefor central-township schools which should be supported by contiguous districts. A few of our contemporaries thought it would be a wise movement, but the greater number fell back on the old saw that it is best to let well enough alone. The suggestion found interested listeners in Iowa, however, and today it is being put to a practical demonstration in a number of counties there. In one of these, Hancock County, several townships have united and erected a modern schoolhouse worth \$20,000. It is a graded school, and only teachers of ability are employed. Six hacks, with a carrying capacity of ten to twenty pupils each, take the students to and from school, and the routes covered range from two to seven miles by wagon-road. The average cost for tuition, drivers, janitor hire, fuel and all expenses per pupil is \$1.75 a month, while under the old township system the lowest cost ever known was \$1.94 a month, and oftentimes more. The students now have access to libraries, laboratories, gymnasiums, etc., and the bringing together of so large a number in one excellent school stim-

ulates ambition, arouses individual competition, and develops a pride and pleasure in school-going and study that was never experienced under the old regime. The farmers are pleased, their children are delighted, and, best of all, in every county where the central-school plan has been adopted, it has proved entirely practical and wholly economical.

* * *

THE sage-brush lands of the arid and semi-arid States have had their value enhanced greatly by recent discoveries of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Up to this time it has been supposed that the wild sage plant was more or less of a nuisance, like the cactus family, but now we are informed that it contains highly nutritious qualities and is the most desirable winter forage known for cattle. It is said that cattle are exceedingly fond of it, eating it, when available, in preference to anything else. Stock fed on it make rapid growth, and are said to be remarkably free from disease, on account of the tonic qualities it contains. It cannot be cut and cured like hay, but where cattle can be allowed to roam at large during the winter months, it affords them most desirable feed. It will grow anywhere. Alkali and non-alkali lands are the same to it, and it flourishes alike in dry and wet seasons. Seeds and stems are both eaten with relish by all grazing animals. These facts are set forth in a circular issued by the Department of Agriculture, which has been experimenting with the once despised sage-brush for several years.

* * *

THAT Minneapolis and St. Paul have both made creditable gains in population since the Government census of 1890, no one can doubt. It will be some time before the national authorities will be able to make returns from the recent canvass, but the new directories of the Twin Cities, just published, are regarded as even more accurate, and they show gains which, considering the hard-time period from 1893 to 1897, place both cities well up among the most prosperous municipalities in the country. The Minneapolis directory contains 101,250 names. Using R. L. Polk & Company's customary multiple of two and one-fourth per name, the Flour City is credited with a population of 227,812. St. Paul's new directory contains 94,226 names, which, using the same multiple, gives the city a population of 212,108. It is not expected that the Federal count will credit St. Paul with more than 160,000 people, for the reason that such canvasses are not made by experts, and for the further reason that they are made at a season when thousands of persons are away from home. City directories are always accepted as reliable bases upon which to form population estimates, and according to Polk & Company the Twin Cities now have a combined population exceeding 400,000.

* * *

IN this number of the magazine is a story entitled "Coyote Bar's Infant," by Colin Kirkwood Cross, of Lewiston, Mont., which merits more than passing notice. It is one of several stories which we shall publish in the near future from the pen of the same author, the scenes thereof alternating from Coyote Bar to Rocky Gulch. Mr. Cross can hardly be called a professional writer, although he has done a good deal of work that should give him an established reputation. Like Robert J. Burdette, he first began writing stories to amuse his own family circle. For years he has lived alone in the mountains, following the precarious fortunes of a prospector, and it is in the leisure moments of his dreary life that he writes his stories. "I could not endure the monotony of my existence if I did not write," he informs us. "I have written five complete books of 65,000 to 90,000 words each, but none of them has as yet been published." Mr. Cross is an architect by profession. A man of mature years, he brings to his literary work a quaintness of expression and a power of description which come only to men who have seen much and observed closely. The simple directness of his humor, which is never coarse and seldom commonplace; the vividness of the scenes portrayed by him; and the oftentimes ridiculous faithfulness with which he paints his characters and reproduces their speech, sentiments and local peculiarities, are alone suffi-

ciently above the ordinary to lift him into prominence among the successful short-story writers of the day.

* * *

AFTER reading and reviewing many books from all sorts of publishing houses, including the best, we are led to ask them why they do not employ competent proof-readers. Even such works as "To Have and to Hold," and "Prisoners of Hope," are sadly marred by bad proof-reading. If it be the fault of the author, then the publishers should remedy the fault for their own sakes. If it be the carelessness or the ignorance of the proof-reader, then he should be kicked out for the good of the business. As a rule, authors know naught of punctuation; and the same must be said of the average proof-reader. In these days of print-shop extravagance in news lines and Shylock economy in the personnel of the staff, it is only in rare instances that one finds a well-qualified reader of proofs. As a general thing the reader is a five- or nine-dollar-a-week girl—possibly a poor devil of a man who gets twelve or fifteen dollars a week; and in nearly every instance both girl and man are illiterate, so far as technical education and culture are concerned. Publishing houses ought to employ the most competent proof-readers obtainable. They are worth their weight in gold. They can make or break reputations. They are nearly as important as editors, and of much greater importance than the average writer whose stuff they are required to whip into shape.

* * *

THE amenities of civilization are being so rapidly extended to rural inhabitants that farm life will at no distant day be placed on equal footing with life in towns and cities. In the southern part of Minnesota, very near the Iowa border, is a thrifty little village called Grand Meadow. It is in Mower County, where many prosperous farmers reside. Not long ago an enterprising man established there a "Home Telephone Exchange," one of the chief purposes of which was to extend telephonic privileges to farmers. The latter were quick to avail themselves of this new method of communication, and now the demand exceeds the capacity of the projector to supply. There are already seventy miles of live wire and seventy-five instruments in use, and construction work is going forward so rapidly that another seventy miles of line will be in operation in a short time. There are thirteen lines in all—penetrating to every part of the country. The system also has connections with the Northwestern Telephone Company, so that farmers can call up any town on that line and learn market conditions and the latest news without leaving their own firesides. They can chat with neighbors, excuse themselves from attendance at church, order a doctor, send a telegram, or negotiate a sale of farm products at a nominal cost and with no expenditure of time and muscle.

* * *

THE disappointment experienced by so many men who went to Cape Nome does not prove that there is no gold there; it only shows that, no matter how rich a country may be, the stampede of thousands of men of all classes and of all degrees of preparedness and ignorance is certain to result in more or less of disaster. Thousands of men who went with the rush to the Yukon fields also came back disappointed. They had woful stories to tell of overlauded richness, of staked-off territory, of the utter uselessness of anyone's going there unless he stood in with a successful claim-owner. Yet millions of gold have come from the Klondike yearly, and there is every indication that many other millions are to follow. Gold is also coming from Cape Nome. It is doubtless true that the ground within easy distance has already been occupied, but it is doubtless equally true that just as rich ground awaits discovery back among the hills, the gulches, and the tundras. Experienced miners, and others who are supplied with plenty of cash, stamina, and other essential resources, will find these fields and pluck fortunes therefrom. Men who rush into such a country expecting that a couple of hundred dollars and a pick, pan and pistol are all they need to acquire wealth with, will be lost in the scramble of the crowd, and return to croak. Such men should learn the lesson of waiting; or, better still, they should never set foot very far from the homestead cabbage-patch.

NOTABLE BUSINESS AND SCENIC FEATURES IN NORTHERN IDAHO.

The State of Idaho is among the youngest and heretofore least known of the United States, although embracing several mountain chains, great rivers, magnificent waterfalls, wide plains, beautiful lakes, extensive forests, fertile valleys, and an exhaustless grazing area of nutritious grasses. Its natural products, scenery, great mineral deposits, mild and healthful climate; its mountain-peaks, weird canyons, hot and cold mineral springs, extensive fruit orchards and alfalfa fields; its herds of cattle, horses, and sheep; its legends and phenomena, and the steady growth of its commerce and population are now attracting much attention.

Possibly that portion of the State having Snake River for its southern and western boundary, with the Payette, Weiser, and Little Salmon rivers penetrating the particular locality opened recently by the construction of a north and south railway, may without exaggeration be termed the most inviting and varied in its resources and attractions. The region of Western Idaho called the Seven Devils is probably less explored than other sections of the State, but it is destined to soon claim the earnest attention of the scientist, mineralogist, capitalist, and those seeking new homes, health, or the pleasures of outdoor life and sport found in the mountains, forests, lakes, and streams.

Few people are aware that Idaho is more favored with climate, natural resources, products, and great water supply in lakes, streams, and springs than almost any other State. While it is favored with the bounties of nature, it is not yet so fully favored with those arteries of commerce and communication as are many other localities. The construction of a new line, therefore, through an almost virgin expanse of forest, agricultural and mining territory has a captivating interest to many minds. The Oregon Short Line skirts the State on the east and south, the Northern Pacific and Great Northern on the north, and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company taps its western limits; yet the great interior, as large as the State of Ohio, has hitherto been unoccupied by railroads. The building of the Pacific & Idaho Northern Railway, as already constructed and projected, will open a new and fertile region equal in area to the States of New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined.

While the opportunities for mining are among the greatest of all the intermountain region, yet there are many ideal places where colonies as large as the Greeley Colony of Colorado could locate and devote their energies to the lumbering, agricultural, horticultural and stock-raising industries, and provide for themselves permanent homes. In the territory to be opened up by this new route over two hundred thousand people could secure homes, and the country abounds with beautiful locations for homes and ranches, where the land can be secured direct from the Government. Water for irrigation purposes can be taken at a slight cost from any of the numerous rivers. One feature of great importance in addition to the water and productiveness of the soil in the settlement of a new country, is cheap fuel. Here the inexhaustible forests on the mountainsides supply, for the simple labor of cutting, material for fencing, building, and fuel.

Among the many interesting scenic features of this region, lying about one hundred miles northerly from Weiser, there has been resting through the centuries, amid the solitude of the wilderness, the Payette Lake. The lake is thirteen miles in length, four miles wide, ten feet to four hundred feet deep, and is situated at an elevation of five thousand feet above the sea-level. It has had no guiding hand but the mountain and the storm, through which it has alternately smiled and frowned

ever since the hills were born. As it has been the friend of the red man in his search for food, so will it be the support of the white man in bringing the resurrection morn to the vital forces embalmed in the withered breast of the plain; for it is the reserve supply in the hour of emergency to the river carrying moisture to the parched lips of the valley below. It has rested there through the ages wholly unconscious of its purpose or mission—lashed into a rage by a storm, or reflecting back the images mirrored there.

To one riding through the dusty valleys and over the mountains on his way into the solitude that gives no previous intimation of the blended beauty formed by the lake, forest, and mountain, this lake, like a "smile of the Great Spirit," greets you with a sincerity that can be felt by the soul more than seen with the eye. What an inspiration comes to the weary and dust-laden traveler as he goes dancing in a canoe over the waves as they lift their heads and clap their hands in hearty greeting, while bearing him like a feather between the two mountains, which frown down upon him from either side for his insolent intrusion into the presence of this daughter of the mountain and storm! As you glide across this lake, you see mirrored there, in its crystal blue, the overhanging rock, the trees that clothe the mountain in perpetual green, and the blue dome above in all the perfection which sunlight and water can produce.

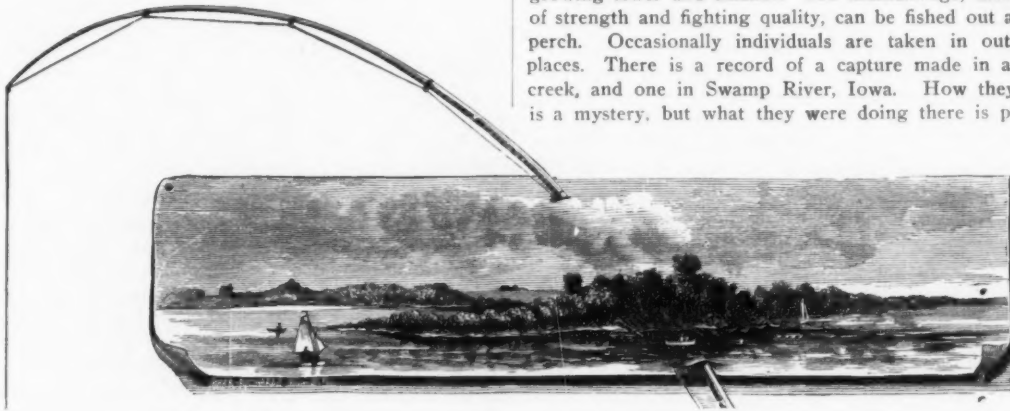
This lake, with mountains and gorges, forests and glens skirting its miles of glistening surface, all blending in harmonious grandeur, forms a picture that will live in the mind of the beholder forever after. During the heated season in the lower valleys, a few weeks spent by the over-worked business man or by women and children in the midst of these restful yet invigorating surroundings, will renew their strength to better meet the daily conflicts of life. The air is delightful, the water sparkles with purity, the lake and tributary streams abound in mountain trout, and many people annually seek rest here by camping on the borders of this lake at some vantage point of scenic beauty. Many rowboats and one steamer are in daily use on the lake, and a new hotel has just been completed near the outlet. It is only a question of time when this beautiful body of water shall become a favorite resort for thousands of people who love entrancing scenery and who seek absolute freedom from annoying care and wearying responsibilities.



AN EXPLORING SCENE ON AN IDAHO RIVER.

"Few people are aware that Idaho is more favored with climate, natural resources, products, and great water supply in lakes, streams and springs than almost any other State.... Its scenery, rich mineral deposits, mountains, weird canyons, legends, phenomena, and the steady growth of the commerce and population are now attracting much attention."

GAME MUSKALLONGE IN MINNESOTA'S NORTHERN LAKES.



Over the thousand lakes of Minnesota and Wisconsin the airs of early summer are blowing, soft as the lips of babyhood. When they breathe upon the bald head of the oldster in the roomy punt, writes a correspondent, it seems to him that the woman he loved fifty years ago has come back from the shades, has slipped behind him, and is kissing him upon his shining poll. These airs are odorous with the scent of pine and beech, cool with the coolness of the upper deeps, and to him who drinks them the hot and dusty simoons of the city are only a disturbing memory. The summer sun is high in a dome of faultless blue, unflecked by a wisp of white, and the trees make black, squat shadows on the water. Fifty yards from the shore runs a line of wild rice, its tops just protruding through eight feet of crystal-clear fluid. The stalks break the diving rays of light and give a murky, cavernous look to the water. That is the lair of the muskallonge. Some folks call him "musky." Some folks call him "lungey." The Ojibway Indians called him "mus-ki-no-je;" the French "masque-al-longe." Divided into three schools of "mascalonge," "muscalonge" and "muskellunge," the lovable and loving scientists have been chewing one another's hair for fifty years. The name of him is of little importance. He is the shark of the unsalted seas. Deep in the semi-gloom of his lair he lies until the unheeding prey swims slowly by. Then he flashes ten yards out like a bullet, and a four-pound pike or bass is cut in two. A little blood stains the surface, the pirate saunters slowly back to his hiding-place, and one of the million small tragedies of nature has ended.

Years ago the muskallonge was plentiful in the great lakes. He ran even so far East as Erie. The Indians living along Superior, Huron, and Michigan found him a never-failing supply of food, though they caught him by main strength. There is no explanation of his disappearance from these huge bodies of water, so admirably adapted in many localities for his propagation and preservation. A microbe may have ended him, or heavy ice may have given him a distaste for his feeding-grounds, or he may have been seized by one of the irresistible and causeless appetites for migration that come in their turn to all fishes and beasts. At any rate he disappeared with practical completeness, and in any one of the inland oceans is now exceedingly rare. Every year one hears of a few captures of muskallonge in Superior or Michigan, but each year the number of these captures has become fewer. There is no longer any muskallonge fishing on any of the great lakes. To pursue the giant with satisfaction the angler must go elsewhere. This

huge and combative pike is now confined, for all practical purposes, to two of the lake and river systems of America. One is the St. Lawrence system, the other, and by far the more populous, is the Mississippi system. Indeed, the muskallonge interest centers in the latter system. In the lakes and streams having a direct or remote connection with the father of waters new grounds are sought and new records made. Everything possible to the St. Lawrence in a muskallonge way has been done or found. For years the fish of that system have been growing fewer and smaller. The muskallonge, though a giant of strength and fighting quality, can be fished out as well as a perch. Occasionally individuals are taken in out-of-the-way places. There is a record of a capture made in a Kentucky creek, and one in Swamp River, Iowa. How they got there is a mystery, but what they were doing there is plain. They

were killing. That is the mission of the kind in whatever water they may happen to swim.

Wisconsin has two great muskallonge districts, and Minnesota one. The center of the Minnesota district is in the Cass County lakes, which are of the Itasca region. All the waters of that part of the country which flow north and empty into the Winnipeg, Rainy Lake, and similar bodies, contain the great northern pike in numbers, but not a muskallonge. The line of division is sharply drawn. The Wisconsin grounds are divided into the Chippewa and Wisconsin River regions. The celebrated Turtle Lake chain belongs to the Chippewa system. That region drained by the Wisconsin River is probably the greatest muskallonge habitat in the world—greatest, that is, in the number of the fish that may be taken. They do not run so large in size as the Minnesota fish, nor, as they are farther south and used to warmer waters, do they exhibit altogether such gameness. This region contains Pelican Lake, the Manitowish chain, and the Vieux Desert. All of the waters around these lakes flow ultimately into the Wisconsin River. The State contains more than 800 lakes, great and small. Many of them are set down only upon the county maps. If a man hung 50,000 feet above Wisconsin and looked down, he would think that its surface had been set with panes of glass. One group of these has a shore-line of more than 300 miles, and is never mentioned outside of the neighborhood. That is the Mason chain, and they are good muskallonge waters, too.

The "musky" fishing of the future, however, is to be had in Minnesota. That part of the world is still wild and unspoiled. Vast forests cover the land. The deer browse undisturbed. The fox yaps shrilly at night, knowing that no hounds will be laid on his trail, and the long howl of the questing timber wolf trembles on the air. Only the padded footfall of an occasional guide leaves the mark of man. It is even said that here and there the vanishing beaver may be encountered. So wild is it that the Minnesota guide by profession is a guide in reality and not a boatman and man-of-all-work. Each year some muskallonge fisher discovers a new source of the Mississippi, and writes to his county paper about it. In the shadows of those forests no ax rings, and there are many square miles unvisited by the white man. In these recesses the muskallonge breeds and waxes to enormous size. They form an unpenetrated preserve that will keep this fish for the sportsmen of three centuries hence. The canoe does not scar the surface of some of these lakes, deep-bosomed in primeval forests, because to reach them

requires days of effort. There are many others, however, not so inaccessible, and yet wild enough to bring a man face to face with utterly unmarred nature. They teem with muskallonge, and Western fishermen who know enough are giving them more and more the preference.

The Woman Lake chain is an instance in point. Two years ago a Chicago man, who had been there and fished to the delight of his soul, conceived the idea of starting a road-house or summer hotel, or permanent camp for the entertainment of others who might find their way so far northeast. His house, a roomy and comfortable one, stands many miles from the nearest railway station, and it is patronized only by those who go into the fastnesses for sport and not for fooling. The living is plain and the days arduous, and the sleep in the hemlock-scented air is sound and long. A half-mile away is one of the lakes of the Woman chain, and a man can have leagues of fishing without paying a cent of license. The distance he traverses will be limited only by his desire and the endurance of his guide. In this part of Minnesota the guide has come sufficiently under the influence of civilization to have degenerated from the status of his brother who lives deeper into the wilds. There is nothing of the romantic, fur-clad, woodcrafty voyageur about him. He cannot shoot for shucks. He has views about the tariff. He is strong on free silver. He is only a boatman, and a very ordinary boatman. His guiding consists largely in tugging all day at a pair of heavy oars. If caught far from shore in a storm, he is as apt to drown as another. He is an expert, however, in swinging his craft about so that the hooked and darting fish may not entangle the line under it. That part of his business he knows thoroughly. His commercial instinct is all there. He cannot be paid too much nor too promptly, and his thirst is admirable.

The fish taken in the Woman Lake chain the past season have averaged much higher in weight than the Wisconsin fish, and have been all in admirable condition. Spring and fall fishing is of course the thing. In summer months the muskallonge cannot be taken at all. Guides and hotel proprietors say that this is because of "bloom" on the water, which is a pollen shed in July and August, mostly in July. There is nothing in this except imagination. The muskallonge is no botanist, and cares nothing about bloom. The fish does not bite in July or August because he cannot. At some time in those two months he sheds his teeth—just as a deer once a year sheds his horns. If a muskallonge be taken by accident late in July or early in August, his remaining teeth, if he have any, may be pushed out with the thumb-nail. The fish, of course, from July 10 to Aug. 15, is low in flesh, weak, sick, and fit for nothing. The teeth, when they begin to return, grow with great rapidity. Early in September the new set is white, strong, and sharp, and their owner is once more ready to do business. The fishing from the middle of September until excessively cold weather begins is better even than in the late May and in June. The fish are fatter. Last fall's Wisconsin catch averaged twenty pounds. The record breaker of the year was a Minnesota male, caught in one of the Woman chain lakes. He weighed forty-two pounds. In early October the muskallonge's voracity is superb. To him all that glitters is gold. The fish has been known to strike at an oar that was copper-tipped, and to take a tin cup from the hand of a man who had leaned over the boat's edge to dip water.

In June-time, though it is the best of the spring fishing, the angler who is successful is one who knows the muskallonge and its peculiarities and haunts, and fishes with judgment as well as with skill and determination. There is undeniably more satisfaction in catches made under these conditions than when the fresh-water sharks are so hungry that anyone may take them who has a strong enough line and a big enough hook, and enough muscle behind them. To begin with, a man wants a boat with a good, broad bottom. The less cranky it is the better it is. Speed is not a desideratum. The broad-shouldered guide having been promised \$2 at the end of the day, will send it along fast enough to turn the spoon, and that is all that is

necessary. He is a foolish city fellow who goes after muskallonge in a bark canoe. The Indians handle it well, but the men of the Northwestern lakes do not build and manage it so well as it is done in Canada. The trolling-spoon should be No. 8, and the line of braided grass or linen. Braided silk is as strong and is handsomer, but it is apt to kink and tangle, and with twenty-five pounds of "musky" on the hook, the angler does not feel the need of any other worries. The muskallonge line is made in a special size, half-way between the bass and tarpon lines. There should be four hundred feet of it on the reel; for this fish is a rusher, and occasionally takes out the string with terrifying speed and pertinacity. If a man has money to throw in bundles at postholes he may use a split bamboo, hand-assembled rod made by any one of the leading confidence men who trade upon the vanity of human kind. Otherwise, a steel rod of twelve ounces weight and eight feet in length will be found to serve every purpose.

The troll should not trail more than forty feet behind the boat, and the course of the boat should be parallel to and not more than thirty feet from one of the long lines of wild rice tops. It is a fact that when two men are trolling, one at sixty feet and one at thirty, the man with the shorter line gets all the fish, or, rather, he gets the strikes. Explanation is found in the fact that the fish does not often lie in water of more than ten feet depth. He is watching for passing victims, his small eyes cocked upward and his broad flukes moving slowly to and fro, every muscle and tendon of him ready for instant spring. He sees the shadow of the boat passing above him, and an instant later the glitter of the spoon comes to him. Then he strikes it in the twentieth part of a second. Possibly his vision is bothered by the boat shadow, or possibly he is angered by the slight disturbance. If the troll be so far behind the craft that a lot of daylight intervenes, the muskallonge is much more apt to let it pass him by. Like the black bass, or the brook trout of a certain age, the muskallonge has much temper, and is often irritated into striking when he is not at all hungry. This is accomplished readily enough if he be sleeping near the roots of the water-grasses. A couple of casts, or three at the most, with their consequent splashes and ripples, will bring him out in a flash to avenge himself upon the disturber of his repose. Many muskallonge have been caught in this way, which, when cut open, were found to be filled with pieces of bass, perch, and small pike. Like any other athlete, the fish will not put up so desperate a fight when filled, but even then will give the best of wrists and steadiest of forearms all they can do. Pound for pound, the muskallonge of the Northern Minnesota lakes is probably as game as anything that swims, with the exception of the grayling, "Schoodic trout," "silverflax," land-locked salmon or ouananiche, which has no equal among salt- or fresh-water fishes. If the angler be so fortunate as to hook firmly an "old-man musky," he will hear 100 feet of his line go out without a check. Then he will be treated to a series of surprises that, if they do not prove the possession of reasoning power, prove at least possession of a highly developed instinct.

An "old-man" fish is a fish of possibly ten seasons, and he has learned all there is to learn of the art of getting off a hook or breaking a line. It is the instant duty of the boatman to get him away from the wild-rice roots and into the clear water of the outer lake. If he is permitted for a minute to remain near the plants he will be free in less time than it takes to tell it. There are many instances of the "old man" darting into the roots on his first rush, as soon as the sting of the barb was felt. Once he reaches their shelter and aid, he describes a half-dozen swift circles, wrapping the line about a number of the roots. When this is done a vicious lunge will set him instantly free. Equally, of course, the line must be cut near the surface of the water and the submerged part of it sacrificed. There is nothing that will hold and kill the muskallonge save the steady, dragging spring of the rod. Once rid of that, he has liberty within reach. If the boat be taken a hundred yards from the wild rice, and there be acres of clear water in which to wage the battle, the man and his foe furnish a sight worth going miles to see. A

thirty-pound "lungey" in good condition will get five feet out of the water ten times in as many minutes, and each time he rises will shake his long head savagely, as if he were a dog endeavoring to get rid of the hook. Often he will strike the surface mouth down, and turn a couple of somersaults before sounding to the bottom, fifty feet below. When this happens, the line is apt to be wrapped about him, and the chances are a thousand to one that his weight will break it. The deadliest thing to use against him is the multiplying automatic reel, because, after his first rush, much of his effort is apt to be directed to getting slack, and if he gets five yards of it he will snap himself off. Also, if he can get at the line above the snell, a single click of his powerful jaws will sever the thread as cleanly as it could be cut with scissors.

There are delights in this form of fishing not to be had elsewhere. In the first place, the boat is steady, and there is no danger of a spill. In the second place, the theater of action is wide and level. In the third place, the man at the oars may generally be trusted to do his share of the work, and the man with the rod does not have to bother about snags or stones or overhanging branches. It is muscle and intelligence against muscle and instinct, and the victory is always in doubt to the last moment. More muskallonge are lost within three feet of

grabbed the revolver and threw it overboard also. That saved him.

WHAT ONE SEES IN AN ART STUDIO.

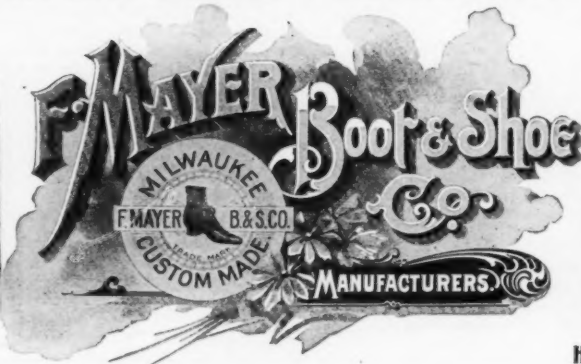
Among humankind the love of art is inherent. It is difficult to find a man or a woman who does not admire works of art as represented in paintings or in some sort of pictured story. Children turn to illustrations in book or magazine the first thing, thus showing that love of art is natural with them. Now and then a man, a woman, or a child manifests so decided a talent for art that it is almost cruel not to cultivate it—not to make the most of a God-given faculty.

No one can visit the studio of Prof. Frederick di Giovanni, on the sixth floor of the Chamber of Commerce Building, corner of Sixth and Robert streets, St. Paul, without becoming interested in the artistic creations which are seen there on many canvases. The professor's pupils may be busily engaged on paintings of their own, or they may be seen gathered about the easel of their instructor, watching his skillful brush as it puts in here and there those deft touches which go to complete a portrait, a landscape, a marine view, or it may be some beautiful piece of tapestry work. The professor is a very painstaking teacher. He wishes his pupils to make real progress—to be-

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the boat than at any other distance. For this reason the gaff has come to be discarded. A revolver is part of every fisherman's outfit, and a bullet is put into the foeman's head as soon as he is sufficiently quiet. The man who has many pounds of leaping, circling, plunging, darting "old man" upon the other end of thirty-five yards of slender cord, does not muse upon the price of wheat or discuss the Eastern question with himself. He stands with his legs apart, and reels in slowly, or feels the singing line burn under his thumb while the rod-tip switches and the lashed water foams.

"Mons" Flanders, a Chicago man of a certain fame, once grazed the very jaws of death because of a Manitowish muskallonge. It happened in this wise: Packard, a friend, fought his fish with singular skill for an hour and a half, and finally reeled him within two feet of the boat. The guide was busy with the oars, and to Flanders had been deputed the coup de grace. The pistol had been given to him with instructions. When the long black face of the giant appeared within three feet of him and remained motionless, he was seized with a frenzy of sportsmanship. Springing to his feet, he dropped the revolver, reached into his hip pocket, extracted the only flask in the party, and hurled it at the fish, which gave a desperate whirl and disappeared forever. As Packard leaped toward him with murder in his heart, Flanders, with rare presence of mind,

come thorough in their work, and to understand art in all its moods and phases. Twice a week, during the summer season, he takes a class to the woods and fields for outdoor instruction, thus teaching them to sketch and to paint from Nature. The value of such teaching cannot be overestimated. It educates the eye, brings the pupil face to face with all manner of art work, and inspires a degree of self-confidence which is in itself worth a great deal.

If any member of one's family circle shows a taste for such work, it would be the part of wisdom to let him or her, as the case may be, enter one of Prof. di Giovanni's classes and take a thorough course in art instruction. His lessons are in oil, water color, pastel and the whole range of painting, and his charges are so reasonable that almost any one can afford the trifling outlay.

FROM BRYANT.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.



WISCONSIN.

Galesburg's new flour-mill will have a capacity of 150 barrels daily. It is to be owned by local business men, and the capital stock is \$50,000. It will be a first-class mill in every respect.

About the usual amount of building is going on in Superior this season. Some new brick blocks are being erected, an elevator is begun, and numerous residences are in course of construction.

A pearl button factory is talked of for La Crosse. The industry has assumed large importance in a number of Mississippi River towns, and there is no doubt that a well-equipped plant at La Crosse would prove profitable.

Twenty-two well-to-do farmers have established a 10,000-acre stock farm in Ashland County, the intention being to bring cattle in from the West and graze them through the summer. The capital stock of the company is \$60,000.

Rhineland has voted a \$10,000 appropriation for the purpose of creating an artificial lake in connection with the city park. By utilizing a tamarack swamp, they will have a lake two and a half miles long and half a mile wide, fed by two or three streams which will run into it.

Madison is rapidly becoming the big tobacco center of the Northwest. Thousands of dollars have been spent in the erection of mammoth warehouses during the past five years, and now the American Tobacco Company is preparing to double the capacity of its present large plant. The leading tobacco manufacturers of the country now have representatives here, who buy direct from the grower.

MINNESOTA.

The three national banks in Austin have total resources of \$1,312,209, and deposits of \$905,757, nearly all the deposits belonging to farmers.

A boot and shoe factory capable of employing 100 hands is now in operation at New Ulm. The products will be sold direct to the trade.

The shipments of iron ore from the head of the lakes last year up to July 1 were 2,041,950 tons. This year shows an increase of nearly 1,200,000 tons.

Winona expects to show up with a population of 25,000. The last State census, taken five years ago, gave the town 20,649. A gain of 1,000 a year indicates very substantial growth.

A pearl-button factory is also to be established in Wabasha. The first consignment of shells has been received, and a large number of hands will soon find steady employment in the factory.

More building permits were taken out in Minneapolis during the first half of this year than in any year since 1893. The total cost of the proposed buildings is \$2,154,819, as against \$1,572,231 last year. The June total was \$661,755.

An organized company is prospecting for coal near Richmond, Stearns County. Coal has been found there, but whether the deposits are in paying quantities or not remains to be seen. Shafts have been sunk, experts have been consulted, good veins of cannel coal have been struck, and the company is almost certain of ultimate success.

A petition is in preparation in Northern Minnesota, asking the Government to place locks in the Government dams now being constructed at Leech and Winnebagoish lakes. The construction of these locks would make a connected waterway for the many boats that now ply the waters of the up-country lakes, and would make continuously navigable water from Walker on Leech Lake down to the Mississippi, and up that stream to the headwaters. The towns of Walker, Aitkin, Grand Rapids, Deer River, Cohasset and Bemidji would then assume the dignity of ports.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Fargo has come to the front so rapidly that its post-office has been placed in the first-class list. This is always a sure indication of solid business development.

A \$12,500 Masonic temple will be built in Crystal this summer. It will be designed for an opera-house or public hall, also, and the seating capacity will be about 500.

Dickinson is putting up lots of new buildings this season. A power-house, stores, residences and other improvements all go to show that the town is forging ahead steadily.

The Enderlin Independent says that a flax fiber mill is among the probabilities for that town. Such a mill would be of great practical benefit to farmers in that section, and its establishment should be very generally encouraged.

A Grand Forks correspondent says that the people of the Red River Valley were never before in so good shape to stand a crop failure as at the present time, and can tide over a bad year without inconvenience. The majority of the tillers of the soil are in comparatively easy circumstances. There is a notable cheerful feeling under the circumstances, and a disposition to make the best of a bad situation, rather than to join the ranks of the calamity howlers. As a matter of fact, the late rains improved the crop outlook wonderfully, and the State will have about as much money as ever.

Building operations in the James River Valley are said to be unusually active. Farmers are building houses and barns, and lots of new buildings are going up in the towns. In Jamestown, New Rockford, Carrington, Fessenden, Harvey, Minnewaukan and other points many improvements are being made. On the James River and Oakes branch of the Northern Pacific the towns seem to be enjoying a healthy growth, and building is receiving a great deal of attention. All business houses are occupied, and numerous new structures are being built to supply the demand. From every point of view, the indications are that the James

River Valley will be the scene of more improvements this year than for many years past.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

The total value of the State's products in 1899, excepting manufactured goods, was \$119,631,436.

Watertown is preparing to expend \$50,000 on a new sewerage system, plans and specifications for which are now ready.

A \$30,000 court-house is being erected in Madison—a pretty good sign that Lake County is in a prosperous condition.

Yankton is passing through a great realty boom. Wealthy capitalists who seem to have an inkling of the city's future have recently invested thousands of dollars in real estate there, until the people are wondering what is going to happen.

Lead City's assessment rolls for 1900 show a valuation of \$1,037,892. Notwithstanding the big March fire, which destroyed about \$150,000 worth of property, the assessed valuation is \$241,602 greater than has ever before been known in Lead.

It is said that every residence, every store, and even the rooms upstairs in Aberdeen are occupied. Business is good on all sides, and the town gives evidence of growth and thrift. It is splendidly located for a trade center, and is making the most of its opportunities.

South Dakota boasts of producing more wealth in proportion to her population than any State in the Union. Although the development of her resources and industries is yet in its infancy, she stands third in the production of wheat, third in gold, eighth in wool, and has won a high place among the dairy States of the Union.

Fourteen years ago E. H. Helgeson, who lives on a farm near the Minnesota line in the vicinity of Jasper, came to Sioux Falls with but five dollars in his pocket. Today he owns 600 acres of fine land, has fifty-five head of stock, twelve horses, lots of farm implements, does not owe one cent, and could sell out to-morrow for a clean \$24,477. All this has been made in Sioux Valley, Minnehaha county, S. D.

IOWA.

Sioux City's live stock receipts for the first six months of 1900 have been a record breaker. During the six months just completed the receipts of hogs have amounted to 442,000 head. During the corresponding months of 1899 the receipts were only 264,480. This is an increase of 178,020 head, or more than 67 per cent.

Congressman Dolliver of Iowa says: "Iowa is brimful of prosperity this year; the factories are running as they never ran before; the prices for farm crops have been larger during the last season than in any previous season in the history of the State. Money is abundant, debts are being paid off, interest is lower, labor is well employed, wages are better, and no man need look for a job unless he wants to take a vacation."

There are now forty pearl-button factories in Iowa working up shells procured from the river beds. Nearly 1,500 people are employed in the factories alone, besides the hundreds of fishermen occupied in getting the mussel-shells, and the people employed in making the machinery for the factories. Indirectly the merchants, draymen, and transportation companies, as well as the farmers are benefited by this one little industry.

The manufacture of stucco plaster from gypsum rock, an industry in which over \$1,000,000 capital is now employed in Iowa, and which is confined to a territory within a radius of five miles of Fort Dodge, is one with which Iowa people are but little acquainted, and of the rapid growth of which but little has been written, still it is now one of the largest industries of a manufacturing character in Iowa, and has in all probability grown faster in the past five years than any other branch

of business in the State. By Sept. 1 ten huge mill plants will be in operation, employing \$1,200,000 capital. About 1,200 men are employed in the gypsum mines.

MONTANA.

Montana's wool-clip for 1900 is estimated at 30,000,000 pounds.

Billings' new directory contains 1,600 names, and the town now claims a population of 5,000, figuring by the multiple of three.

The Angora goat industry has made a start in Flathead County. According to the Kalispell *Herald-Journal*, the first clip of mohair, consisting of about 250 pounds, has been sent to market by T. L. Widdowson, a rancher of that vicinity.

In a short time now the newspapers of Montana will be able to use print paper from a mill within their own State. The plant at Manhattan is now in operation, and has so far proven a great success. It is a thoroughly modern plant, well equipped in every particular.

The Choteau Montanan says that W. S. Clark has his shearing-machine plant in operation about two and one-half miles south of Collins. He has twenty machines, which are run by a six-horse-power gasoline engine. He has already contracted to shear between 60,000 and 70,000 sheep. Mr. Clark says the machine work is superior in every way to hand shearing, and he believes that machines will supersede the old system of shearing almost entirely within the next three years.

A Kalispell, Mont., paper reports a remarkable gold discovery by C. R. Johnson in the district tributary to the head of Libby Creek. A vein of ore about sixteen feet wide has been uncovered, and it is said to be so full of free gold that it is impossible to pan any part of the ledge without getting gold. The ledge is of white quartz mixed with a yellow, decomposed porphyry. It is in the white quartz that the free gold is found; in the decomposed porphyry gold can be had by panning.

IDAHO.

Minnesota men are about to erect a thoroughly modern 100-barrel flour-mill at Kendrick, a section of country that needs a mill badly.

The formal opening of the New York Canal took place recently at the head-gates of the canal in Boise Canyon. It is said that over \$1,500,000 was sunk in the enterprise, without any advantage having been gained, prior to its final completion by the new management. It opens to irrigation and cultivation about 40,000 acres of land not previously covered.

A. H. Alford of Lewiston, Idaho, was in St. Paul recently, and is enthusiastic over the crop outlook in the Clearwater District of Idaho. "No man in any country or at any season ever saw such crops as the Clearwater Country is producing this year," he said. "We will send out at least 3,500,000 bushels of wheat and 600,000 bushels of flax. The territory is the one into which the Northern Pacific has recently completed a new branch line eighty miles in length, and is one of the richest tributary to the road."

It is said that great improvements are being made in the mines at Mullan. The output has been largely increased in recent months, and will be added to when improvements now under way are completed. The two principal mines are the Morning and You Like, the latter employing about eighty-five men and shipping about 1,000 tons of concentrates per month. The ore body is immense. The owners of the Morning are installing a \$150,000 compressor, and the flume is now nearing completion. They are driving a tunnel which will be 10,000 feet long. It will run from near the mill to tap the ore body 1,000 feet below the present workings.

The Idaho *Mining Journal* says of the Seven Devils District. "Here, without the question of a

LANDS

in Cottonwood and Lac qui Parle counties, Minn., and Price and Chippewa counties, Wis., for sale cheap. I have first-class lands in one of the finest dairy districts in Wisconsin, near railroad and stations. Write for prices and terms.

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315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO SETTLE IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST!

We have improved farms in Clay and Norman counties, Minn., and wild and cultivated lands in Richland, Sargent and Ransom counties, North Dakota. Cultivated lands, with or without buildings, at prices ranging from \$7.00 to \$30.00 per acre. Here are two items from our list:

No. 7.—240 acres three miles from town; 145 acres cultivated, balance pasture and hay land; a running stream and small lake of pure water; buildings worth \$1,500; 12 cows, 6 calves, 3 horses, and a full set of farm machinery bought last year. Price, \$6,000, if taken soon.

No. 12.—160 acres three miles from Twin Valley; 120 acres cultivated; new buildings, running water. A first-class farm. \$18.00 per acre.

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Washburn County Lands.

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doubt, is the greatest surface deposit of copper ore the world has ever seen, and, happily for the future of mining in Washington County, this surface deposit is now proven to have great depth, as in one mine, at 320 feet down, there came in a vein of several feet of fine ore, with eight inches of mineral carrying forty per cent copper; on another they have been shipping for the past six months three carloads per week of ore that nets them forty per cent. There is ore of lower grade in both these properties, of course, but there is enough of the rich material to make them very valuable properties. It is a section that will make Idaho famous as a copper producer.

OREGON.

White fir timber is being purchased in large quantities in Oregon for pulp-wood purposes.

Oregon is second of all the States in the Union in the production of wool, although not second in number of sheep owned. Last year's clip exceeded 20,000,000 pounds.

As a result of the growth of dairying in the State, thousands of dollars' worth of new supplies of many kinds are being bought, besides herds of dairying stock at considerable cost to the owners. Considerably more than \$1,000,000 will be put into circulation in 1900 through the activity in the dairying line.

The beet-sugar industry has passed beyond its experimental stage in Grand Ronde Valley. From 8,000 tons as the result of the first year's planting, the bulk has increased until the La Grande sugar factory is now assured of 20,000 tons of beets from which to manufacture sugar this fall. The record of this industry is one upon which all concerned may well be congratulated.

A large area of land in Southeastern Oregon, known to stockmen as "the desert," is about to be put under an irrigation system by the Des Chutes & Crystal Lake Irrigation Company. The main canal of the system is to be 200 miles long, forty feet wide at the surface of the ground, and thirty feet at the bottom. It will carry a stream of water ten feet deep. The canal is to tap the Des Chutes River near its head, on the eastern slope of the Cascades, where a never-failing supply of water is assured. About 400,000 acres of good land will be brought under improvement.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle's new high school building is to cost \$250,000. It will need it to accommodate the increasing population.

According to the census enumerators' estimate, the present population of Tacoma is 51,000. Ten years ago it was 36,000.

An interurban electric railway is now in process of construction between Seattle and Tacoma. A million dollars in bonds has been subscribed for the enterprise in New York.

The Walla Walla *Union-Journal* says that the average daily shipment of fruits and vegetables from Walla Walla at this season of the year aggregates \$8,000. This means \$48,000 per week, or \$152,000 a month.

It is thought that Washington will produce 30,000,000 bushels of wheat this season. This, with a big fruit crop, live stock, lumber, fish, vegetables, mining products, etc., will make the State one of the most prosperous in the Union.

According to reports, so the Pendleton *East Oregonian* says, there is a deposit of the finest anthracite coal across the Columbia River from Hood River, in the Cascade Mountains of Washington; but it is said to be practically inaccessible. Doubtless some method of reaching it and working it will soon be devised.

The Northport smelter, which was built by a private corporation less than four years ago for

the sole purpose of treating the ores of the Le Roi mine, at Rossland, B. C., has grown into one of the largest enterprises of the kind on the Pacific Coast, and, from all indications, it is destined to draw custom from the mines of half a dozen Western States. Within a short time two large boilers of 240 horse-power each have been ordered, and the smelting capacity of the plant is being doubled, so that instead of putting through 200 or 300 tons of ore a day, the capacity will be three times that amount.



ONTARIO.

The shipping of ore from the Michipicoten District on the Canadian north shore of Lake Superior above the Sault is now a fact. The Algona Central Company of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., which is developing the mines and has built a railroad and docks, wants several hundred miners.

The work of setting up the iron bridge across the Kaministiquia River for the Ontario and Rainy River Railway is practically completed. This line of road will penetrate a country of rich and varied resources, and prove the one thing needful in order to bring about a proper state of development therein.

Recent advices from Ontario farming districts indicate that farming operations there are to be crowned this year with more than an ordinary degree of success, particularly in the southwestern townships. Good growing weather has been the rule so far, and the crops nearing maturity are in first-class condition.

How the Northwest is being taken up is shown by the enormous increase in the sales of land to actual settlers by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. During May this year the London (Ont.) *Advertiser* says the company sold 66,000 acres for \$215,000, compared with 39,470 acres for \$125,922 in the corresponding month of last year.

The Rat Portage Board of Trade has been urging the Government to dredge Rainy River so that it will be navigable all the way up; and now the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa has notified Captain Clifford Lewis that an appropriation has been placed to his credit to be expended in removing bowlders from the river channel between Manitou Rapids and Fort Frances.

A farmers' co-operative binder-twine company is being organized at Walkerton with a capital of \$120,000. While many of the townspeople are interested in this venture, the bulk of the shares are being subscribed by the farmers of the district. Building operations will begin shortly, and it will be in running order for the trade of 1901. It is proposed to make from three to five tons of twine per day when in operation.

The last semi-monthly clean-up of the Mikado mine in the Lake of the Woods District brought the total result for June up to \$14,000, or an average of \$168,000 a year. Considering the fact that the property is not half developed, this output demonstrates its remarkable richness. It is understood that the London owners have decided to operate the mine on a larger scale, and in this case it is sure to achieve a still greater reputation as a steady and profitable producer of gold bullion.

Hamilton is likely to become even a greater manufacturing center than it is at present, owing to the fact that water from Lake Erie is to be utilized by the Hamilton and Lake Erie Power Canal Company, with which it is intended to generate a large water-power plant. The canal starts at Welland River, where it runs six miles to Jordan village. The diversion canal, when built, will

secure a great volume of water and a fall of 255 feet. The canal is expected to be completed some time next year. It is the intention of the promoters to transmit power to Toronto as well as to Hamilton, and it is stated that it will not cost one-half of what it now costs to generate power from coal.

The best authorities say there are 100,000 acres of undeveloped peat bog in Ontario, principally in the counties of Perth, Welland and Essex, according to the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Express*. The largest area lies in the county of Perth, eight miles north of the city of Stratford, on the Grand Trunk Railway. Here is a swamp of 40,000 acres, with a depth of good peat bog that varies from a foot to twenty feet. It is claimed for peat that it is superior to coal in its absolute freedom from sulphur and absence of smoke, soot, dust and clinkers during consumption. In a great measure this solves the problem of furnishing a cheap, clean, uniform and reliable fuel for all domestic purposes, and it has also been tested in locomotives with excellent results, showing that the thermal value of 100 pounds of peat is equal to 95.15 pounds of coal. The heat produced was much greater than that of the coal, but it was eight per cent deficient in lasting power. It requires but little draught, and burns best in a shallow fire-box.

MANITOBA.

The Brandon creamery since the first of April has made 50,930 pounds of butter.

A rich find of gold is reported from one of the islands in Lake Winnipeg not many miles from the Narrows.

During the month of June the immigrant arrivals in Winnipeg numbered 4,268 people. The arrivals for May numbered 5,000—a total of 21,216 since Jan. 1.

During the month of June 17,000 pounds of butter were made by A. A. Jory at the Rapid City creamery. It sold for \$2,890.

The Red Deer Government creamery, which has been in operation throughout the winter season, reports an output of 8,471 pounds of butter for the month of May.

The Icelanders of Gimli are said to be in unusually prosperous circumstances this year, owing to a good hay crop and the increase in dairying and stock-raising industries.

The department of public works in Winnipeg contemplates expending \$30,000 in a new building for the library. An additional building for the deaf and dumb institute will be requested of the Legislature.

The Farmers' Elevator Company of Roland, Man., has declared a dividend of twenty-five per cent. The elevator handled 278,000 bushels of grain the past season.

Canadian butter and cheese exports last year were as follows: Butter, 20,139,195 pounds, valued at \$3,700,873; cheese, 189,827,839 pounds, valued at \$16,776,765; a total of \$20,477,638. Of this vast total the Province of Manitoba, with its twenty-eight creameries and thirty-five cheese factories, produced 2,357,049 pounds of butter and 848,587 pounds of cheese.

A project is now on foot to reserve about 100,000 acres of land on Lake Du Bonnet and the outlet of Winnipeg River therefrom as a public park; also the sand beach at the mouth of Red River; also Grandstone Point and its peninsula, the sand beach of Fisher Bay, Bull Head Harbor, and all the islands of Lake Winnipeg north of the Narrows; the islands to be reserved not only for public park purposes, but also in the interests of the fisheries of Lake Winnipeg.

It is a pretty safe statement that during the past two years no other part of Manitoba has attracted more attention from the standpoint of colonization than has the country contiguous to

the Canadian Northern Railway, or the Dauphin or Swan River line, as it has come to be familiarly called. The town of Dauphin is steadily improving and building up, until now the population is variously estimated at figures ranging from 800 to 1,000. The buildings are good, and a large number of very fine residences are being erected this summer. Situated so prettily on the Vermillion River, alongside a natural grove of elm, birch, and mixed timber, this town possesses possibilities for beauty equaled by but few towns in the West. In the country a great many improvements are being made in the way of more breaking, better buildings, improved roads, fences, etc. The dry spring weather had not affected the heavier land of this district as much as in a number of the lighter parts of the Province, and the crops have been looking first-rate.

ASSINIBOIA.

That strong and always enterprising corporation, the Ogilvie Milling Company, is now constructing a new elevator at Indian Head.

Of the 41,000 immigrants arriving in Western Canada last year, the Doukhobors, who occupy 1,800 homesteads, settled on lands in Assiniboia and Saskatchewan.

A good many of the progressive citizens in Medicine Hat are in favor of better water facilities for the town, and the ratepayers are to vote on a \$40,000 waterworks by-law.

That Medicine Hat is a progressive community is shown in the fact that it has a regularly organized Board of Trade, which looks carefully after all the material interests of the town.

The Regina exposition will be held on August 8 and 9. The prize list is out, and it is sufficiently large and liberal to insure excellent exhibits from a broad section of country. These Northwest fairs are so notably successful that they attract a good deal of attention annually.

ALBERTA.

Six hundred head of cattle were recently bought in Ontario and shipped to Fred Stinson's ranch near Calgary, where the live stock industry is assuming large proportions.

The new building which has recently been erected as a Maternity Hospital and Nurses' Home in connection with the Calgary General Hospital was opened on July 17. Calgary is one of the most progressive towns in the Canadian Northwest.

The Calgary *Albertan* says that the irrigation canal to connect the Bow River at Calgary with Medicine Hat, with a view to irrigating the arid lands between those places, will be shortly begun under the auspices of the C. P. R. The proposed work will cost about \$500,000, and will not only give employment to a large amount of labor, but will also open up to settlement a tract of country that will largely benefit Calgary.

The Calgary *Albertan* says that the half-yearly returns of the public schools show a very satisfactory state of affairs. The total enrollment for the first six months of the year is 612. The average attendance is 411. The teaching staff numbers thirteen, with four schools in operation. The school board will build a ward school of Calgary sandstone on the property recently purchased from the Athletic Association, and it has also purchased other property upon which it will build.

According to the enthusiastic Calgary (Alberta) *Herald*, that town and district are the most prosperous of any in Western Canada. "The eyes of the emigrating public are turned this way," the editor says, "and people are coming in by hundreds. Thousands are making inquiries and learning about our fertile land, our free homesteads, our splendid cattle ranges, and our magnificent climate. Calgary's admiring friends are to be found by the score—people who have either been here and seen for themselves, or have heard of our charming weather, our picturesque cattle-ranches, or our unconquerable capacity for enjoying some of the best things of life. Alberta, reveling in an almost phenomenal luxury of veg-

MANITOBA LANDS

Selected lands in every district in Manitoba.

ALSO CITY PROPERTY.

For sale by

AIKINS & PEPLER,

Send for list.

451 Main St., Winnipeg.

"WINNIPEG CITY."

WALTER SUCKLING & CO.,

Real Estate Agents and Managers

Deal in city property exclusively. Manage over 500 tenants. Money to loan on favorable terms. Fifteen years' experience.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

A 10-ACRE PEACH LOT in the dry belt of British Columbia is

a good buy. The Okanagan Valley is "the Italy of Canada," where the ill get well and the old renew their youth.

Plenty of water for irrigating. Write

J. M. ROBINSON,

Peachland, B. C.

Land for Everybody!

Free Grants of Government Lands.

Cheap Railway Lands for Sale on Easy Terms.

GOOD SOIL. PURE WATER. AMPLE FUEL.

Take your choice in

Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan or Manitoba.

Most desirable land can be obtained in the Beaver Hill District and along the line of the Manitoba and North-western Railway.

In the Prince Albert, Duck Lake and Rosethorn Districts, on the line of the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway.

In the Olds District, along the line of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, about 50 miles north of Calgary.

In Southern Alberta, in close proximity to the Calgary and Edmonton Railway and the Crow's Nest Pass Railway; suitable for mixed farming and ranching on both a large and small scale.

For full information concerning these Districts, Maps, Pamphlets, etc., FREE, apply to

OSLER, HAMMOND & NANTON,

LAND OFFICE,

381 Main Street,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Manitoba Lands



AND

WINNIPEG CITY PROPERTIES

are the BEST investments on this Continent at the

present time. Write to

GLINES & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
WINNIPEG, MAN.,

who have had twenty years' experience in the land business in Manitoba, for maps, etc.

Mixed farming and stock lands from \$1 to \$3 per acre.

Wheat lands from \$5 to \$10 per acre.

Winnipeg City property from \$10 a lot up, according to location.

MANITOBA FARM LANDS

Notwithstanding the long-continued drought, some of the best districts in Manitoba will have an average yield of 15 bushels of wheat to the acre this year, and in these districts I have for sale unimproved farms at \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7 and \$8 per acre on very easy terms of payment. I can sell an improved farm of 478 acres, 8½ miles from railway station, with school, church, store and blacksmith shop on same section; good frame dwelling; stabling, with loft, for 60 head of cattle; horse stable, 8 head; sheep pens, 200 head; piggeries, implement sheds, dairy, granary and two excellent wells of water, with wind-mill connecting chopper, well and wood-saw—all for \$10 per acre, on very easy terms.

320 acres, highly improved; good frame house, stone foundation, and well connected with kitchen, for \$4,000.

320 acres, with new frame dwelling on stone foundation, good outbuildings and excellent well, convenient to church, school, etc., excellent neighbors, \$4,500. Wheat on this farm bids fair to yield 25 bushels to acre.

12 miles from Winnipeg, in Rosser district, I have a very valuable improved farm of 2,100 acres, 900 fenced and cultivated, 300 new breaking, being backset; large frame house, granary for 8,000 bushels; horse stable, 30 head; cow stable, 60 head; good well and spring; creek crossing the farm; only \$12 per acre. A snap!

A valuable improved farm of 320 acres, 2½ miles from the flourishing town of Stonewall; new frame house, stone foundation; excellent outbuildings; splendid water; 90 acres good crop; all for \$4,250, on easy terms.

JAMES SCOTT,

Corner Main and Portage Ave. East,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Moose Hide Moccasins and Slippers,

Men's, \$2.75. Ladies' and Boys', \$2.25.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

METZ & SCHLOERB,

OSHKOSH, WIS.

Write for our illustrated circular and price-list of hand-made hunting shoes and moccasins of every description.



400%

increase in
yearly sales
in 4 years
tells the story
of the popularity
of

HAMM'S BEER

etable growth, has the enviable satisfaction of being able to offer to millions of dissatisfied Easterners a prosperous land teeming with a wealth of resources."

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The New Denver (B. C.) *Ledge* says that a plant capable of furnishing power to mines, light to towns, and rapid transportation between Sandon and New Denver, would pay good dividends and should be looked into by capitalists.

Phoenix is forging to the front rapidly. The most recent evidence of growth is the erection of a fine two and three-story block, 60x65 in dimensions, lighted with electricity and equipped in first-class style, and to cost \$5,000 to \$8,000.

The investment of much capital in the establishment of smelters in British Columbia supports the belief that the permanency of the mining industry there is beyond question. Two new plants are almost ready to "blow in"—one at Grand Forks, and the other at Greenwood in the Boundary Creek Country.

No city on the Pacific Coast has made more advancement in a business way in the last two years than has Vancouver. New and substantial buildings are going up on every hand, and wherever one looks are found evidences of solid growth and prosperity.

Coke from the Union mines is finding a market in the United States and in Japan. A shipment of 200 tons to a Whatcom, Wash., foundry was so satisfactory that the order was repeated, and a shipment of 300 tons was recently made on the steamer Tartar.

It is estimated that the value of the actual gold output of the Atlin gold-fields in the past year was probably not less than \$1,250,000. Much of the ground was tied up by litigation until after July, and as work ended with September, the gold was taken out in two months' time.

It is said that for several months the United States assay office at Helena, Mont., has been receiving shipments of gold from new properties in British Columbia that have commenced shipping in the past year. The receipts average about 2,500 ounces a month, valued at about \$50,000.

With the reopening of the Hall mines and smelter, the construction of public works by the city, observes the *Nelson Tribune*, and the terminal improvements now being carried on by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Nelson will be one of the liveliest towns in the Province for the remainder of the year.

In the annual report of the British Columbia minister of mines, it is shown that the mineral production has increased from \$2,608,803 in 1890 to \$12,393,131 in 1899. Of this latter amount \$4,202,473 is made up of gold, coal coming next with a value of \$3,882,396. Dividing this production into districts, Trail Creek heads the list, followed by Slocan, Nelson, Ainsworth and Osoyoos. Placer-mining amounted to \$1,344,900, being the largest wash-up since 1881, which is accounted for by the large yield from the Atlin District. A good increase is also noted in the production of coal and lode mining for gold. Copper shows a small increase, but silver-lead is nearly one-third less than in 1898, attributed to the shut-down owing to labor troubles.

NORTHWEST TIMBER STATISTICS.—The latest computations of the Division of Geography and Forestry of the United States Geological Survey have raised former estimates of the timber area from twenty-six per cent to thirty-seven per cent. The office has issued a bulletin containing new figures on American forests which increase the estimates of the amount of standing timber. The most recent examinations have been made of the States of Washington and Oregon. The former is estimated to contain 234,635,000,000 feet of standing timber, and the latter 114,778,000,000 feet. It is estimated that fires in the Washington timber have destroyed 40,000,000,000 feet since lumbering began.



FOR XMAS TRADE.

Celluloid Goods.

We are showing a splendid range in this line. BOOKS, BIBLES and HYMNALS. We carry a full and well assorted range bound in fancy cloth, leather, vellum and gilt covers.

Christmas Goods, Booklets and Fancy Calendars.

This is the best line of these goods ever seen. It includes the famous English Art Series, Boxed Cards, etc.

A large stock of STATIONERY, OFFICE SUPPLIES, WRAPPING PAPER, BAGS, TWINE, ETC.

CLARK BROS. & CO.,
Winnipeg, Man.



CHAS. POLACHEK & BRO.,
MILWAUKEE WIS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

BROMLEY & CO.,



Tents, Awnings,
and Mattress
Factory,

Cor. Princess and Alexander St., Winnipeg.



EMERSON & HAGUE.



MANUFACTURERS OF TENTS,
AWNINGS, MATTRESSES,
WOVEN WIRE SPRINGS,
WAGON COVERS, OVERALLS,
SHIRTS AND SMOCKS. ♦♦♦♦♦

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

WINNIPEG DRUG HALL

FIVE LEADERS...

HOWARD'S HARD WATER TOILET SOAP makes bathing in hard water a pleasure, and equal to the best in soft. 25c box.

RENOVATING CREAM cleans everything. Excellent results with little labor. Try it on your old clothes. 25c per bottle.

PINE TREE BALSAM, a perfect disinfectant and deodorizer. Kills disease germs and ensures health. 25c per bottle.

CUCUMBER AND WITCH HAZEL CREAM, a complexion beautifier. Removes tan, sunburn, freckles, and leaves the skin soft as velvet. 25c per bottle.

ANTISEPTIC FOOT EASE for sore and tired feet; will also prevent corns. Try a box, only 25c.

H. A. WISE, Dispensing Chemist,
Telephone 288.

Opposite Post-Office and Dominion Bank
WINNIPEG, MAN.

IF you read this advertisement, others would read yours. The NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is the best advertising medium in the Northwest.

THIS BRAND WILL YIELD MOST PROFITABLE RESULTS.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

H. F. Wessel & E. S. Friend,
RESIDENT SALESMEN,
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

CANADIAN WAR PAINTING.

The splendid services performed in South Africa by the Canadians have won the world's admiration and demonstrated that in the sons of the Dominion the British Empire has soldiers as fine as ever marched under Marlborough or Wellington.

None of the regiments in South Africa have won more fame than have the contingents from Canada. The first contingent, originally a body of more than one thousand men, but sadly reduced in numbers since it has been in the field, has become a veteran battalion, and its achievements have merited the highest praise from Lord Roberts and from all. The mounted infantry and the artillery from Canada have proved themselves no less efficient in every action in which they have been engaged, for Canada is a country which produces men of the finest type for service in the field.

At Paardeberg, where the gallant Major Arnold met death unflinchingly, Canadians were placed by Lord Roberts in the post of honor side by side with the famous Gordon Highlanders, and covered themselves with glory, being nearest the Boers when General Cronje surrendered. In the relief of Mafeking the Canadian artillery by a forced march won its way gloriously to the front, under the eyes of all the world. At Kroonstadt, in the advance from Bloemfontein, at Heilbron, at Pretoria, at Sand River, everywhere that they have had fighting to do, the Canadian infantry, the Canadian mounted infantry, Strathcona's Horse, and the Canadian artillery have acquitted themselves like heroes. Many of those gallant hearts that beat so high when the cheering thousands bade them God-speed as they sailed from Canada's shores, now lie still forever in lonely graves on the other side of the world under African skies. Their memories will ever be cherished among the most precious national heritages of the people of Canada. When the survivors return and are welcomed home with joyous acclaim, the unreturning ones will be silently present, too, and their silent presence will be an influence that will never cease to be felt in the national life, as a prompting to the highest patriotism and the most self-sacrificing devotion to the preservation of these British liberties which make this country a land worth living in and dying for.

To every Canadian heart, to every Canadian home, the deeds of these brave soldier boys speak with an irresistible eloquence, appeal with an irresistible thrill of patriotism and pride. Where could the painter's brush find more stirring subjects? Knowing how strong the general demand is for a worthy picture of some characteristic feat of the Canadians in South Africa, the *Manitoba Free Press* has secured the painting, by A. H. Hider, of the surrender of Commandant Botha and his forces to the Canadian mounted infantry. Reproductions of this magnificent work of art, a picture 18x24 inches in size, carefully made in fifteen colors, by a process which gives all the values of the original with wonderful fidelity, are offered as a premium by the *Free Press*, Winnipeg. This reproduction is a work of art of fine, high quality, which is only to be seen to command instant admiration and hold attention. The canvas is filled with action, and a great sweep of rolling veldt is brought within its limits, so admirably has the painter rendered the distance. It is on the figures of Commandant Botha and the officer of the Canadian mounted infantry and his orderlies, in the foreground, that the attention of the beholder is centered. Military men have studied the painting minutely and pronounced it faultless in every detail. Worthy of special note are the horses, which are magnificently painted, and will do much to enhance the already widespread fame of Mr. Hider as a painter of horses. Aside altogether from its historic value and its patriotic interest, it is a masterpiece which no lover of art will be willing to be without, and which everyone who secures will doubtless frame.

Any person sending fifty cents to the *Free Press*, Winnipeg, will receive the *Weekly Free Press* from date to the end of 1900, and a copy of this splendid picture. The picture will be mailed, carefully tubed, postage prepaid. To the first thousand who take advantage of this offer will be sent in addition a map of South Africa 30x22½ inches in size.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)

THE SWELLEST

and Most Up-to-Date

HABERDASHERY.

Everything in MEN'S FURNISHINGS—
Fresh and New—

UNDERWEAR, HATS,
SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS,
NECKWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS,
at Right Prices.

J. C. BAILIE,

157 East Seventh St.,

Bet. Robert and Jackson,

ST. PAUL.

McNeil & Meyers



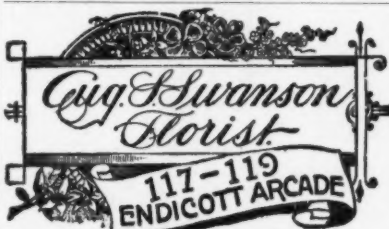
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Clements' Tailor-Made Clothing.



For \$25.00 we offer a range of suitings that cannot be equaled anywhere. New patterns, new clothing, new newness, exclusiveness. Other goods at other prices, but satisfaction given, no matter what the price. "If it come from Clements, it's correct"

GEORGE CLEMENTS,
WINNIPEG, MAN.



ST. PAUL, MINN.

Greenhouses at Merriam Park.

SPECIALTIES: { Choiceest and best of Cut Flowers.
{ Artistic Floral Work.

618 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES.

STEREOPTICONS

You Can Make Big Money Entertaining the Public.



Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Write for Catalogue. Sent Free.

TWIN CITY PROJECTING CO.,
245 First Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Paper Boxes
AND
Folding Boxes.

Shelf
Shoe
Candy } Boxes.

Sample and Pigeon-Hole Boxes.

Milliners' and Wedding-Cake Boxes.
Druggists' and Jewelry Boxes.
Suit and Flower Boxes.
Cereal and Bottle Cartons.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.

CHAS. WEINHAGEN & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

A Three Time Winner

A Gas Range Saves { TIME,
MONEY,
HEALTH.
Avoids { DIRT,
HEAT,
TROUBLE.

A Fan Motor Is Great to Cool

{ HOME,
OFFICE,
STORE.

ST. PAUL GAS LIGHT CO.

CHRIST HANSEN, FLORIST.

Wholesale and Retail

Dale St., Cor. Como Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

The Largest Supply of Cut Flowers in the
Northwest. Great Variety of Choice,
Rare Roses.

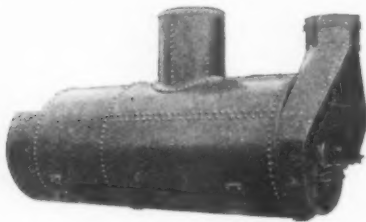


Floral Designs Filled on Short Notice.
Mail orders attended to promptly.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS!
have your developing and finishing done by
W. W. STIVERS, COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER,
401-402 Ryan Annex, entrance on Robert St.,
St. Paul, Minn. Prompt attention to mail orders.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
Only Illustrated Magazine in the Northwest.
\$2. A YEAR.

M. FUNK BOILER WORKS CO.,



Manufacturers of
STEAM BOILERS, FEED WAT-
TER HEATERS, TANKS, SHEET
STEEL WORK OF ALL KINDS.
109 KING STREET, LA CROSSE, WIS.

Trade Tonic

FOR BUSINESS DEBILITY.

UNIQUE ADS
ATTRACTIVELY DISPLAYED.
CONVINCINGLY WRITTEN.

LET ME GIVE YOU
A FEW DOSES.

Particulars on application.

JAS. S. JACKSON,

WRITER OF GOOD ADVERTISING.

510 McIntyre Block, WINNIPEG, MAN.

A YOUNG MAN WITH A LONG HEAD.

A friend of ours who sells Cape Nome tickets got very angry the other day and came near making a slaughter-house out of his office, says the Ballard (Wash.) News. He hired a room in a basement where there were about a dozen people doing business. Then he spent five hundred dollars in advertising in the papers and by show bills. Then he waited for business. It came by letter, but it failed to rush around in person. He marveled at this until last Friday, when he met a friend who said:

"Just been around to your office and bought ten tickets for Nome and engaged space for forty tons of freight."

"W-h-a-t!" exclaimed our dazed friend: "Why, there is no one in the office."

"Well, I bought the tickets just the same," said the man, as he exhibited them.

Our friend hurried back to investigate the mystery. Along about noon he caught on. A young man had engaged desk-room near the door, and as prospective ticket-buyers arrived he hailed them, told them he was the man from whom the tickets were to be purchased, and up to date had sold them right and left.

Observing that our friend was doing lots of advertising, this young man had also got an agency for tickets, and was doing business without a cent's outlay, except for rent.

"Just taste that!" said the bon-vivant, pouring out a mere thimbleful of his priceless wine; "that's forty years old."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed his thirsty friend.

"Yes, indeed. Don't you believe it?"

"Oh, yes; but—er—it's very little for its age."

Mrs. McIntyre—"An' phat did th' doctor say was th' matter wid y're eye, Patsy?"

Small Son—"He say-ed thur was some foreign substance in it."

Mrs. McIntyre (with an "I told you so" air)—

"Now, maybe ye'll kape away from them Eyetalians."



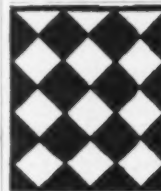
THE ST. PAUL RUG AND CARPET FACTORY.

STOPPEL & CO., Props.

We Make Rugs, all sizes, up to 12 feet wide from old Ingrain or Brussels Carpets. Silk Curtains and Rag Carpets made to Order. Orders called for and delivered.

576 and 578 Rice Street,

St. Paul, Minn.



THE NORTHWESTERN STONE CO.,

ALFRED JOHN-
SON, Prop.

Manufacturer and Contract-
or of Cement Stone Side-
walks, Hexagon and Square
Blocks, Steps and Coping.
Driveways and Cellar Floors
Cemented. 186 West University
Ave. Branch, 622 Sims St., St.
Paul.

HENDERSON & HUNTINGTON, OSTEOPATHS,

ST. PAUL,

MINN.

MEMBERS A. A. O.

AT THE SEVILLE,

Kent St. and Selby Ave., 8 A. M. to 12 M.
GERMANIA BANK BUILDING,
Fifth and Wabasha Sts., 10 P. M. to 6 P. M.

Consultation Free. Correspondence Solicited.

Literature relating to Osteopathy sent on appli-
cation.

WOOD, VALLANCE & CO., Hamilton, Ont.



GEO. D. WOOD & CO. Iron Merchants,

Importers of British and Foreign

HARDWARE,

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

"ACTINA"

RESTORES

EYESIGHT.



PREVENTS

BLINDNESS.

ACTINA is the most wonderful remedy for the cure of all eye, ear, throat and head troubles. It removes Cataracts, Pterygiums, and all abnormal growths, restores eyesight, prevents blindness, cures Catarrh, Asthma, Neuralgia, Colds, Headache, Etc., without the use of drugs or the surgeon's knife. There is positively no need to wear glasses when "Actina" is used. Our booklet, "The Eye and Its Diseases," is full of valuable information and is mailed free upon request. ****



VICTOR SAFES

The most reliable on the market today.
Made in all sizes for all classes of people.
LET US MAIL YOU FREE CATALOGUE.

KARL K. ALBERT, Gen'l Agent,
268 McDermott Ave., - - WINNIPEG, CAN.

Burlington Route

All Under One Roof

On the Burlington's Chicago and St. Louis Limited, you can live as well as at the finest hotel in America. You can dine in a dining car; smoke in a smoking car; read in a library car; sleep in a compartment or standard sleeping car; and recline in a reclining chair car. All under one roof. Electric lighted and steam heated. Leaves Minneapolis 7:20 p. m., St. Paul 8:05 p. m., daily, arriving Chicago 9:25 next morning. The "Scenic" Express, an elegant day train, leaves Minneapolis 7:40 a. m., St. Paul 8:15 a. m., except Sunday. Ask your home agent for tickets via this line, or address

P. S. EUSTIS,

Gen'l Pass. Agent,
CHICAGO, ILL.

GEO. P. LYMAN,

Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

LAST YEAR OF THE SWITCH-BACK

The two and one-half mile tunnel of the Great Northern Railway, under the Cascade Mountains will be completed in October, 1900.

This summer offers to passengers to the Pacific Coast their last opportunity of crossing the Cascade Mountains on the world-famous Switch-Back, one of the great engineering triumphs of the century.

Write for booklet "Last year of the Switch-Back," to F. I. WHITNEY, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., or to any agent of the

**GREAT NORTHERN
RAILWAY**

KITTSOON COUNTY, MINN.

The Home of the Famous No. 1. Hard Wheat.
Where the Crops Have Never Failed.
An Ideal Country For Diversified Farming.
Where the Conditions are best for Health and Wealth.

THE county consists of thirty townships of rich prairie, timber and farming lands; the timber consisting of elm, oak, and ash, which may be found on the borders of the rivers running through the county. The soil is a rich black loam from three to five feet deep, with a clay subsoil, an ideal combination for the bountiful production of grain and vegetables. Kittson county leads all counties north of the Minnesota river in raising cattle and sheep. The population of Kittson county is about 19,000 and consists chiefly of Scandinavians, Scotch, Irish, Germans and Canadians. The amalgamation of these nationalities produces a type of Americans that is inferior to none intellectually and physically. They make solid citizens and good neighbors. We have something over 200,000 acres of good land in Kittson county, part of which we would like to sell you.

For further information call on or address



THE BARRETT & SAMSON LAND CO.,

AGENTS FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY LANDS,
185 EAST THIRD ST., ST. PAUL, MINN.

BRANCHES:

{ HALLOCK, KITTSOON COUNTY.
BRECKENRIDGE, WILKIN COUNTY.
FELTON, CLAY COUNTY.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO VISIT THE PACIFIC COAST

Cheap excursion tickets, good for three weeks, on sale via

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

August 21, Sept. 4 and 18, Oct. 2 and 16
Inquire of the railway ticket agent, or write

F. I. WHITNEY,
Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agent,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

4 Snaps in Winnipeg Dirt. 680 Lots For \$4,500.

These Lots are each 25x100 feet to a lane, streets 66 feet wide. 100 are between 1 1-2 and 2 miles from the Post Office, facing or within one block of electric railway and near large school. Adjoining lots have sold for \$100 each to the people who have built homes on them. These 100 lots should be retailed this summer for more than the amount asked for all. 260 are between 2 and 2 1-2 miles, 220 between 2 1-2 and 3 miles, and 100 are 3 miles south from the Winnipeg Post Office. As farm land, this property sold for \$7,000 before affected by boom price; in 1890, with Winnipeg less than 1-2 its present size, it sold for more than twice the price asked now, and it has sold for more than twenty times the amount. It is in a choice locality, toward which the best residential portion of the city is extending.

TERMS: 1-4 cash, balance 4 equal annual payments, interest 6 per cent.

42 Lots for \$2,500. Each 25x101 feet, streets 66 feet, all between 1 and 1 1-2 miles west from Post Office, near electric line and schools. The City is built out to and beyond these lots, and similar lots farther out are selling for workingmen's homes at \$8 and \$10 a front foot.

100 Acres for \$4,200. Adjoining city limits on the west, 3 miles from Post Office on Railway and a leading thoroughfare to the City. Will sell 32 acres at \$50 an acre.

TERMS: 1-3 cash, balance 4 equal annual payments, interest 6 per cent.

116 Acres on Red River, within one mile of Winnipeg, for \$1,500. Will sell 32 acres at \$50 an acre.

TERMS: \$600 cash, balance 6 per cent.

These prices are only 1-2 or 1-3 the price at which adjoining property is held and has been sold in recent years. Never in the history of any Western City has there been such opportunities for great profits to be made in a short time.

CHAS. H. ENDERTON, Real Estate Investments,
Bank of Hamilton Building, Winnipeg, Man.

The Puzzling Questions



Every business man or merchant who seeks to advertise properly and profitably and every man who tries to prepare really good advertising, constantly meets with all sorts of puzzling questions. He knows what he wants to say, but he doesn't know how to say it. He knows

what ought to be done to make people bring their money to him, but he doesn't know how to do it.

We've a proposition to make to merchants who want to do it right.



THE PROPOSITION.

We have engaged the services of an advertiser whose business it is to design and write business-bringing ads. Any merchant or business man who is desirous of having well-displayed ads in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE can have the use of him FREE OF CHARGE. Send data of what you want advertised, and it will be carefully attended to, whether you are a user of small or large space. He is at your service. Try him.

TO CHICAGO

THE
MILWAUKEE
LINE

The Princess Limited

Running Daily Between

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE,
ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

Only Perfect Train in the World.
Best Dining Car Service.

LOWEST RATES TO ALL POINTS.



J. T. CONLEY,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.,
St. Paul, Minn.



THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE offers an *unlimited* field for advertisers. It goes everywhere from ocean to ocean, carrying with it the advertisements of the shrewdest merchants of the day. The exceedingly practical, profitable value of advertising in this widely circulated magazine is only questioned by those without its pleasing experience. The question we ask permission to discuss with you is the superior profitableness of advertising in its columns. Let us bring you evidence of results, circulation, etc., etc. Write today.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,

General Office, Cor. Sixth and Jackson Sts.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

or Canadian Office, McIntyre Block,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

This map is sold at the book stores in Winnipeg for forty cents. It is one of the most comprehensive and best maps published, and should be found in every Canadian home. The *Free Press* unhesitatingly makes the claim that a more liberal offer has never been made by a Canadian publication. Figure the value of the offer for yourself:

Weekly Free Press from date to end of 1900... .50
War map of South Africa..... .40
Reproduction of A. H. Hider's painting, "Surrender of Commandant Botha to Canadian Mounted Rifles"..... 1.00

Total..... \$1.90

The three will be sent postage prepaid to any address in Canada for fifty cents.

The *Free Press* controls the sale of this picture; it will be ready for delivery almost immediately; the supply of maps is limited. To the first thousand ordering the *Free Press*, the picture and the map will be sent. If you are not among the first thousand, you will receive the *Free Press* and the picture. Send your order at once if you wish to be among the first thousand.

A NEW GEYSER.

Far from there being a decrease of energy among the Yellowstone Park geysers, they are, at least, holding their own if not actually increasing in power.

The Fountain Geyser, near the Fountain Hotel, in 1899 suddenly ceased its activity, but just as suddenly a new geyser broke out in another part of the same geyser cistern and but a few feet distant.

The new geyser was called by the Government the New Fountain Geyser. It was much finer than the old Fountain, or even than the Great Fountain Geyser a mile and a half away. It played from three orifices, and the tremendous volume of water thrown out during the hour or more that its eruptions continued was almost incalculable. The water went soaring up from 100 to 200 feet, and the spectacle was a magnificent one. Tourists stood about on all sides, awed into silence, save when some unusual spurt elicited expressions of amazement and wonder.

The New Fountain is but a short distance from the Fountain Hotel, and one can sit on the spacious piazza and see it indulge its leviathan-like proclivities. At one side of the New Fountain is the Clepsydra Geyser, another fine one that plays from four vents, while on the other side lie the remarkable Paint Pots.

Chas. S. Fee, of the Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn., will send *Wonderland 1900* for six cents. The book describes these geysers and the park.

PYRAMID PARK.

This is a most appropriate name for that red-hilled land in North Dakota, commonly known as the Bad Lands. In the old days they were undoubtedly bad to travel through, and that is what the French name meant, in full. It is now, however, a splendid stock country.

Scenically, it is a startling region. Its buttes, cliffs, hills, and mounds are a perfect welter of barbaric color and form. Thos. Moran, the great landscape painter, recently passed through there, and was wonderfully enthused by the view afforded from the rear platform of the observation car of the Northern Pacific's "North Coast Limited."

Historically it is interesting. It used to be a great place for Indians. Custer passed across it on his last march from Ft. Lincoln to the battlefield on the Little Big Horn River. Theodore Roosevelt was once a ranchman there, and hunted in and about it. The Marquis de Mores flourished among its hills, and the town of Medora is named after his wife. It is today a glorious region to visit.

The Eaton Brothers' Custer Trail Ranch is located near Medora on the Little Missouri River at the point where Custer camped and forded the stream on his last march. This ranch is prepared to entertain guests at a reasonable figure, and it forms a central point from which to explore this interesting locality.

THE TRAIN CRACK OF THE NORTHWEST IS THE "NORTH COAST LIMITED."

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shows the changes time has made in this old INDIANLAND. Send 6 cts for the Book.

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GEN. PASS. AGENT
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE
ST. PAUL, MINN.

HOW HE "COLLARED" THE SHOW.

"Suppress the theatrical pass fiend?" said Business Manager Brooks of "Sowing the Wind" Company to a Seattle Times man. "Why, it can't be done, and the worst of it is these pests generally sell their passes to the first drummer they meet for fifty cents on the dollar. I remember last season, the porter in a certain hotel in Waco, Texas, who had shown me unusual attention, asked for two, and as I had been warned about this very nigger, I put up what I thought was a good job on him.

"Do you want to see the play yourself?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"If I give you a pass, will you use it yourself?"

"You bet I will," was the emphatic reply.

"Come here, then," and, drawing a pencil from my pocket, I wrote across the polished shirt-front of the waiter, "Pass this man to 'Sowing the Wind.'"

"Show this at the box-office window," I added, "and they will give you a seat coupon."

"At 8 o'clock the waiter presented himself at the box-office, and, pointing toward his wish-bone, inquired:

"Is this ticket good?"

"Certainly," replied the ticket seller.

"Give me a coupon, please."

"All right, but I'll have to punch the ticket if it is a complimentary."

"What? Punch a hole through my shirt?"

"Yes, sir; or else I must stamp it. Those are my instructions."

"For a minute the pass fiend hesitated; then he returned to the attack. 'Go ahead,' he said.

"But I'm afraid it will spoil your shirt. This is purple ink, and it is indelible."

"I don't care; I want to see the show."

"A rubber stamp was pressed against the linen and the waiter approached the door, holding up a coupon for inspection.

"Ticket, please; I can't let you in on that," politely remarked the door-keeper.

"Well, here is my ticket," replied the dead-head. "I'm wearing it tonight."

"I'm sorry, sir, but all tickets must go into the box here, so that we can count up the house."

"Thunderation!" ejaculated the pass fiend. "Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was a moment of wavering. The orchestra was playing the overture. He pulled off a 'dickey,' handed it over, and went in.

"It was a darned good show," he said, as he came out; "but," he added, sadly, "it cost me fifteen cents, after all."

WHY HE YAWNED AT CUSHMAN'S STORY.

Francis W. Cushman, Congressman-at-large from the State of Washington—lean, lank, angular, wearing clothes without fit or style, successor to the dapper and debonaire James Hamilton Lewis—is as unlike that curled darling of fashion as a satyr is unlike an Adonis. He resembles, indeed, a cowboy more than anything else on earth, save it be a circuit preacher of the early part of this century; and it seems from his autobiography in the Congressional directory that he did act as a cowpuncher for a number of years, being promoted from the ranch to a school-teacher's desk, thence to the bar, of which he has been a shining ornament since late in the '80s.

Mr. Cushman lacks some of the qualities which made his predecessor notorious, if not famous, but, like him, he is a teller of stories, and tells them so well that, although the majority of his tales are thickly grown with moss, he rarely fails to elicit a laugh from his hearers.

Not long ago, however, one of the members of Congress to whom he was holding forth in the cloak-room refused even to smile when the point of the story was reached, but yawned instead, and turned away with a bored expression.

"What is the matter with you?" demanded a colleague whose "Ha ha!" had been loud and hearty. "Why don't you laugh at Cushman's story?"

"Because I've told it at least once a year ever since I originated it, when I was a junior at college, and I don't think it's funny anyway," was the response, to the huge Washingtonian's discomfort.



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Ft. Snelling for Minnehaha	2.30
Minnehaha for Ft. Snelling	3.10
Ft. Snelling for Minnehaha	3.30
Minnehaha for Ft. Snelling	4.10
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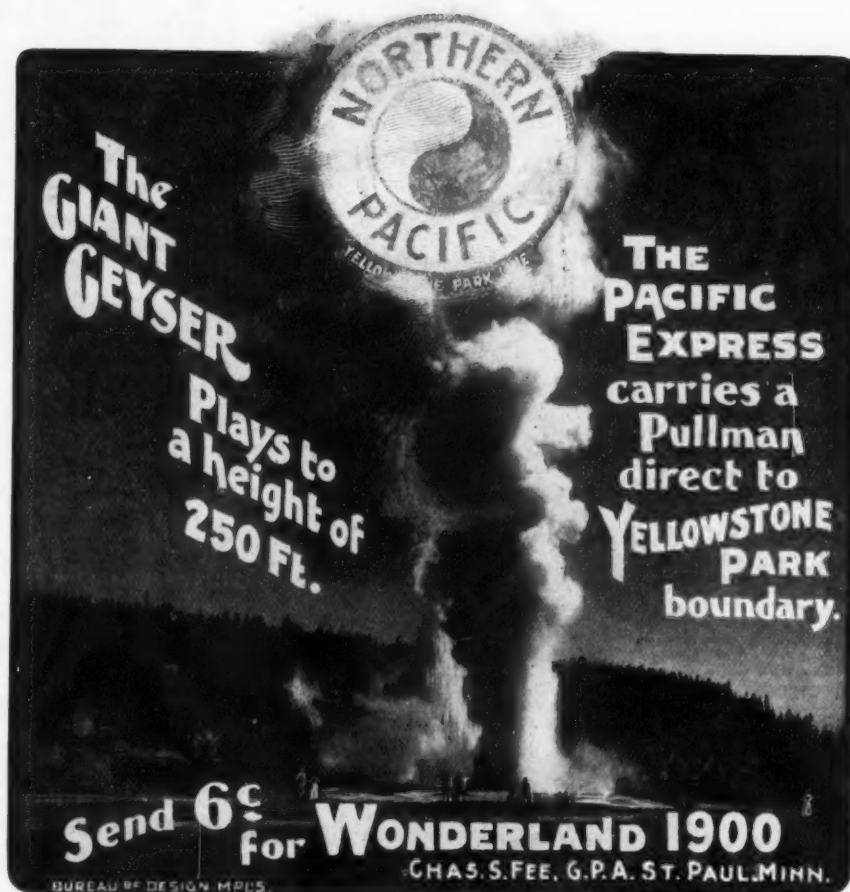
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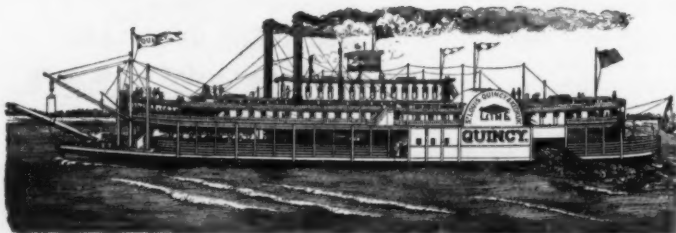
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St. Paul Office and Dock, Foot of Sibley Street.

THE JUDGE AND THE TAILOR.

An old-timer in Duluth grew reminiscent recently and told a good story on Judge Jacques and a well-known Duluth tailor, states the Duluth *News-Tribune*. It was back in 1887. Judge Martin was judge of the municipal court, and Judge Jacques was special judge of the same court.

One day a man by the name of McIntyre, formerly manager of the Colson House, was arrested for kicking a drunken man in the back for having sat down in front of his hotel. McIntyre demanded a jury trial, and it was granted. Among the jurymen was the tailor in question.

The tailor forgot that he was drawn on the jury, and it did not occur to him again until the court officer dropped in with a bench warrant. Judge Jacques fined the tailor \$10 for failure to appear in response to the first notice that his services were in demand at the court. The tailor was angry at being fined, and when the jury retired to arrive at a verdict, he refused to vote. The weather was terrifically hot for Duluth. The jury-room was stuffy, and all of the jurymen except the tailor seemed very anxious to dispose of the case and get into the open air. Finally the tailor was requested by the foreman to inform Judge Jacques of the situation. Judge Jacques ordered the tailor before him, and fined him \$10 more. The tailor returned to the jury-room, and announced that he was ready to vote. The prisoner was found guilty, and the jurymen dispersed.

The tailor in question was the man that did all of Judge Jacques' work in his line. About two months after the incidents described above, Judge Jacques walked into the shop of the tailor whom he had fined twice in one day for not doing his duty as a jurymen. The judge laid down a light overcoat, and asked that buttons be sewed on. A few days later he called for the coat, and asked how much the bill was.

"Six dollars and fifty cents," replied the tailor. Judge Jacques looked at the tailor. The tailor looked calmly into the eyes of Judge Jacques. There was speculation in the eyes of each. But nothing more was said. The judge laid the coat down, and walked out of the shop without another word. The tailor said nothing, but hung the coat up. That was in 1887. The coat is still hanging in the tailor-shop.

HE BOUGHT IT.

Senator Carter of Montana, who has the most infantile skin and the best kept finger-nails in all the august Senate, is addicted to one habit that is passing strange. He chews gum. Not long ago he went into a drug-store and asked for gum. The man who kept the shop likewise kept up with the times, and he had the latest thing in gum.

He smiled genially and remarked: "Will you have 16 to 1?"

Senator Carter looked haughty. He doesn't like to have political jokes mixed up in his gum. "No, sir, I will not," he thundered; but, as he turned, his eye fell on a placard, saying, "16 to 1 chewing gum; 16 to 1 you'll like it."

It's 16 to 1 that he did like it, for he bought that kind.

MOTHERS.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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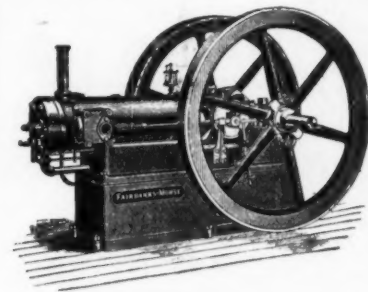
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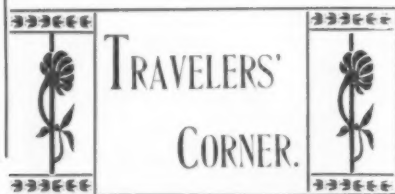


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"CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE?"

An Israelite was walking down Fifth Street in St. Paul the other day, bemoaning his misfortune, he having lost considerable money in stocks.

"Mine Got, mine Got!" he said, "I wish I was dead. Oh, Got, I wish I was dead!"

At that moment a brick fell from the top of an adjacent building and struck the poor Hebrew on the head, felling him to the ground, breaking his hat, and raising a large bump on his cranium. He arose rubbing the sore spot, and ejaculated:

"Oh! mine grashus, Lord! can't you take a shoke; can't you take a shoke?"

IN THE WRONG PEW.

In a Watertown, S. D., theater recently a man who had a seat between his wife and daughter left at the termination of an act for a trip downstairs. When he returned he found a vacant seat between two women, and dropped into it with the remark:

"As I was saying when I went out, it's none of your business what other people wear. Because someone else makes a fool of herself by wearing cotton stockings in winter, it doesn't follow that you must do the same."

"Sir!" came from both sides at once, and the way he vacated that seat made the soles of his boots red-hot. He was in the wrong pew.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

In one of St. Paul's parks, the other morning, a neat-looking young woman was doing her best to learn to ride a bicycle. Curiously enough, she had practically acquired the art of mounting, but was as yet unable to ride more than a short distance before her wabbly gait resulted in a dismount or an aggravating tumble. She kept pluckily at it, however, and the group of boys watching were half-inclined to jeer, half-inclined to cheer.

Without observing it, the fair learner had slowly worked herself along to a spot not very far from the edge of the park lake. Unfortunately, her wheel suddenly turned, and before she could jump off, she and the bike were both rolling in the water. The boys howled with delight, which so exasperated her that she came out of the water, shook herself like a wet dog and, turning wrathfully on Young America, said:

"What are you laughing at? I don't see anything so d— funny about it!"

Then she blushed furiously, and made the best of her way to the nearest house, where a kindly matron gave her a change of clothing.

AN UNFORTUNATE MASH.

The Seattle, (Wash.) Mail and Herald tells of quite an amusing accident which occurred on a front Street cable-car in that city the other evening. It happened just as the car neared the turn at Pike Street and First Avenue. Away up towards the front end of the car a lady was sitting. She had a large basket, and bundles galore. One she carefully deposited on the seat beside her. Just as the car neared Pike Street, a young man jumped aboard—a very homely young man to others, but to himself a veritable Beau Brummell. He started to walk the length of the car to take a seat. He seemed perfectly satisfied with himself in every particular. Then the car rounded the curve, and, with that jerk we are all so familiar with, he was precipitated very suddenly into a seat next to our friend with the bundles; in fact, he was thrown against her as he sat down.

"Sure, and you have mashed me cake!" she exclaimed.

"Well," he replied, with a brilliant attempt to be funny, "I am sure of one mash, anyhow."

"Yes, indade!" was the quick reply; "and, sir, judging from the looks of yez, it's the first wan' ye iver made."

The young man left the car at the earliest opportunity.

HE DREW THE LINE AT CHEESE.

"A few years ago," said Harry Cunningham of Montana to a writer of the Washington Post, "the late Charlie Broadwater of our State gave a banquet to about a score of his personal friends. It was an elaborate spread, and one of the chief items was some twenty-year-old brandy which cost Mr. Broadwater a fabulous price, and regarding which he spoke with much enthusiasm.

"At the wind up of the feast coffee and Roquefort cheese were brought in, though the latter was not commonly down on Montana menus at that period. Sitting near the host was one of his special friends, who, after eyeing the Roquefort a trifle suspiciously, tasted it, made a wry face, and shoved his plate to one side.

"You don't seem to like that?" remarked Mr. Broadwater.

"Indeed, I do not, Charlie. Your twenty-year-old brandy is all right, but I'll be hanged if I like your twenty-year-old cheese."

NEVER SAID A WORD.

The Ballard (Wash.) News is authority for the statement that Tacoma is a great whist town. They play the game over there like a broken Klondiker who had promised to remit to his folks. And Judge Prichard, the popular ex-judge of the Superior Court, is ace high when it comes to playing the game with a scientific cinch.

Not long ago the judge came over to Seattle on the flyer with Chas. Fell, the pulley manufacturer. Fell suggested the game, because he thought he did not need sandpaper himself. In the one-night stand which he came from he could fill a pretty satisfactory engagement; no one spent coin for Hcyle when he was around; they just consulted Fell.

When the game was concluded, Fell proudly asked the judge what he thought of the game he had put up.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the judge. "If you would observe the conventionalities of the game, you might play a pretty fair game in time."

I. A. Nadeau tells another on the judge. Seattle sent its cracker-jack over to Tacoma to give the judge a rub. The expert got back in due time, and all were anxious to learn the result.

"Did the judge roast you?" they eagerly inquired.

"Nope; never said a word."

"Never said a word?"

"No; never spoke during the whole evening."

"Humph! You must have given him a hard turn. Didn't say a word, eh?"

"Oh, yes, come to think of it, he did speak once."

"What did he say?"

"Well, you see I inadvertently made a misdeal, when the judge looked up from his cards, and said—"

"Yes, what did he say?"

He said, "Why, this consummate ass can't even deal!"



A CHINESE PUZZLE.

Li Hung Chang—"I play plect-a-boo with foreign devils till I'm tired. They tired too. Guess I'll take a walk."

TRAVELERS' HOTELS.

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First-class accommodation for Commercial Men.

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The Sanatorium, Hudson, Wis.



ITEMS OF INTEREST.



BOUNTY OFFERED ON RATS.—Astoria, Oregon, has decided to rid itself of rodents as a protective measure against the spread of contagious diseases. A bounty of five cents per head has been voted for rats delivered to the chief of police, and a Pied Piper is afforded a magnificent opening at the gateway city of the Columbia River.

A COLLECTOR OF GOLD NUGGETS.—Norman Macaulay, who went to Dawson in the first rush and has since been amassing fortunes in various enterprises, arrived in Victoria, B. C., recently from the north. He brought down considerable gold, one of his hobbies being the collection of big nuggets. His largest this time is one two inches long and one inch wide, valued at \$64.45. It was taken from one of his cousin's claims, on Gay Gulch. He says that the output of the Klondike this season will be over thirty millions.

ICEBERG ON A SOUTH DAKOTA PRAIRIE.—An iceberg on the open prairie is quite a curiosity, the Aberdeen (S. D.) *News* very truthfully observes, but such was to be seen on W. A. Burnham's Lakeside farm, three and one-half miles north of Groton, last winter. It was made by connecting pipes with his artesian well. An elbow and a perpendicular pipe about twenty feet long are attached to the well, and the water, flowing over the top and freezing, formed an immense iceberg covering two or three acres of ground and from one to twenty feet in thickness. It could be seen a long distance.

RICH POCKETS OF GOLD.—Near Elk City, Idaho, are a number of very rich gold mines. On one occasion a shovelful of quartz from the Daddy was weighed and crushed by hand. There was twenty-seven pounds of it, and it proved to be just one-third gold, producing nine pounds avoirdupois of that metal. One pocket was several inches thick and fifty feet long, in which the rock yielded \$2,000 per ton in free gold, beside the concentrates. From the Eureka a miner knocked off a projecting point while on his way home, filled his dinner bucket with it, and from this he that night pounded out \$750 in a hand mortar.

A PLETHORA OF CLAMS.—The Portland *Oregonian* says that the efforts of rival companies engaged in the clam-digging business at the beach have flooded that market of late with razor clams, which have been selling at five cents per dozen, about one-fourth of the usual price. It is nothing uncommon for twenty to thirty boxes of these clams to arrive at a time, and to be sold at prices which cannot begin to pay for digging them, let alone the freight. This style of doing business causes many to indulge in clams who never have done so before, and is likely to end in the extermination of the bivalves, as the supply is not inexhaustible.

ALASKAN GRAIN AND VEGETABLES.—Prof. C. C. Georgeson, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, who recently returned from Alaska with a collection of fine samples of grains and vegetables grown on the newly-established experiment stations at Sitka and Kenai, Cook's Inlet, has some very interesting results to announce. His samples include several varieties of spring wheat, which matured perfectly at both of the stations, and also a dozen varieties each of barley and oats, besides rye, flax, and buckwheat. All these grains compare favorably with grains grown anywhere in the United States. Among the collections of vegetables are some remarkable specimens of potatoes, carrots, onions, parsnips and rutabagas. The professor says that all hardy vegetables can be grown in the coast regions of the Territory.

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Leave Minneapolis 4:00, St. Paul 4:30 P. M., on the "Twilight Limited" via the "North-Western Line," and connect at Bibon at 9:50 P. M., with sleeping-car service to Houghton, Hancock, Calumet, Marquette and East.

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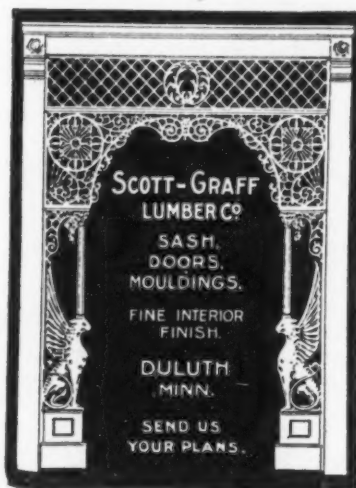
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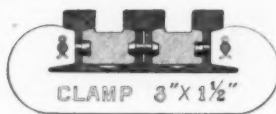
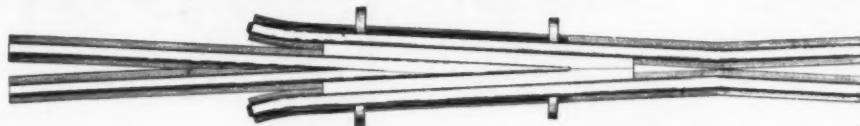
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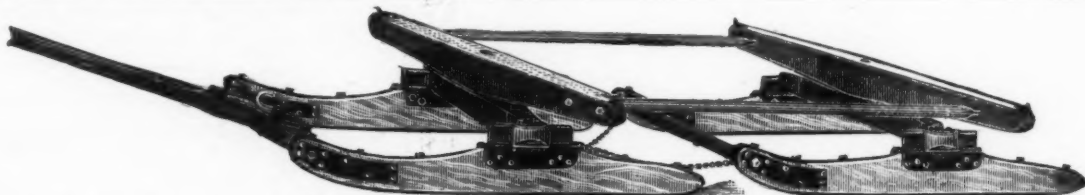
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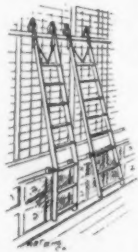
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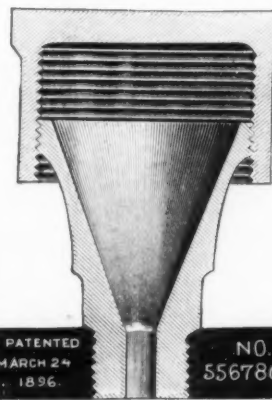
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Yes, Maudie, dear, parrots generally talk in polysyllables.

Some men are born with black eyes, and some have to fight for them.

Son—"Papa, what's the best kind of paper for a kite?"

Dad—"Er—fly-paper, my son, fly-paper."

"Speaking of ships," said the sentimental young bachelor, "courtship is a transport."

"Yes," retorted the henpecked Benedict, "but Marriage is a warship!"

Mrs. Smiley—"Mrs. Brimberston always has such a chic look."

Mrs. Nagsby—"I wonder if it is because her husband is in the wholesale egg business?"

Mrs. Noozy—"She has a full-length mirror in her boudoir. What do you think of that?"

Mr. Noozy—"Oh, woman-like, I suppose she wants to see everything that's going on."

Jake—"The bearded woman has lost all her money."

Mrs. Jake—"That's too bad! But, then, I'm sure she will be able to face misfortune like a man."

Father—"Look here! You gals have got to share that one light between you and your beaux. Can't afford a light in both rooms."

The Gals (in one voice)—"She can have it all herself!"

"With your strong arm around me," said the blushing girl, "I fear nothing."

"That's right!" said the youth, with a thrill of pride. "You can consider yourself a protected monopoly."

Cholly—"Your papa kicked me out when I asked him for your hand."

Miss Gabby—"Yes; papa is so intense, you know. He puts his whole sole into everything he undertakes."

Jennie—"Herbie, it says here that another octogenarian's dead. What's an octogenarian?"

Herbie—"Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be awfully sickly creatures. You never hear of 'em but they're dying."

Casey—"Faith, we hev one consolation, Flanagan. I'm infarmed that married men live longer than bachelors."

Flanagan—"It's a falla-acy, me bhoys. The time only seems longer to them that's married."

Dealer—"Would you like to have a French clock?"

Mrs. Mulcahy—"No, indade! I don't want none av yer Frinch clocks. It's a clock that I can understand when it strikes that I want, so I do."

Irate Passenger (as train is moving off)—"Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you, you old—"

Porter—"Gwan, ye old jay. Yer baggage ain't such a darn fool as you are. You're on the wrong train!"

Blinks—"Just heard of the stingiest man in town—makes his whole family use the same porous plaster."

"Jinks—"That's nothing. Squeezem, across the way, has taught all his girls to write a small hand to save ink."

The Goat—"I warn you, about ten tonight the maid is going to elope with the milkman."

The Watchdog—"Indeed! How do you know all this?"

The Goat—"I have inside information. I swallowed his note."

"Miss Pechis," stammered the bashful young man at the other end of the sofa, "would you—er—consider me bold if I was to—er—throw a kiss to you?"

"Bold?" quoth she. "I'd consider it the quintessence of laziness."

Visitor (to sexton digging grave in churchyard)—"Who's dead?"

Sexton—"Old Squire Thornback."

Visitor—"What complaint?"

Sexton (without looking up)—"No complaint; everybody satisfied."

Mrs. Naber—"And so the doctor ordered you to give your husband whisky for his rheumatism. Does it seem to do him any good?"

Mrs. Nextdoor—"John says it does him lots of good; but I notice the pains come upon him more frequently than ever."

Fond Mother—"You say that Mr. Willing objects to my presence in the parlor when he calls?"

Daughter—"Yes, mamma."

Fond Mother—"I wonder why?"

Daughter—"I'm sure I don't know—unless it is because he loves me for myself alone."

Maria—"How is this, Jared? Your pocketbook is perfectly flat."

Jared—"Y-yes, M-Maria, thass right. You see, I was sho unforchnit as to d-drop it in front of a sh-sh-rret roller!"

Maria—"Yes; a high roller, no doubt."

A certain professor wrote on the blackboard one morning, in the presence of his students:

"I have this morning been appointed physician to His Excellency, The President."

He left the room for a moment, and during his absence one of his pupils wrote underneath his statement the words:

"God save the President!"



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French Guest (at a reception)—"Zat man we meet just now, vy did you call him ze 'Microbe?'"

Eminent Financier—"Because he is in everything, you know."

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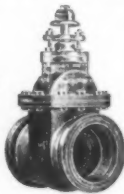
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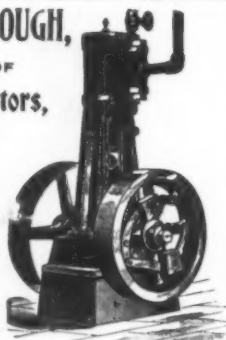
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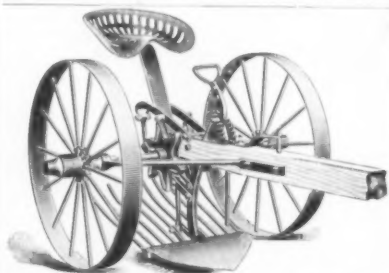
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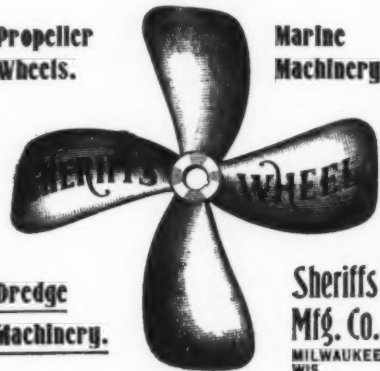
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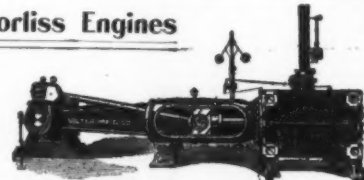
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